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MODERN THEORIES

IN

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

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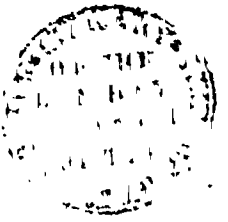

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BY

JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF 'RATIONAL THEOLOGY AND CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY IN ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,' 'LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION,' ETC.

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PREFACE.

THESE Essays have a common object; and I have thought them, therefore, worthy of being published together. The same principles more or less reappear in them all, and these principles seem to me of great importance.

The question with which they deal in diverse application is the great question of contemporary thought, in comparison with which all other questions are of little moment—Is there a spiritual world? Is there a metaphysical as well as a physical basis of life? Is Reason or Soul, in other words, an entity, and not a mere manifestation of nervous force—a life behind all other life, and not merely the highest and most complex phase of natural life? All the naturalistic systems of thought so prevalent at the present time assume a negative answer to these questions. They speak of mind or spirit or consciousness—they cannot help doing so; but they mean by such language merely a phenomenon — a phase of natural being — never

a spiritual entity or reality, distinct by itself, and essentially belonging to another and a higher state of being. Metaphysic is flouted as mere verbalism. Religion is discarded along with Metaphysic, or at least religion in the old sense.

This is the drift of the modern spirit—the "Zeitgeist," as it is called. It has penetrated philosophy, literature, religion itself; and men and women, in numbers, are trying everywhere to satisfy themselves with theories spun out of the naturalistic web supposed not merely to confine life, but to constitute it. One might use the words of Bishop Butler with reference to the allied but very different state of thought in his own time, and say, "It has come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious,"—at least "among all people of discernment." Beyond what man can know by his senses or feel by his higher affections, nothing, it is alleged, can be known. Facts, or supposed facts, of the external world or of our inner life, are to be accepted; but all inferences from these facts which would carry us into a transcendental, spiritual, or metaphysical region, are to be rejected. The existence of an unseen world, or of beings higher than man, is at best problematical, and admits of no verification.

This naturalistic or agnostic principle is especially identified with "Positivism," and has been launched on its modern career by Auguste Comte more than by

any other thinker. The principle itself is by no means new,[1] and there are many modern thinkers now identified with it who disclaim any lineage with the great Positivist. My estimate of Comte will be found in its proper place. It is not, in some respects, a lofty estimate. But it is impossible to refuse to him the credit —if credit it is—of having, more than any other man, created the modern movement. The speculations of Mr Herbert Spencer, the essays of Professor Huxley, Dr Tyndall, and others, are largely independent, and would possibly have been what they are if the "Positive Philosophy" had never appeared. They are inspired by a *motif* of their own, and I have no wish to claim for these writers a discipleship which they repudiate. Their own range of genius is such as not to need the invocation of any name save their own. It is nevertheless true that the agnostic inspiration of the nineteenth century has come, above all, from Auguste Comte, and that his "Positive Philosophy" is its most complete expression. Comte had that indomitable enthusiasm, amounting to fanaticism, often possessed by great teachers, which comes from the inrush of new ideas, or ideas supposed to be new, and gives them a missionary impulse. He is the prophet of our modern Naturalism, and we must go back to his writings if we would study the springs of the movement, and understand something of the hold which it has taken of our age.

Moreover, it is to Comte's professed followers rather

[1] See pp. 34, 428.

than others that we must look for the most consistent and thorough expression of the naturalistic theory, and to none of these followers more than to the class of British Comtists. With men like Mr Frederick Harrison and Mr Congreve and Dr Bridges, Naturalism is no mere theory, but a faith, as it was with Comte himself. And there is a certain passionate glow in their expositions, just as there was in those of the master. The love of the present world, of the great cosmos of natural life, with man at its summit, has passed into their hearts as a new Evangel; and to hold that there is any kingdom of heaven beyond what this world may become, is with them a species of blasphemy against natural law. Few preachers have ever spoken more earnestly of eternity and its awful issues than Mr Frederick Harrison has spoken of Humanity and its religion. It would have been interesting to trace the development of Comtist thought in England, and especially in Mr Harrison's eloquent pages; but the principles of the creed, and even its details, are best presented in the full light of Comte's own thought and life.

The same subject is pursued less directly in the next essay. There have been few more beautiful or thoughtful minds in our time than William Smith, the author of 'Thorndale'; but it is the "conflict of opinion" rather than the dogmatic affirmation of a purely naturalistic doctrine that is characteristic of Smith. He clung to a species of Theism to the last—an imperfect and untenable Theism in our view, but in

his own view a doctrine consistent with a spiritual interpretation of life and nature. His widow prepared a touching Memoir of his life, which now appears as an introduction to his second work, 'Gravenhurst'; and she was warmly interested in this paper, in which she recognised a true estimate of her husband's philosophical and religious position. The paper appears, therefore, as originally written, with the exception of a statement as to which the Memoir in its first form (it was first printed privately) had misled the author.

The special questions of Evolution, and of the relation of mind to matter, started in the second essay, are argued out more fully in the third paper, dealing with Dr Tyndall's famous address to the British Association in 1874. There are traces of a polemical feeling in this essay which would be better away; but it is impossible to eliminate them fully without breaking up the argument,—and there is nothing in its spirit and scope to which I do not adhere.

The paper on "Pessimism" naturally follows. If there is no supernatural or spiritual order, there will always be a large class of minds to whom Pessimism will approve itself as both a truer feeling and philosophy than the "Enthusiasm of Humanity." In the wake of materialistic theories the question promptly arises—"Is life worth living?" And it becomes interesting to consider how far the question has penetrated our modern consciousness, as well as from what old fountain-heads of atheistic theory it really comes.

The three next papers are all closely connected, and in fact really treat successive aspects of the same question—How far morality, religion, and theology can survive the elimination of the Supernatural. The relation of Ethics to Metaphysics might have been examined in connection with significant works in our own language, which have lately attracted much attention—Mr Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics,' and Mr Leslie Stephen's 'Science of Ethics.' Both works are deserving of careful examination; but perhaps the subject is treated with fully as much interest and freshness on the basis of M. Caro's 'Problèmes de Morale Sociale,' which also enables us to see how closely contemporary thought in France runs along the same lines.

The essays on Mr Matthew Arnold's views of 'Religion without Metaphysic,' and the recent well-known volume on 'Natural Religion,' are in considerable part freshly written, and have not appeared before. They speak for themselves. But I may say here that I have wished to speak with all respect of both writers—the friendship of one of whom I may claim, as I willingly do homage with thousands of readers to his delightful literary qualities. Yet nothing appears to me more untenable than the attempt which these distinguished writers have made—in different ways, but to the same purpose—of working out a religion on a basis of natural experience. That such attempts should be made, as well as attempts to revive old pessimistic theories, is in the very character of that negative movement or wave of thought which is so powerful

in our time. They represent, so to speak, the beat of the wave, where it touches the strong tide still running in favour of religion. But nothing appears more hopeless than to mix the two currents,—to abandon the supernatural basis of religion, and yet to hold to religion in any sense in which it has hitherto been held—in which it has been to men a redeeming and controlling influence. The idea of the Supernatural has no doubt been degraded by popular religion, and miracles must be subjects of open criticism, like all other traditions of the past. But to repel a supernatural Order altogether, or to ignore any sphere of being beyond that of science or natural experience, leaves certainly no room for any form of the Christian religion, however vague and undogmatic. If there is no God as hitherto conceived, then religion as hitherto understood must disappear. We may substitute what we call religion, just as these writers speak of a Power they call God. But no arguments of language can identify "a religion of nature" with Christianity.

The remaining essays are so essentially cognate that they fitly find a place in the same volume, although not so intimately connected with the main line of thought. The study of Kant appeared little more than a year ago in the 'Edinburgh Review'; and I have to express my special acknowledgments to Messrs Longman for permission to reprint it, as well as the majority of the other papers which appeared at intervals in the same review.[1] The essay on the "Kantian Revival,"

[1] The paper on the "Author of 'Thorndale'" appeared in the 'Contem-

as well as that on Professor Ferrier's Philosophy, carries the discussion of the subject back to the region of first principles, where it must always end. Even metaphysic can only be assailed by metaphysic, and the idea that modern any more than ancient empiricism can bar this door is a pretence which materialistic writers themselves are the first to contradict. The very problems of science cannot be exhausted in terms of matter, and all the deepest life of humanity roots itself in the Unseen.

I had intended to close the papers by a somewhat elaborate analysis of Dr Newman's 'Grammar of Assent,'[1] with the view of showing how untenable, as it appears to me, is the principle of religious certitude laid down in that work, as an escape from the assaults of the modern spirit of doubt. But the length to which the essays already mentioned have extended has prevented me including this paper; and the series is perhaps more compact in spirit, however desultory otherwise, without this addition.

I need not say how greatly I admire with all others the fine spiritual genius and tender insight and faithfulness of the 'Parochial Sermons'; but to Dr Newman as a Christian thinker, I cannot claim to be in any degree indebted. I am, indeed, strongly repelled by both his logical and historical methods. An essential irrationality seems to me to underlie his whole

temporary Review'; that on "Modern Scientific Materialism" in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' But the others, with the exception of the two mostly written afresh, were published in the 'Edinburgh Review.'

[1] See Edinburgh Review, October 1870.

argument in the 'Grammar of Assent,' just as an essential perversity of fact underlies all his historical treatment of Arianism in the fourth century. And an irrational religion, in a time like ours, is still less possible than a mere religion of nature.

It is the withdrawal of men like Dr Newman and others[1] from the open fields of reason and history—where the true battle of religion can alone be fought—which has given to the naturalistic schools of our time their temporary triumph. Traditionalism—or the acceptance of religious truth without reason—goes well with empiricism, and since the days of Hume they have even had something of respect for one another. But it is a respect which is not creditable to religion, and by which religion always suffers in the end. I am myself but a poor fighter in these open fields, to which the Anglican Church, from the days of Hooker to those of Dean Milman, Bishop Thirlwall, and Dean Stanley, has contributed so many noble champions. But these Essays may be useful to some minds to whom religion is a great subject affecting all relations of human wellbeing, and no mere affair of Churches or sects. They put plainly, I think, the

[1] Dr Ward, whose Essays 'On the Philosophy of Theism' have just appeared as these papers are passing through the press, is a notable exception in the Roman Catholic Church; and there is another name not mentioned by me otherwise, which it would be unpardonable to omit—that of Dr James Martineau. There is no Christian thinker of our time who has seen with a clearer eye the essential questions between modern empiricism and spiritual philosophy, or who has more felicitously and powerfully, in many essays, maintained the cause of Christian theism.

points at issue between Christianity and Naturalism; and, in such a contention, to see where the stress really lies may help to settle it. It is in this hope at least I have collected the Essays, and ventured thus briefly to trace the line of thought which connects them and gives them any value.

St Andrews, *April* 1884.

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AUGUSTE COMTE AND POSITIVISM

AUTHORITIES.

1. The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte. By George Henry Lewes. 2 vols. 3d edition. London: 1867.
2. Cours de Philosophie Positive. Par M. Aug. Comte. Tomes I.-VI. Paris: 1830-1842.
3. Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive. Par E. Littré. Paris: 1863.
4. A General View of Positivism. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By Dr Bridges. London: 1865.
5. The Catechism of Positive Religion. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By Richard Congreve. London: 1858.
6. Auguste Comte and Positivism. By John Stuart Mill. London: 1865.
7. The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine. By Dr Bridges. London: 1866.

AUGUSTE COMTE AND POSITIVISM.

MR LEWES is a very clever writer. He has handled many subjects, and he has handled them well—with the adroit competency characteristic of a keen, ready, versatile, and variously, if not profoundly, informed mind. He is *littérateur*, biographer, man of science, and philosopher. In all these capacities he is known as an author; in all he has achieved considerable reputation: it may be questioned whether in any of them he has reached the highest rank in literature. His 'Life of Goethe' and his 'History of Philosophy' he would himself probably put forward as his chief claims to distinction, and it would be a niggard criticism which did not acknowledge the great merits of both these productions.[1] There is no biography of the German poet at once more ample and interesting; there is no his-

[1] This was written before the series of philosophical volumes, beginning with 'Problems of Mind,' which crowned the varied labours of Mr Lewes's life. Elaborate and full of thought as these volumes are, I do not think that they call for any qualification of the estimate pronounced or implied in this paper on Mr Lewes as a thinker.

tory of philosophy so compact, diversified, and entertaining. Withal, there is wanting to either the higher touch of power which gives unity and creative life to a book. The biography lacks inspiration; the history, seriousness and faith.

The third edition of the second of these works is now before us—an old friend with a new face. The 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' which charmed us twenty years ago, and fed a youthful taste for philosophic generalities and the affinities of speculative thought, has been turned into the 'History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.' The slight duodecimos of 'Knight's Weekly Series for all Readers' have been converted into two bulky octavos. We are fain to confess that we prefer our friend with his old face. Mr Lewes has greatly expanded, and in some degree enriched, his early volumes. He has given elaborate prolegomena, rewritten many chapters —those on Plato and Aristotle, also those on Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, and others; he has inserted a "Transition Period" between Ancient and Modern Speculation, containing chapters on "Scholasticism" and "Arabian Philosophy"; and significantly from his own point of view he has added an "Eleventh Epoch" to his modern historical outline devoted to "Auguste Comte" and the "Positive Philosophy." In doing all this, it would be absurd to say that he has not added to the value of his work. Mr Lewes's mature studies on Plato and Aristotle—especially the latter, on whom he has recently written a special work—are more important than his early and comparatively hasty sketches of these great thinkers. But it may be fairly questioned whether he has, after all,

imparted to his work a higher character, and made it more profound and erudite as a whole, while he has certainly impaired the freshness of its original outline and the vivacity of its biographic movement. It has ceased to be a book for the general reader and the young student of philosophy; it has not become a book for the masters of philosophy. It may be even questioned whether some of the chapters which have been rewritten have been in all respects improved. They are "graver and fuller"; but we miss, with regret, the old dash and liveliness of portraiture which marked particularly such chapters as those on Bacon and Spinoza. Then the radical bias of the book appears all the more conspicuous in the extended plan of treatment. Whatever be the value of the great Positivist conception, it is not the fitting inspiration for a serious survey of the course of metaphysical speculation. A 'History of Philosophy,' written to show that philosophy, in the usual sense, is from first to last an illusion, "mere energy wasted on insoluble problems," seems more absurd in two large elaborate volumes than in a series of rapid sketches. We are bound also to say, with all respect for Mr Lewes's talents, that his present volumes retain many of his old faults of treatment. Softened and toned down, they are yet there—the same jerky and self-confident audacity, the same virulent misconceptions of theology, the same "question-begging," both in epithet and in argument, as flagrant as the worst or best of his school; while with all the additions he has made, his omissions are still numerous and significant, particularly in recent metaphysical literature, which cannot be said to be represented at all. In short,

while the book has gained much, it has not gained adequately, and it has lost a good deal. It has lost its old character of a philosophic sketch-book, full of graphic vivid outlines, many of them imperfect, but all dashed with a certain fascinating boldness and freedom of handling; and it has not acquired the proportions, gravity, fairness, and width of a complete history.

But it is not our present intention to review Mr Lewes's work. We have turned to it with a special object. The recent publication of his third edition, with his extended treatment of the Positive Philosophy, invites us to a consideration of some of the pretensions of this vaunted system. Than Mr Lewes, Positivism has no more earnest, intrepid, or persevering advocate in England. Some are more fanatical in their devotion, and have resigned their reason and judgment more entirely to the thoughts of the great master; others, like Mr John S. Mill, less affiliated to the system, have expounded it, in our view, with a higher, or at least a more discriminating success; but there is no one who has been more faithful to it in his whole mode of thought, or who has more frequently recurred to its characteristic ideas, and explained them with more clearness, comprehension, and force. It has been Mr Lewes's mission to develop and spread these ideas in opposition to the old modes of thought, as the destined means of regenerating human knowledge and society. His sense, and perhaps in some degree his perception of the ludicrous, have kept him from adopting the extravagances embodied in the 'Religion of Humanity'; a keen naturalism, which crops out more or less in all his writings, and a certain native light-

ness of temperament, have proved too powerful for the sentimentalities of the system; he is barely kept from laughing, we are afraid, at the absurdities of the 'Catéchisme Positiviste,' which Mr Congreve has not thought unworthy of an English dress; but he has probably done more than any other Englishman to make known the general principles of Positivism, and to commend them, on repeated occasions, by a facile, copious, and attractive style of exposition. We shall do no injustice to the system, therefore, if we associate it with Mr Lewes's name, and found our strictures, in some degree, on his statements.

The literature of Positivism is now considerable both in France and England, and the reader may study it in many forms. We do not advise him to have recourse to any secondary sources of information; though even the earnest student may be in some degree excused if he turn away from the more elaborate works of M. Comte himself. There are few authors, upon the whole, harder to read, and whose ideas suffer less from sifting and explanation at the hands of others. Possessed of great force of intellect, with a marvellous genius for scientific method, and a powerful faculty of co-ordinating knowledge from his own point of view; endowed, moreover, with a luminous insight into the true meaning of scientific ideas, and their fruitful relations to one another,—M. Comte is withal singularly monotonous both as a thinker and writer. There is an inexpressible tedium in many of his lengthened elaborations; and while his general meaning is seldom obscure or doubtful, there is often a painful perplexity in catching his special trains of thought, and seeing how they link themselves to one

another. The difficulty is not to apprehend his characteristic ideas, which are easily mastered, and reappear incessantly in all his works; but to follow the frequently dim outline with which he advances step by step to many of his special conclusions, and to trace throughout any clear movement of argument. While claiming to be a rigorous logician, and to keep closely in his first great work, the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' to the province of objective fact, he is yet arbitrary and deductive in the highest degree. He peremptorily puts aside whatever does not suit his purpose, and leaves the reader at once excited by his generalisations, and suspicious of their accuracy and worth. There is no lack of rich suggestions in all his works, even the latest; but there is a constant lack of that sense, moderation, width of outline, and capacity of appreciating the opinions of others, which alone inspire confidence and yield rational conviction. If we try to penetrate beneath his dogmatism, and trace its logical affinities, and the relations of his thought to other systems, we make but a little way when we are left groping amidst the old generalities, which are to him an everlasting gospel, the converse of all that has hitherto made a gospel for man. Never certainly was there a writer more inflated by a few ideas—of transcending importance, no doubt, if true, but which he everywhere assumes, and never stops to prove or vindicate. This prophetic manner, with a certain vague pomposity of statement which is its natural expression, is noticeable even in his early volumes in dealing with the subject which was his special *forte*, and for which he had really an eminent faculty—the rational and historic sequence of scientific ideas. In all his later

writings it is painfully conspicuous. Only some familiarity with them, and the rich though broken lights of truth which they reveal amidst masses of astounding self-assertion and even downright nonsense, as well as some genuine respect for the moral earnestness of the writer, render them tolerable. To the majority of readers they must be unintelligible, and even where understood, unattractive.

In order to understand Positivism, and appreciate the course of its development, it will be useful so far to follow Mr Lewes's plan, and devote a portion of our space to a review of the life of M. Comte. In this, as in other cases, great light is thrown upon the system by some knowledge of its author. The facts of his life are now fully disclosed in M. Littré's well-known work,[1] upon which Mr Lewes's summary professes partly to be based. The "Préface Personelle," prefixed to the sixth volume of the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' is also of special significance. There can be no better insight into the character of the author than the portrait which he has there drawn of himself, and of his difficulties in the preparation of his great work.

Auguste Comte was the child of an extremely Royalist and Catholic family in the south of France. He was born at Montpellier on the 19th January 1798. His father was a treasurer of taxes in the department of Hérault. We learn little of his father's character, or indeed of his mother's, beyond her enthusiastic zeal for Catholicism, to which he himself alludes,[2] and which showed itself obtrusively at a painful crisis of his life. She was "noble and tender,"

[1] Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive. Paris: 1863.
[2] Cat. Pos., Preface, p. xxv.

as he thought of her in after-years, but neither parent appears to have greatly attracted or influenced his youth. At the age of nine, Auguste was entered as a pupil in the Lycée of his native town. He was a slight and delicate child, without being sickly. He very soon showed remarkable powers, distinguishing himself both by his intelligence and industry. He was always in advance with his studies. He cared little for the amusements of his companions, but freely mingled with them, and was greatly beloved by them. He was docile and full of veneration for his professors, but in other respects questioning and insubordinate. His professors in turn were proud of him, while the authorities of the school and his tutors tried in vain to restrain and hold him in obedience. The same character distinguished him through his whole scholastic career. He readily submitted to moral or intellectual superiority, but he carried to a daring pitch his defiance of mere rule.

He was ready for the École Polytechnique a year before the regulations permitted his entry. He spent the time in adding to his mathematical knowledge, not only by further study, but by lecturing on the subject under the wing of one of the professors to whom he was attached, and to whom he afterwards dedicated one of his books. "Seated," says M. Littré, "on a high chair by the side of the professor, M. Encontre, a mathematician of great distinction, he gave to the pupils, himself still a pupil, a course of mathematics." Even before this time, he says[1] that his mind had been awakened to the political and social problems of his time, and the necessity of meeting

[1] Préface Personelle, p. vi.

them by some new philosophical method. Obviously the strength and independence of his intelligence were of a rare order.

In the end of 1814, he began his studies at the École Polytechnique; and there he maintained his reputation for capacity, although he did not stand so high at the end of his first year as might have been expected from the promise of his initial examination. This was in some degree owing to the growth of his habits of insubordination, which were destined ere long to bring him into serious difficulty. In the course of his second session, one of the masters had offended the junior students by his manner; the older pupils sympathised with their companions, and together they decided that the master was unworthy to continue in his office. They drew out a document to this effect, and sent it to the offender. Comte was its author, and his name stood first in the list of signatures attached to it. The result was, that the school was disbanded, and our young philosopher's career suddenly arrested. He returned to Montpellier for a brief period; but the restraints of a home life had no charm for him. Before the end of 1816 he was again in Paris, where he began the life to which, with a brief intermission, he ultimately devoted himself. He was left without resources; his parents, displeased with his independent course of action, refused to assist him; and he chose, as he says, spontaneously the function of teaching mathematics as that for which his special abilities fitted him.[1] He was befriended by two distinguished men of science,—Poinsot, who had been one of his professors at the École Polytechnique,

[1] Préface Personelle, p. xi.

and De Blainville,—and he obtained a few pupils, among whom was the Prince de Carignan. His material wants were easily supplied; and, as it finally proved, this sort of work, seriously as it occupied his time, suited him better than any more regular employment.

This was plainly shown in the course of the next few years. He was induced first of all to try the post of private secretary to Casimir Périer, but at the end of three weeks he threw it up. Called upon to make some observations regarding the political labours of his employer, he used his pen freely to express his own sentiments. The criticism gave offence, and the philosopher and future Minister separated mutually disgusted with each other. His next alliance was of a more permanent character. He associated himself with the celebrated Saint-Simon, then in the midst of his schemes for the industrial regeneration of society. It seemed at first as if two kindred spirits, animated by the same lofty hopes, had united to their own advantage and the advantage of the world. And notwithstanding Comte's own statement to the contrary, there is reason to believe not only that they worked cordially together for some time, but that he was in some degree indebted to Saint-Simon's influence. No doubt Comte was the superior intellect of the two, and he was not likely to owe much in the shape of intellectual acquisition to his elder colleague. But it is equally true that an enthusiasm like Saint-Simon's could hardly fail to communicate itself to a young and ardent spirit, and to give a general direction, if not a special form, to his social and political ideas.

M. Littré and Mr Lewes both admit so much. The former explains the successive phases of Comte's political development as revolutionary, intermediate, and finally positive; and he attributes his passage from the first to the third and last of these stages to his connection with Saint-Simon. During this connection, his early revolutionary tendencies were gradually moulded into the organic form of which Positivism is the product. Such a mind as Comte's would, no doubt, have passed independently from the revolutionary to the organic attitude; but, as a matter of fact, it made this transition under Saint-Simon's influence. It is unnecessary, as M. Littré says,[1] to substitute a fictitious for a real development; and we know as matter of history, that during so many years of Comte's youth, he was occupied with a circle of ideas which were highly constructive if they cannot be called positive.

It was in 1818 that the association between these remarkable men commenced, and it lasted for nearly six years. The length of this period is of itself significant. Comte's mind was then in its most active state of growth; and before the end of the period, he had worked out, we shall see, his fundamental and most fertile conception.

With the particulars of their quarrel we need not trouble ourselves. It was inevitable in the circumstances. Comte was far too ambitious to work permanently under any master. He was apt to be forgetful, too, of the steps by which he had advanced; he had little tenderness, as his friends admit,[2] for a past

[1] P. 12. [2] Littré, p. 12.

which he had outlived; and this must be held to be the explanation of the manner in which he speaks of Saint-Simon, and the querulous epithets, "*funeste*," "*désastreuse*,"[1] by which he characterises his connection with him. He supposed himself deceived or injured from the first, because at the last he had reason to complain of an attempt to deprive him of the due reputation of his labour. In 1822 he had already discovered his great law of Social Evolution, and announced it to the world under the title, "Plan des travaux scientifiques nécessaires pour réorganiser la Société." The essay formed a part of one of Saint-Simon's volumes, and Comte's name did not even appear, out of regard to the pious prejudices of his family. But when Saint-Simon resolved, two years later, to republish it in the same anonymous form as an addition to his 'Catéchisme des Industriels,' the author strongly resented this, and a formal rupture took place betwixt them. Comte had outgrown the stage of pupil: the master did not recognise this, but sought to impose his will as in former years; and the consequence followed in a mutually profound estrangement.

This was in 1824. Already in possession of the great principle of his philosophy, he devoted the next two years to its elaboration. And thus early his general scheme of thought appears to have been worked out and so far published in an organ known as the 'Producteur.' The more ample exposition in the voluminous work in which it has become widely known, was postponed for many years; but its chief ideas, down even to that of a new spiritual Power

[1] Préface Personelle, p. viii.

resting on scientific demonstration, were propounded in these early essays.[1]

In the year 1825 he married, and Mr Lewes shows a special flutter of interest over this "grave" event in the life of the philosopher. The union proved an unhappy one. Husband and wife "quarrelled frequently and violently," and at length, although not till after many years, formally separated. The result is not unintelligible on what appears the obvious view of M. Comte's character. His natural imperiousness, and that lack of good sense which so often spoils great gifts, must have rendered him a trying husband to any woman; and the chances were against the happiness and permanence of any alliance he might form. His disciples differ greatly as to the causes of quarrel. M. Littré and Dr Robinet, the latter a thoroughgoing disciple, and author of a separate notice of Comte's life and works,[2] are, according to Mr Lewes, "transparently in the position of partisans, one vehemently reviling Madame Comte, the other artfully pleading his cause," while he himself strives to keep the balance even, or rather discreetly declines to pronounce any positive judgment in the case. It is unnecessary for us, happily, to adjudicate in such a business; but in fairness to Madame Comte we must say, that if her views were worldly, and therefore "exasperating" to her husband, she appears to have possessed many excellent qualities of sense and management. She evidently sought to moderate his more violent enthu-

[1] These essays of 1825 and 1826 are republished as appendices to the fourth volume of 'Système de Politique Positive,' where will be found also the essay previously alluded to, first published by Saint-Simon.

[2] Notice sur les Travaux et la Vie d'Auguste Comte. Par le Dr Robinet. 8vo.

siasms and antipathies, and to bring him down to the world of everyday life, which he was so apt to forget.[1] Nor was she deficient in tenderness, as we shall see immediately, and as he himself admits.[2] Her moral conduct was unimpeachable, and her interest in his reputation continued watchful and earnest.

Shortly after his marriage he began the elaborate exposition of his System of Philosophy, and a brilliant and select audience, numbering among them Humboldt, Poinsot, and De Blainville, assembled to hear the young thinker in his private apartments. Rare powers could alone have collected such a company in such circumstances. But the course of seventy-two lectures which he had announced was unhappily soon interrupted. After the third lecture he was seized with an acute attack of insanity. The severe mental strain through which he had passed in the preparation of his system, aggravated by his quarrels with the Saint-Simonians, proved too much for his strength. He began to manifest great irritability, and a tendency to violence, which alarmed his wife, and on Friday, April 24, 1826, he did not return home. After some days, she found him at Montmorency in a high state of mania. He tried to drag her with him into the lake of Enghien, under the idea that he should not sink. With the advice and assistance of M. de Blainville, who was from first to last one of his best friends, he was transferred to Esquirol's famous establishment, where his excitement was so extreme that hopes were formed of a speedy reaction and recovery. But the

[1] As in his abuse of M. Arago in the volume of the 'Course of Positive Philosophy,' with which their final rupture seems to have been specially connected.

[2] Préface Personelle, p. x; Littré, c. xiii.

summer and autumn passed away, and there were no signs of improvement. It was concluded, in consequence, to remove him from the asylum, and try the effects of private treatment under the care of his relatives. His parents wished to take charge of him at Montpellier, but his wife claimed to have her husband under her own charge. It was fortunate that the claim was allowed. In the quiet of his own home, and under her fostering care, a change for the better was soon observed. His violence, at first alarming, gradually subsided. It is piteous to read of his extravagances: "Twice a-day, at meals, he would try to plant his knife in the table in imitation, he said, of Sir W. Scott's Highlander; and he would call for a succulent pig, after the manner of the Homeric heroes. More than once he threw his knife at Madame Comte, not, as she believes, with any intention of injuring her, but merely to frighten her into compliance with his wishes."[1] At the end of six weeks, elation was succeeded by despondency. He escaped during his wife's absence, and threw himself into the Seine. He was rescued from drowning by a soldier, who plunged in after him. The effect of the shock was beneficial, and from this time his recovery proceeded rapidly. He expressed great regret at his meditated suicide, and at the anxiety he had given his wife and friends. By the end of the summer he was quite well, and in the following year (1828) he did not hesitate to make use of his own painful experience in an article written for the 'Journal de Paris,' upon the celebrated work of his friend Broussais, 'Sur l'Irritation et la Folie.' In the same year he resumed his interrupted course

[1] Lewes, vol. ii. p. 588; Littré, p. 131.

of lectures; and according to his own statement,[1] confirmed by the friends who once more gathered round him, this terrible incident had in no degree altered the perfect continuity of his mental plans or the accomplishment of the work which he had conceived. It would be impossible in any sketch of M. Comte's life, however brief, to pass over this episode. It would be unbecoming, at the same time, to speculate too curiously regarding it. He was undoubtedly in 1828, when he reviewed M. Broussais' book and resumed the oral exposition of his system, as vigorous and luminous in intelligence as he had been in 1826 before his attack. The successive volumes of the 'Positive Philosophy' are a sufficient testimony to the collected strength and sweep of the brain from which they issued. It is also true that there is much in M. Comte which the character of his malady enables us more clearly to understand. Certainly no attempt to estimate his character or works would be adequate which put this grave crisis of his life out of sight.

A painful incident springing out of his malady is related at some length by Mr Lewes and M. Littré. Comte's marriage had not been solemnised with any religious ceremony: he had resolutely declined the sanction of the Church, notwithstanding the wishes of his parents. His mother, however, under the inspiration of the Abbé de Lammenais, who was at this time in the full ardour of the Catholic zeal which distinguished the first part of his life, determined that her son should not return to domestic life without the blessing of that religious ceremony which in health he had despised. By a series of manœuvres which it is

[1] Préface Personelle, p. x.

needless to mention, she succeeded in calling not only Lammenais but the Archbishop of Paris to her aid; and the result was, that the maniacal philosopher was reunited to his wife by a priest before leaving the asylum. A more shocking scene can scarcely be imagined. The priest, deficient in sense and tact, prolonged the service. His prolix discourse stimulated Comte's morbid sensibilities, and he kept up a running comment in a violently irreligious strain; and when it was necessary for him to sign his name, he added to it *Brutus Bonaparte*, which may be still seen, although erased, in the vestry list of marriages in the Church of St Laurent.

In 1830, the first volume of the 'Course of Positive Philosophy' appeared; and the period which elapsed till 1842, when, after many delays and interruptions, the sixth volume completed the series, is acknowledged to have been "the great epoch" of his life. No one would estimate lightly the patient, earnest, severely intellectual existence which he led during these years. He allowed no diversions to interfere with his great work; its inspiring generalisations wholly possessed him; and although unhappy at home, and in a state of chronic quarrel with his colleagues in the École Polytechnique, to which he had been appointed in 1832, he enjoyed the most exquisite of all pleasures to a mind like his—the triumphant elaboration of a great system of thought which he believed destined to regenerate the world. He was so entirely absorbed in his task that he studied nothing else. On system he even abstained from reading anything further bearing on his work except the accounts of new discoveries in science. The period of acquisition had passed with

him; the period of creation had come, and he thought it necessary to give his creative inspiration the fullest play. There cannot be a more curious revelation of his character than what he says on this subject in the "Préface Personelle":—

"I have always thought that with modern philosophers, necessarily less free in this respect than those of antiquity, reading is hurtful to meditation, modifying both its originality and unity. Consequently, having in my past youth rapidly amassed all the materials which appeared to me necessary to the great elaboration whose fundamental inspirations I felt within me, I have now during twenty years at least (he is writing in 1842) imposed upon myself, on the score of cerebral hygiene, the obligation of reading nothing whatever bearing on my subject except such new scientific discoveries as I deemed useful—an obligation which, if sometimes irksome, was more frequently pleasant. This severe rule has presided over the whole execution of my work, and imparted to its conception precision, range, and consistency, although in some minor matters it may have left it behind the actual state of advance of the several sciences. In the second and chief part of my work, I have found it even necessary, in consistency with my hygienic principle, the efficacy of which a long experience has fully confirmed, to abstain scrupulously from the reading of the daily and monthly journals, both political and philosophical. So that for four years I have not read a single journal except the monthly publication of the Academy of Science, and of this sometimes only the table of contents, degenerated, as it has become more and more, into a mere display of trifling academic

miscellanies. I wish to impress upon all true philosophers how such a mental *régime*, otherwise in harmony with my solitary life, is necessary in a time like ours to elevate the views and give impartiality to the sentiments by bringing into view the true bearing of events, so apt to be obscured by the irrational importance attached to every transitory interest by the daily press and the parliamentary tribune."—P. xxxv.

His mode of composition, when once he had worked out his conceptions, was very rapid. He has himself given us, at the end of the sixth volume of the 'Course of Positive Philosophy,' the dates within which its successive parts were written, and these show in certain cases an almost incredible rapidity of composition. His MS. was sent to press as fast as it was written. All the work of thinking was done before he sat down with his pen, and when he commenced, his ideas flowed more swiftly than he could transmit them to paper. Having once given them expression, he scarcely corrected them at all in MS. or in proof—a fact which he considers it important that his readers should know, and which no doubt explains in some degree the prolixity, tedium, and repetitions of which they have reason to complain.

The same year which saw the completion of Comte's great work, brought to a termination his married life. He characterises the event some years afterwards[1] as "an indispensable separation, all the more irrevocable on my side, because I in no way provoked it," and says that it relieved him "of an intolerable domestic oppression." He felt the freedom as an "unhoped-for calm succeeding long and daily agitation." For some

[1] In a letter to Madame de Vaux.

years, however, we are told that he continued to correspond with his wife "in affectionate terms."

About the same time, he was dismissed from the subordinate position which he had held for ten years in the École Polytechnique. The whole story of his connection with this institution has been given by himself in the "Préface Personelle," to which we have so often referred, and is narrated at length by M. Littré. Mr Lewes has shown wisdom in passing it over. It is one of those miserable complications of personal jealousy, official intrigue, and professional dislike, regarding which it is hopeless to arrive at any impartial or clear conclusion. Comte was an embarrassing colleague at the Polytechnique, just as he was an embarrassing husband at home. He liked his own way. "*J'aurai la parole, et j'en userai,*"[1] was frequently in his mouth in both places. He felt his importance; others did not recognise it in the same degree. Theologians and metaphysicians had convictions which they ventured to regard as sacred even in the face of Positive Philosophy. They naturally disliked being held up as the enemies of the human race; while men of science, with many of whom, strangely enough, Comte's quarrel latterly was almost as vehement as with the theologians or metaphysicians, were equally unable to get on with him. They accepted neither his philosophy nor his estimate of himself. His generalisations were scouted as dreams. And so it was that his claims for a higher position at the École Polytechnique were rejected more than once, and finally he was removed even from the post he held. We confess there is something magnanimous,

[1] Littré, p. 499.

though very pitiful, in the narrative of his struggles. The contrast is tragical between the imperious confidence with which the Positive Philosopher arranges the whole field of knowledge, and legislates for the future destiny of the world, and his own difficulty in earning his daily bread. Yet how far greater would he have appeared, had he left others to tell the story of his troubles—had he himself exhibited more than he did the beautiful sentiment, which he afterwards repeats with so much admiration, "Il est indigne des grands cœurs de répandre le trouble qu'ils ressentent."[1]

On his dismissal from his post at the École, three Englishmen, whose names deserve to be recorded, Mr Grote, Mr Raikes Currie, and Sir W. Molesworth, through the kind intervention of Mr J. S. Mill, came to his assistance. They contributed the sum of his salary for one year, in the hope that he would be either reinstated, or that he would enter on some new career. But his own views were very different. He looked upon this subsidy of his admirers as a simple right, conceded to him as the head of a new school of thought which was to regenerate the world. He was not reappointed; his admirers in England did not see fit to continue their aid. He was greatly exasperated, and, Mr Lewes tells us, afterwards spoke of "the refusal as if some unworthy treachery had been practised upon him." He even quarrelled with Mr Mill on the subject, or at least used language which led to a cessation of their correspondence. He refused henceforth to undertake any new avocation for his maintenance, and

[1] A saying of Madame Clotilde de Vaux, quoted with enthusiasm in the 'Discours Préliminaire, Politique Positive,' p. 267.

made a public appeal to his followers for support. Annually he issued circulars with this object—and the appeal was responded to for the rest of his life.

Two years after his separation from his wife, he made the acquaintance of a lady named Madame Clotilde de Vaux. As he was separated from his wife, so she was separated from her husband. He had been condemned to the galleys for life. Brought together in such singular circumstances on both sides, a "pure and passionate friendship" sprang up between them. On his part at least, the attachment appears to have been of the most tender and devoted character. He speaks of her in one of his letters[1] as having inspired him with a "happiness of which he had always dreamed, but which he had never hitherto experienced."

"Every one who knew him," says Mr Lewes, "during this brief period of happiness, will recall the mystic enthusiasm with which he spoke of her, and the irrepressible overflowing of his emotion which led him to speak of her at all times and to all listeners. It was in the early days of this attachment that I first saw him, and in the course of our very first interview he spoke of her with an expansiveness which greatly interested me. When I next saw him he was as expansive in his grief at her irreparable loss; and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he detailed her many perfections. His happiness had lasted but one year. Her death made no change in his devotion. She underwent a transfiguration. Her subjective immortality became a real presence to his mystical affection. During life she had been a benign influence irradiating his moral nature, and for the first time giving satisfac-

[1] Lewes, p. 581.

tion to the immense tenderness which slumbered there; she thus initiated him into the secrets of emotional life which were indispensable to his philosophy in its subsequent elaboration. Her death rather intensified than altered this influence by purifying it from all personal and objective elements.

"The remainder of his life was a perpetual hymn to her memory. Every week he visited her tomb. Every day he prayed to her and invoked her continual assistance. His published invocations and eulogies may call forth mockeries from frivolous contemporaries —intense emotions and disinterested passions easily lending themselves to ridicule — but posterity will read in them a grave lesson, and will see that this modern Beatrice played a considerable part in the evolution of the religion of humanity." [1]

This great passion marks the transition in M. Comte's life from the Philosopher to the Pontiff. Hitherto we see in him mainly a great intellectualist moulding all the sciences, according to his view, into a vast and compact body of doctrine under the name of Positive Philosophy; henceforth he takes up the position of a new Priest of Humanity, the Legislator of a new religion, which, amidst the decay of theistic no less than of polytheistic beliefs, is to preside over the future development of the human race. What the character of this religion is, we shall see more particularly by-and-by. Meantime it is important to remark that this change in Comte's thought and life marks a significant division among his followers. M. Littré and others who have adopted his "Philosophy" reject his polity and religion, and accuse him of for-

[1] Lewes, pp. 581, 582.

saking his own method in his later works. M. Littré has even gone the length of attributing his religious speculations to a fresh cerebral attack, which he is supposed to have had about this time. We confess that we agree with Mr Lewes in thinking that this is hardly fair or warrantable. If it is admitted that the prolonged attack of insanity which preceded the composition of the 'Course of Positive Philosophy' had not seriously affected his mental organs, it cannot be said that a comparatively slight attack, which is only inferred from certain expressions in one of his letters to Mr Mill, should have permanently affected his powers of thought. In fact, there is no evidence of this fact. His mental capacity, in its characteristic qualities of intensity, sweep, and sustained power of co-ordinating his conceptions, is equally shown in his later as in his earlier writings. There is not more weakness in the one than in the other; there is only more extravagance, more inordinate confidence in his own generalisations, a more delevoped and self-appreciative tendency to lay down the law for all knowledge and wisdom, and to bring the whole domain of life, as well as of thought, within the range of his theories. We shall see, moreover, that it is impossible to separate betwixt the two series of M. Comte's writings, and that the latter only contain the consistent development of views which he had held, and even announced, from the first.

In 1851 he published the first volume of his 'Système de Politique Positive, ou Traité de Sociologie instituant la Religion de l'Humanité,' which was completed in four volumes in 1854. In the meantime, the famous 'Catéchisme Positiviste, ou Sommaire Exposi-

tion de la Religion Universelle,' had appeared in 1852. These writings together contain the full exposition of his later views. The longer he lived, the more devoted he became to his own ideas; and his most faithful disciples felt difficulty in keeping pace with his love of systematising and the startling audacity with which he elaborated his plans. He lived in a world all his own, in which the most extravagant dreams had become realities. To himself and a few followers he appeared the Philosopher of the age, who had summed up the course of past thought, the Legislator of a new era, the author and chief Minister of a new religion, which was to supersede all religions, and perfect the development of the human race. "In the name of the Past and of the Future, the servants of humanity—both its philosophical and practical servants—come forward to claim as their due the general direction of this world. Their object is to constitute at length a real Providence in all departments—moral, intellectual, and material. Consequently they exclude, once for all, from political supremacy, all the different servants of God—Catholic, Protestant, or Deist—as being at once behindhand and a cause of disturbance."[1] Such was the remarkable, he himself admits, "uncompromising," announcement with which he closed, in 1851, his third "Course of Lectures on the General History of Humanity."

The picture of his closing years is touching in contrast with this magniloquence:—

"He rose at five in the morning, prayed, meditated, and wrote until seven in the evening, with brief intervals for his two meals. Every day he read a chapter from the 'Imitation of Christ,' and a canto of Dante.

[1] P. 176.

Homer also was frequently re-read. Poetry was his sole relaxation, now that he could no longer indulge his passion for the opera. From seven to nine (and on Sundays in the afternoon) he received visits especially from working men, among whom he found disciples. On Wednesday afternoon he visited the tomb of Madame de Vaux. At ten he again prayed, and went to bed. The hour of prayer was to him an hour of mystic and exquisite expansion. Nothing could be simpler than his meals: breakfast consisted only of milk;[1] dinner was more substantial, but rigorously limited. At the close of dinner he daily substituted for dessert a piece of dry bread, which he ate slowly, meditating on the numerous poor who were unable to procure even that means of nourishment in return for their work."[2]

In 1857 his health was noticed to be failing, and on the 5th of September he breathed his last, without pain, and surrounded by a few of his most earnest disciples.

In now turning to the consideration of Comte's opinions, or what is known as Positivism, our task must be partly one of exposition and partly one of criticism. Positivism presents two aspects. It comes before us in its full development by its author as a complete theory of life as well as of thought—in other words, as a system of doctrine, of worship, and of conduct, according to the order in which the 'Catéchisme Positiviste' expounds it. But it may also be regarded as, in the main, a philosophy or special mode of

[1] M. Littré says: "Un bol de lait avec un peu de pain détrempé,"—p. 640.

[2] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 588.

thought, without reference to its later developments. It may be considered, in short, as expounded in the preliminary discourse which opens the 'Système de Politique Positive,'[1] and as treated in the 'Catechism,' or it may be considered as it presents itself in Comte's great work, 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' The former give us the system directly in all its human bearings, as designed to be a new power in life and society; the latter gives us the system specially in its intellectual basis in relation to other systems, and the circle of human knowledge.

These two points of view, as we have already indicated, mark a schism, or something approaching to a schism, among M. Comte's disciples. Many who have embraced the intellectual basis of his system refuse to advance with him to its moral and religious applications. M. Littré has even laid a formal indictment against him, as having abandoned his own method—the genuine Positivist principle of inquiry—and fallen back to the "theological state" in his later writings.[2] Every candid critic will admit the difference of intellectual tone characteristic of these writings. The animating spirit, the view of man and of his position in the universe, are greatly changed. The subjective method takes the place of the objective, often in the most arbitrary and unreasonable manner, in comparison with which any claims put forward on behalf of Metaphysics or Theology are modest.[3] This

[1] Translated by Dr Bridges under the title of 'A General View of Positivism.'

[2] Littré, pp. 572-592.

[3] See among other illustrations the extraordinary views expounded in the 'Catechism,' p. 222, as to the study of the Animal Kingdom in relation to Man.

is true, and so far the critic would concur with M. Littré; yet, after all, it is also true that such thorough-going disciples as Dr Robinet in France, and Mr Congreve and Dr Bridges in England, far more completely represent their master than M. Littré and others. It is not only that they go the whole length that he did, that they profess his faith in all its fulness, but that they represent the really governing tendencies of his system from the first. These tendencies, although not fully developed, may be all traced in Comte's earlier speculations. Even Mr Lewes, who tells us that he has never been able to accept, in any dogmatic sense, the later views of his master, virtually admits this. "Nothing can be more evident," he says, "than that from the first Comte's aim was to construct a polity on the basis of science. This polity did not at first wear the aspect of religion, but the transition was inevitable. A doctrine which furnished an explanation of the world, of man, and of society, which renovated education and organised social relations, above all, which established a spiritual power, was in all its chief functions identical with a religion."[1] It was the distinguishing glory of Positivism, according to Comte's own boast, that it not only contemplated the whole circle of human knowledge and activity, but that it furnished the only effective principles for the reorganisation of both. It based the reformation of life on the demonstrations of science. He claimed to be a reformer on this very ground. All other modern reformers, he maintains, are wrong in trying to regulate society without a previous regulation of opinions.[2]

Positivism, therefore, even if separable into two

[1] P. 637. [2] Ibid.

doctrines, and if it fell in the hands of its author into a schism of method, is yet a connected system of thought. We may take certain parts and leave others, but this is to mutilate the scheme of the master. So far as he is entitled to be looked upon as a master of thought at all, he may claim for his whole system a strictly affiliated and organic character; it can only be fairly judged when it is judged as a whole in the light in which it presented itself to his own mind, and with all the pretensions which he advanced for it.[1]

For our purpose, however, it is necessary to consider the system mainly in its intellectual basis. It is impossible otherwise to understand it, or the extraordinary influence which it has exercised and is exercising. We recognise the unity of Comte's polity and philosophy, and in conclusion shall advert particularly to the necessary growth of the Religion of Humanity, on the basis of thought laid down in the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive'; but before doing so, it is necessary to expound this basis. It is impossible otherwise for readers unacquainted with the system to apprehend its leading ideas, and the force with which they have impressed many minds. Furthermore, it is impossible, without some definite review of his philosophy, to understand Comte's real merit, and the services which he has rendered to the cause of science. No one who has studied his great work can be insensible to these services. All who have done so would feel that merely to regard him as the author of a new religion, would be to do injustice to his position as a

[1] See Dr Bridges' pamphlet on 'The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine,' in reply to Mr Mill,—an extremely interesting pamphlet, and from its point of view perfectly conclusive.

scientific thinker, and even to leave the essential principles, out of which his religion came, obscure and unintelligible. His undoubted influence lies in certain great conceptions, with which he has enriched and illuminated the modern mind. He has, as we think, mistaken the universality and exaggerated the value of these conceptions; but the persistence, and even the extravagance, with which he has enforced them, have been in some respects of genuine benefit both to the cause of science[1] and of religion.

I. Starting from the great law of evolution with which he opens the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' Comte's philosophy branches into three leading conceptions, under which all that is distinctive in his thought and work as a philosopher may be summed up. These are his method, his classification of the sciences, and his sociological doctrine; and with a brief review of these, we shall lead up to a criticism of his system. Already in his announcement of his initial principle or law of evolution, which he regarded as his great discovery, he begs the whole question in his own favour against previous systems of thought. All our conceptions, he says,—every branch of knowledge,—passes through the theological and metaphysical stage towards the Positive, which is final and exclusive of the others. In other words, theology merges into metaphysics, and metaphysics gives way to science. This he proclaims as a universal law, and this is the sum and substance of his general doctrine; but we shall be in a better position for seeing its full

[1] This was recognised in the first elaborate notice of M. Comte's 'Philosophie Positive' which appeared in this country (Edin. Rev., Aug. 1838)—a paper understood to be from the pen of Sir David Brewster.

meaning, and critically examining it, when we have passed in review his method and the great hierarchy of the sciences to the exposition of which his chief work is devoted.

The Positive method is the basis of the Positive philosophy; and it is peculiarly necessary to distinguish it from this philosophy, because there is a sense in which the method is universally accredited and accepted. What is this method? It is nothing more nor less than the application of the principle that in the study of nature we are concerned merely *with the facts before us and the relations* which connect those facts with one another. We have nothing to do with the supposed essence or hidden nature of the facts. Their absolute character, cause, or purpose is beyond our scrutiny. The science of any order of phenomena has nothing to do with the origin or ultimate explanation of the phenomena, but simply with their observed properties and the laws or order of sequence according to which these properties are formed and subsist. *Facts, and the invariable laws which govern them*, are, in other words, the pursuit, and the only legitimate pursuit, of science.

This is the method of Positive inquiry now universally recognised in every department of science, although as yet imperfectly carried out in some. It was formally announced by Bacon, and is commonly associated with his name, although in truth it was but imperfectly understood and applied by that great teacher of Method.[1] It received a definite impulse from the

[1] The scientific or inductive method is so commonly associated with Bacon as to be often styled "Baconian"; but, on the one hand, Bacon neither discovered the method, which, in its fundamental principle that

speculations of Hume, who, carrying to their legitimate conclusions the philosophy of his day, showed that we could get nothing from nature, or *sense-experience*, but ideas of coexistence and succession—or, in other words, of facts, and the sequences which connect them; and who attempted to prove that this was equally true of the world of mind as of matter. From the one realm as well as the other he cast out all ideas of *substance* and *cause*, and left nothing but phenomena and their relations of association. Hume is therefore the principal precursor of Comte, as he himself acknowledges.[1] He anticipated to the full the fundamental principle of the Comtean philosophy. He did more than this. For he saw clearly the use that could be made of it polemically; the sceptical or negative bearings of the principle are equally to be found in his writings. So far, therefore, there is nothing original in Positivism. The Scottish sceptic had already anticipated the nature of its attacks against theological philosophy.

But while Comte cannot claim any originality for his method, or even the anti-theological application

all science must be based on an adequate observation of facts, is at least as old as Aristotle even in its formal statement; and, on the other hand, he had, as has been frequently pointed out, so imperfect a conception of the development of the principle which rigorously confines all investigation to *facts and their relations*, that he specially aimed, by experiment, to trace under the scholastic name of "Forms," the primary essences or causes of phenomena. What Bacon really did was to give, by his powerful genius and imperial sweep of thought, an unprecedented impulse to the great scientific conception of *interpreting* nature rather than imposing means upon it. And his services in this respect have been so transcendent as to entitle him along with Descartes to be considered the father of modern philosophy. In this respect Comte expressly owns his obligation to both of them as well as to Leibniz, but still more to Hume, as we have mentioned in the text.

[1] Cat. Pos., Preface, p. vii. Compare translation.

which he makes of it, he deserves great merit for the luminous consistency with which he has applied it to all natural phenomena, and so expelled from the domain of science many vague and mystical hypotheses which lingered in his time, and even still linger. He has shown, for example, in relation to gravity, chemical affinity, and the phenomena of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, how purely arbitrary and suppositious are the "principles" or "hidden forces" which have been associated with these phenomena, and under which even men of science are still prone to conceive them. Gravity is nothing in itself. It is an invariable numerical relation betwixt the celestial masses and the various particles of matter, and nothing more. Chemical affinity is nothing but a relation of a similar character subsisting betwixt certain substances. It has no existence apart from these substances, and no determining influence over them. It is simply an expression denoting that in given circumstances given relations will always be found to arise in particular phenomena. All the old ideas of "fluids" and "ethers," as a groundwork or substratum or vehicle of physical phenomena, are equally illusory. They are not in the facts; they are hypotheses added to the facts, in their character incapable of verification, and, instead of enlightening thought or serving to explain nature, in themselves requiring explanation. The well-known "vital principle," which has so long played a part in physiological science, disappears under the same rigorous application of modern induction. It is, no less than the preceding "entities," a pure hypothesis, misleading because diverting attention from the facts, and starting a de-

lusive play of conjecture, rather than a true path of discovery. All such imaginary "entities" never help —on the contrary, they greatly encumber—the progress of science.

Comte did well in expelling all such hypotheses from the scientific domain. He not only took up the Baconian method, but he purified and extended it. He has at once given it a wider application than any previous thinker, and far more clearly understood its import. The very exaggeration and exclusiveness with which he has used it has served to bring out more precisely its true meaning. Facts and the connections of these facts—in Positivist language, *phenomena and their laws*—constitute the sum of knowledge to be derived from the physical method of inquiry. Wherever we penetrate we find that natural phenomena are linked together in endless sequence; there is no jar to the harmony of their movement; there are no disconnected threads in the vast work of material succession. Undoubtedly the more universal recognition of a reign of order everywhere has been greatly due to the Comtean type of thought. So far the Positivist method has vindicated itself thoroughly to the higher intelligence. Comte glories in this, and rushes to the conclusion that beyond the natural order there is nothing. That he is wrong in this we shall endeavour to prove. But what we wish to point out in the meantime is, that on his basis he is far more consistent than many who virtually occupy the same position; for he plainly implies not only that we know nothing except phenomena and their relations—facts particular or general—but that the Positivist philosopher should in consequence discharge from his language not only such abstract enti-

ties as "principles" or "essences," but, moreover, such expressions as *cause*, *will*, or *force*. "Forces," he says, "are only movements." They are transferences of phenomena, and nothing more. Comte is indeed far from consistent in applying his own canon of Positive interpretation, from the simple impossibility of working such a canon, and discharging from the account of human knowledge what is really one-half, and that the most vital half, of the sum to be accounted for: still he deserves credit for having clearly seen that, if all our knowledge is only *phenomenal*, then we have no right to the use of language which phenomena never gave us and cannot give us. It is a pure delusion to speak of *causation*, and yet to empty the word of all meaning by making a cause nothing but an invariable antecedent. To the purely physical philosopher force can be nothing but a *transition of conditions*. Turn up the mere soil of *physics* in any direction, analyse to the last the complication of external phenomena, and force as a distinct reality is nowhere found. The springs of nature are viewless, and the mere scalpel of induction can never lay them bare. It is a true and important service to have thus stripped the physical basis of all metaphysical gloss, and to have exposed, as we shall afterwards more fully show, the real roots of the question between Positivism or mere Science and theological philosophy.

But Comte has done something more than extend and illuminate the inductive method. He has classified the sciences; and there is no one capable of appreciating the task who will be disposed to undervalue what he has done in this respect. Others may, to some extent, have anticipated him; but no one who

has really mastered his system of classification, the principles on which it is based, and the rich and frequently striking thoughts with which he has expounded its sequences, can entertain any question of his ability and originality as a scientific thinker. He possesses, indeed, a singular power of lighting up scientific conceptions, and bringing forth to view their rational co-ordination and harmony. He never loses himself amidst complexities; he never sinks into mere technical details which have no bearing on his subject; his store of knowledge, although he prematurely ceased to add to it, is vast and multifarious; and he seldom misses the apt example or illustration, while conveniently forgetting whatever does not suit him. With all that is false and one-sided in it, we know of few mental disciplines more bracing and exhilarating than the study of the Comtean hierarchy of sciences as expounded in the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.'

In proceeding to his task, Comte first establishes a distinction between what he calls abstract science and concrete science. The former has for its object the discovery of the laws which regulate the whole phenomena in any department of knowledge; the latter contemplates the phenomena in detail or according to their actual appearance. Chemistry, for example, is an abstract science, Mineralogy is a concrete science. Physiology, or more correctly Biology, is an abstract science; Botany and Zoology are concrete sciences. Properly speaking, the name of *science* only belongs to the first or abstract class. The latter or concrete series are rather Classifications than Sciences. We only reach the province of *science* when we ascend beyond the description, or even the sorting or generalising, of mere

phenomena to their laws—the comprehensive order or combinations of order which the phenomena obey. Comte saw this, and has done a great deal to make others see it; but he did not, as we think, comprehend all that is involved in the transition through which alone a description or even a generalised notation of phenomena passes into science.

It is, of course, only with the class of abstract sciences, or sciences properly so called, that Positive Philosophy has to do. These are fundamental, the others are dependent and illustrative. The one gives us *knowledge* and the power that comes from knowledge. The others give only collections of facts. In seeking for a principle on which to co-ordinate the series of abstract sciences, Comte has recourse to the simple idea of arranging them according to their respective generality and the degree of dependence which they bear to one another. The idea is simple enough, and it is absurd to claim any particular credit for it; but it is at least as absurd to cast any ridicule or discredit upon it. To begin with the most general or elementary branches and advance to the more complex and difficult—what is this, some have said, but to follow the instinct of all sensible people,—what ninety-nine people out of a hundred would do? But the plain answer to this is that, not to speak of the ninety-nine, not even the hundredth philosopher had succeeded in exhibiting the physical sciences in a rational series before Comte. The simplicity of the idea upon which he worked, which guided his great faculty of co-ordination, does not detract from, but rather enhances, the merit of his scheme.

Starting with this idea, he comes primarily across

the great division of phenomena into organic and inorganic. Taking up the latter order as the more general and fundamental, we have the two sections of celestial and terrestrial phenomena. The phenomena of the heavens are at once the most general and the most independent—for the law of dependence is found to follow strictly the law of priority and generality, and Comte everywhere makes a special point of exhibiting the relations of dependence in the ascending series. Dependence rises as the succession advances; there is everywhere an exact proportion between the two. Of all phenomena those of the heavens are obviously at once the most general and the most independent. And the science of Astronomy accordingly takes precedence of all others. The simplest terrestrial phenomenon, chemical or purely mechanical, is more compound than the most complex celestial phenomenon, and so the most difficult astronomical question is less complicated than that of the most simple terrestrial movement when all the determining circumstances are taken into account—the movement, for example, of a falling body. This clear consideration places celestial Physics or Astronomy at the head of all the natural sciences. Terrestrial Physics, on the same principle, falls into divisions according to the merely mechanical or the chemical view of objects. All chemical phenomena are more complex than mechanical, or what we commonly call physical, and depend upon them without influencing them in return. All chemical action, for example, is conditioned by such influences as weight, heat, &c., while, moreover, presenting of itself definite characteristics which modify these. Physics, there-

fore, or Natural Philosophy, in the special sense, precedes Chemistry, and follows Astronomy. These three sciences include all inorganic phenomena, and their rational order, according to the ascending complexity of the phenomena, is as we have stated. The next great department of science is Physiology, or the science of organic phenomena in their greatest generality, as presented in individual living beings. The simplest living object presents conditions more complicated than any merely chemical phenomenon, while it more or less involves all the conditions of the preceding phenomena.

Up to this point Comte's classification of the sciences appears perfect, with an obvious omission, which, as he himself says, would be prodigious if it were not intentional; he means, of course, the science of Mathematics, the most fundamental of all the sciences according to its character and its name. We need not enter particularly into the grounds on which he places Mathematics at the head of his series, because these grounds are not likely to be disputed. The phenomena of extension and of simple movement, which yield us respectively the sciences of Geometry and of rational Mechanics, are plainly the most abstract and generalised phenomena with which we have to deal, not to speak of the still more abstract character of the calculus, which is with Comte not only the fundamental base of all the sciences, but a logical instrument or method extending to all. On the clearest grounds, therefore, Mathematics stands at the head of the natural sciences—which may be ranged in the following order: Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Physiology.

With the last of these departments science reaches Man as the most characteristic and eminent of living beings. The science of his external constitution, his special organism, sums up all previous stages in the scientific classification, dependent as it is upon all the previous succession of physical conditions, astronomical, physical, chemical, and presenting at the same time the most complex manifestation of organic or physiological conditions. Man is the highest product of nature—the highest form of nature's most complex form—organisation. To Comte he is nothing more than this; and consistently, therefore, Physiology gives us, according to him, not only the science of the external constitution, but the whole science of Man.[1] There is no study of mind distinct from matter; Psychology has no claims to be reckoned a science. The method of internal or subjective observation is delusive, and quite incompetent to yield us any real knowledge. Knowledge, strictly so called, only arises from actual or objective observation—the study of phenomena in themselves or in their development, their coexistence or their succession. Mind, therefore, can only be known as a function of organism, after the manner of the phrenologists. The phenomena of mind belong to the order of physiological phenomena, and must be investigated after

[1] This is only true of Comte's original series as given in the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' Afterwards he added the science of "Morals," and professed to attach great importance to it as the crown of his "encyclopedic scale." But it is unnecessary for us, in dealing with the intellectual basis of the system, to advert to this addition which he afterwards made to the number of the sciences. We confine our present line of exposition entirely to the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' Whatever changes he afterwards made, he did not alter the essentially *naturalistic* basis of all his thought.

the same manner. Here we approach the essential idea of Positivism, and might run out into a lengthened argument to show how untenable Comte's position is, and has been found to be by some who, like Mr Mill, have otherwise great sympathy with his philosophy. Mr Mill has defined with admirable success the distinctive character of psychological science;[1] and even Mr Lewes, although in the present volumes he withdraws his adherence to Mr Mill's view, yet allows that Psychology may be reckoned as a concrete if not as an abstract science, deserving a place in the scientific hierarchy.[2] It is unnecessary for us to enter into this argument, because the real point at issue here is the essential basis of M. Comte's philosophy, which awaits our discussion farther on. The question as to the right of Psychology to be reckoned a separate science, and as to the validity of consciousness as a distinct source of knowledge, covers obviously the deeper question as to the nature of the thinking principle or reason in man—the question, namely, whether there are such facts as psychical facts in essence distinct from vital or physiological. The question, in short, comes to be as to what man is—whether there are two orders of being in him or only one; whether he is distinctly spiritual as well as natural, or only a more highly developed animal. Mr Mill would probably not admit this, but Mr Lewes clearly enough recognises it. We pass, therefore, in the meantime, from the discussion that might open here with the simple remark that Comte's Classification, which has hitherto proceeded according to rational principles of an enlightened and satisfactory

[1] Auguste Comte and Positivism, pp. 63-66. [2] Vol. ii. p. 626.

kind, breaks down at that point where he reaches the last stage of purely physical phenomena. Bound by his principles to recognise no higher order of phenomena, he pushes his objective method beyond its proper stretch, and it breaks in his hands.

The remaining science with which, in the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' Comte sums up his series, brings before us at the same time the crowning service which he is supposed to have rendered to Thought, and the last of the great conceptions with which, under all deductions, he has enriched it. He called this science Sociology, and the half of his great work—three out of the six bulky volumes—are devoted to its exposition. The science of man's external and mental constitution ranking under the general head of Biology or Physiology, there yet remains a distinct science of *man in society*. The phenomena of human society present a special class of phenomena, claiming not only to be investigated by themselves, but to be investigated after a special manner answering to their extreme complexity. The increasing complexity of the data of science here reaches the highest point. A social phenomenon is, so to speak, a deposit of all previous phenomena. All contribute in some degree to make it what it is, and the difficulty of its investigation, especially in series, or as a constituent of the complex integral of which it forms a part, is corresponding. So much does Comte recognise this difficulty that he changes here, not indeed his method, but the relations which its two parts bear to one another. This cannot be better explained than in Mr Mill's language :—

"The method proper to the science of society must be in substance the same as in all other sciences, the

interrogation and interpretation of experience by the twofold processes of induction and deduction. But its mode of practising these observations has features of peculiarity. In general, Induction furnishes to science the laws of the elementary facts from which, when known, those of the complex combinations are thought out deductively: specific observation of complex phenomena yields no general laws, or only empirical ones; its scientific function is to verify the laws obtained by deduction. This mode of investigation is not adequate to the exigencies of sociological investigation. In social phenomena, the elementary facts are feelings and actions, and the laws of these are the laws of human nature—social facts being the results of human acts and situations. Since, then, the phenomena of man in society result from his nature as an individual being, it might be thought that the proper mode of constructing a positive Social science must be by deducing it from the general laws of human nature, using the facts of history merely for verification."

This was the view of Bentham and the older Naturalistic School, but it is repudiated by Comte, or at the best regarded by him as only applicable to the earlier stages of human progress, of which we have no clear historical accounts. To resume Mr Mill's exposition :—

"As society proceeds in its development its phenomena are determined more and more, not by the simple tendencies of universal human nature, but by the accumulated influence of past generations over the present. The human beings themselves on the laws of whose nature the facts of history depend are not abstract or universal but historical human beings, already shaped and made what they are by human society.

This being the case, no power of deduction could enable any one, starting from the mere conception of the Being Man, placed in a world such as the earth may have been before the commencement of human agency, to predict and calculate the phenomena of his development, such as they have in fact proved. If the facts of history, empirically considered, had not given rise to any generalisations, a deductive study of history could never have reached higher than more or less plausible conjecture. By good fortune (for the case might easily have been otherwise) the history of our species, looked at as a comprehensive whole, does exhibit a determinate course, a certain order of development; though history alone cannot prove this to be a necessary law, as distinguished from a temporary accident. Here, therefore, begins the office of Biology (or, as we should say, of Psychology) in the social science. The universal laws of human nature are part of the data of Sociology, but in using them we must reverse the method of the deductive physical sciences: for while, in these, specific experience commonly serves to verify laws arrived at by deduction, in Sociology it is specific experience which suggests the laws, and deduction which verifies them. If a sociological theory, collected from historical evidence, contradicts the established general laws of human nature; if (to use M. Comte's instances) it implies, in the mass of mankind, any very decided natural bent, either in a good or in a bad direction; if it supposes that the reason, in average human beings, predominates over the desires, or the disinterested desires over the personal; we may know that history has been misinterpreted, and that the theory is

false. On the other hand, if laws of social phenomena, empirically generalised from history, can when once suggested be affiliated to the known laws of human nature; if the direction actually taken by the developments and changes of human society can be seen to be such as the properties of man and of his dwelling-place made antecedently probable, the empirical generalisations are raised into positive laws, and Sociology becomes a science.

"Much has been said and written for centuries past, by the practical or empirical school of politicians, in condemnation of theories founded on principles of human nature, without a historical basis; and the theorists, in their turn, have successfully retaliated on the practicalists. But we know not any thinker who, before M. Comte, had penetrated to the philosophy of the matter, and placed the necessity of historical studies as the foundation of sociological speculation on the true footing. From this time any political thinker who fancies himself able to dispense with a connected view of the great facts of history, as a chain of causes and effects, must be regarded as below the level of the age.

"The inversion of the ordinary relations between Deduction and Induction is not the only point in which, according to M. Comte, the Method proper to Sociology differs from that of the sciences in inorganic nature. The common order of science proceeds from the details to the whole. The method of Sociology should proceed from the whole to the details. There is no universal principle for the order of study but that of proceeding from the known to the unknown,—finding our way to the facts at whatever point is most open to our obser-

vation. In the phenomena of the social state, the collective phenomenon is more accessible to us than the parts of which it is composed. This is already, in a great degree, true of the mere animal body. It is essential to the idea of an organism, and it is even more true of the social organism than of the individual. The state of every part of the social whole at any time is intimately connected with the contemporaneous state of all the others. Religious belief, philosophy, science, the finer arts, the industrial arts, commerce, navigation, government, all are in close mutual dependence on one another, insomuch that when any considerable change takes place in one, we may know that a parallel change in all the others has preceded or will follow it. The progress of society from one general state to another is not an aggregate of partial changes, but the product of a single impulse, acting through all the partial agencies, and can therefore be most easily traced by studying them together. Could it even be detected in them separately, its true nature could not be understood except by examining them in the *ensemble*. In constructing, therefore, a theory of society, all the different aspects of the social organisation must be taken into consideration at once." [1]

We have given the whole of this passage, because it would be impossible to present in a better shape at once some idea of Comte's sociological doctrine and the special distinction claimed for him as its author. The creation of this science is the crowning effort of the Positive Philosophy; and while its value will be estimated differently from different points of view, there are few even of those most strongly repudiating

[1] Auguste Comte and Positivism, pp. 83-88.

Comte's principles who would deny the great and just conception that underlies his sociological scheme. Other thinkers before him had conceived of human society as regulated by natural laws, and so presenting throughout its course a great plan of development. Not to speak of Montesquieu and Condorcet, to whose labours he himself does justice, M. Littré has cited a remarkable passage from Kant, in which the idea of human history as a connected chain of events, and of human society as a vast organism governed by its own laws, is expressed with great clearness and force. The same views were worked out with still greater power and success by Hegel, from whom some suppose Comte to have borrowed.[1] But however this idea may have dawned upon other thinkers, none before had evolved it so fully, or worked it out so thoroughly as a scientific conception. Here, as in the preceding department of science, it is Comte's great merit that he has applied the Positive conception without reserve, and shown that looking *merely at the phenomena* of society, no less than at the phenomena of life and the phenomena of physical action, they present an invariable order, facts following facts in rigorous sequence. That politics is a science, in short, and that law reigns there as supreme as in other departments of human knowledge, are truths, the growing diffusion of which is very much owing to the Positive Philosophy.

Not only so. Comte has not only established the scientific character of social phenomena in a more perfect manner than any previous philosopher, but he has

[1] Comte's indebtedness to Hegel was expressed more strongly in the original article; but Professor Flint ('History of Philosophy,' pp. 263, 264) has, I think, clearly shown that Comte owed little or nothing to German Philosophy.

also established their *distinctive* scientific character. He has brought out the essential bearing of history upon politics, and shown how all the phenomena of human society are what they are—not merely as the result of human nature *per se*, but as the result of *historical human nature*. History is not merely a sequence linking age to age by inevitable laws of progress, but Society, at every particular stage of its progress, bears the impress of all that has gone before, and social phenomena are in consequence a historical deposit, and not merely a result of individual human life. Man, in short, as a social being, yields a definite science, because there goes to his making not merely the radical propensities which the study of the individual man reveals, but all the special conditions arising out of the sequency of events in the midst of which he stands.

So far we join with Comte's admirers in conceding the great merit of his sociological conception. We agree with Mr Mill that it is impossible for any thinker to claim a hearing who has not mastered this conception, or who fails to recognise the essential relation of historical studies to social and political speculation, and indeed to all speculation. But M. Comte's disciples claim for him, as he claims for himself, far more than the mere triumph of initiating Sociology as a science—of verifying, that is to say, the scientific character of social phenomena. He is supposed, besides, to have discovered the great elementary law of these phenomena, and in this manner not only to have indicated the path of the science but to have established its fundamental doctrine. This law is nothing else than the great law of Evolution with which he sets out, and of which we have already spoken—the famous *loi des*

trois état, as it is called. Here, therefore, at the end as at the beginning of our brief exposition, we come upon this law and its exclusive relation to all previous speculation and knowledge. It underlies not only Comte's general conception of philosophy, but constitutes his special sociological doctrine. In all the sciences it represents the order of progress, but here it represents the very doctrine or law of the science, under which the complicated phenomena of human society may be gathered up and explained, as the astronomer explains the phenomena of the heavens by the law of gravitation, or the physiologist the phenomena of life by the properties of the cellular tissue. As Astronomy had its Kepler, who subjected the eccentric orbits of the planets to definite laws, and Newton who explained these laws by one embracing generalisation, so Sociology has its Comte, who has not only demonstrated the scientific character of social phenomena, but explained the law which governs their development; who has not only recognised that there is an organic evolution marking all historical phenomena, but explained the character of this evolution and its invariable mode of operation. This is hardly an exaggeration of the manner in which M. Littré speaks of Comte,[1] and Mr Lewes is even more direct and emphatic in his admiration. In reference to this very point, in regard to which as well as a good many others Mr Mill fails to come up to the full standard of a disciple, Mr Lewes observes :—

"Mr Mill's statement of what constitutes a science is all that Comte's disciples require, namely, discovering or proving and pursuing to their consequences

[1] P. 53.

those of its truths which are fit to form the connecting links among the rest,—truths which are to it what the law of gravitation is to Astronomy, and what the elementary properties of tissue are to Physiology. And this, we believe, the law of the three stages is to Sociology. Mr Mill accepts that law; and therefore it is that I venture to intimate that his doubts respecting Comte's claim may be merely a question of terms. Those—and they are the majority—who refuse to accept the law very consistently reject the claim. I cannot here afford the space for a discussion of their objections, but content myself with saying that it is a law of History, and must be verified in History: it cannot even be comprehended, much less refuted, through subjective experience. Whoever will take the trouble to understand its meaning or follow Comte's exemplification of it throughout History, will see how the superficial objections to it all disappear as they disappear before the law of gravitation, which likewise needed an extensive and persistent verification before its truth became irresistible."[1]

And so the law of the three stages has all the validity of the law of gravitation! It is not more true that the Theological and Metaphysical are merely passing phases of human society towards the positive or final stage from which all ideas of a higher Divine Order are banished, than that the heavens move in an undeviating order, the proportions of which are expressed in the formula, "directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance."

It is plain that we here return upon the essence of the whole question betwixt Positivism and Spiritual

[1] Vol. ii. p. 623.

Philosophy or Theology. It is mere pretence to affirm that the question is one "to be verified in history," or, indeed, that it is one confined to any argument or proof about the law of the three stages. The real question is as to the essential idea or mode of conception out of which this law as well as all the special doctrine of Positivism spring. Do we only know phenomena? Is all our real knowledge objective? Cannot we penetrate beneath the outward nexus of Order or Law? Is all knowledge above nature, or all metaphysical and theological knowledge essentially invalid? Is the idea of a Divine Order, of a Supreme Intelligence, ruling the world, only a superstition? These various questions present the real points at issue; they all mask the same general question.

II. This question must now occupy us for a little. Let us see that we understand it in its full meaning. It is the pretension of Positivism to reduce all knowledge to the form of *science*. It affirms not only that the inductive or scientific method is applicable to the whole range of phenomena or events which come under our observation, but that there is nothing beyond the application of this method. What we cannot observe, classify, and generalise are not realities. There is, in short, *one* order of existence—the physical—which gives us science, and no other. There is no higher order embracing the physical, and illuminating it from above with ideas of Reason (Metaphysic), or of Purpose (Theology). All truth arises from outward experience—from facts—and the order in which these facts arrange themselves. It is the function of Science to make known these facts *and their laws*, and so to provide us not merely with details of knowledge, but

with a systematisation of all knowledge—a doctrine which shall be a Philosophy, and shall issue in a social authority or Religion.

It is to be noticed that the question is not one at all, as it has been sometimes artfully put, regarding the recognition of Order and Law *as against Will* in nature. Comte himself is not free from this unfair way of putting the question, especially in the earlier volumes of the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' In reviewing the great laws unfolded by the progress of scientific discovery, he delights to point out their assumed contrariety to any idea of providence or supernatural direction of the world. "Look at the unvarying movement of the celestial masses," he says, "how entirely does their necessary action exclude the idea of Will. Theological philosophy supposes everything to be governed by Will, and that phenomena are consequently variable and irregular! The Positive Philosophy, on the contrary, conceives of them as subject to invariable laws, whose issues admit of prevision—so fixed and sure are they." The radical incompatibility of these two views is especially marked in the phenomena of the heavens, where the laws being fully discovered, prevision may be said to be perfect.[1] This fixed celestial order is supposed to displace altogether the idea of a directing Will. Equally so, the endless transmutations of matter in definite chemical proportions are assumed to destroy all idea of the creation or destruction of matter.[2] There is endless change according to invariable sequences, nothing more. Mr Lewes is fond of the same assumed

[1] Cours de Philosophie Positive, vol. ii. p. 216.
[2] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 689.

contrariety between Order and Will, *invariable* laws and *variable* volition.[1]

There never surely was a cruder or more ignorant misconception. Theology knows nothing of a conflict between Order and Will. Ever since the time of Hooker at least, it has been a commonplace in all higher theological literature that the Divine Will is the type of all law and order. If there is a Divine Will at all, it must be a Will acting by general laws, by methods, of which order is an invariable characteristic; and the presence of order or law through all the domain of nature is exactly what the enlightened Theist would expect. If anywhere he came upon disorder instead of order, chaos instead of a cosmos,—instead of finding any satisfaction in the idea of a supernatural Will, he would lose hold of this idea altogether. It would vanish with its sign. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that Theology has no quarrel with the progressive discovery of the reign of law in nature. The more plainly this reign is made manifest, the more thoroughly Law is found to embrace all phenomena

[1] It is difficult to credit the dogmatism with which Comte and his followers urge this presumed contrariety betwixt Law and Will in nature without some acquaintance with Positivist writings. Every one who has read the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive' will remember many passages bearing out what we say in the text—which, indeed, is partly a mere translation of Comte's own language. In the 'Catechism' (p. 218, Congreve's translation) he goes the length of saying that "the opposition between laws and supernatural will is irreconcilable." "What," he adds, "would become of the wonderful order [of nature] if we introduce an infinite Power? The capricious action of such a Power would allow of no prevision!" Then Mr Lewes, vol. ii. p. 71, says, "Instead of conceiving the world under the dominion of volitions in their essence *variable*, we have learned to conceive it under the dominion of laws in their nature *invariable*." This is only equalled by the audacity which maintains that "Monotheism is irreconcilable with the existence in our nature of the instincts of benevolence!"—('Catechism,' p. 251.)

and impart meaning to them, the more illuminating must the true theological conception grow. Superstition and prejudice as to the mode of the divine action, low thoughts of God and of divine judgment, may vanish; but the great conception of an Intelligent Will will live, and grow brighter beneath all the discoveries of an ever-expanding Order.

The question is not one of Will *versus* Order, at least with the Theist, but of Will *plus* Order, Intelligence *plus* Law. The Theist has no quarrel with the Positivist so far. When the latter speaks of phenomena and the order of phenomena, the Metaphysician and the Theologian do not dispute with him. On the contrary, they are grateful to him. They prize every disclosure of facts, and every successful co-ordination of these facts. If there are theologians or metaphysicians who do not do this, they are no more to be regarded than crude systematisers in science. There are foolish as well as wise workers in all departments of knowledge. It is not any real contribution to science, from whatever quarter, that need trouble the spiritual philosopher. It is the negative conclusions built upon these contributions or discoveries that alone concern him,—not the fact, but the allegation that there is nothing behind the fact; not the *laws*, but the allegation that beyond these laws we have not, and cannot have, any knowledge. *This is the Positive Philosophy.* Essentially it is a negative rather than a Positive Philosophy. It seeks not to complete other philosophies, but to build itself upon their ruins.

We confess our astonishment that Mr Mill does not see this more plainly than he does, and that he should suppose Positivism not to be incompatible with a belief

in Theism and the Supernatural. He thinks that we may accept M. Comte's conclusions so far, but that we are not bound to follow him onward to the denial of a Divine origin of the existing order of things.

"Positive Philosophy," he says, "maintains that within the existing order of the universe, or rather of the part of it known to us, the direct determining cause of every phenomenon is not supernatural but natural. It is compatible with this to believe that the universe was created, and even that it is continuously governed, by an Intelligence, provided we admit that the Intelligent Governor adheres to fixed laws, which are only modified or counteracted by other laws of the same dispensation."[1]

No doubt there is nothing inconsistent in the Positive mode of thought with these twofold beliefs. Because the Positive or inductive mode of thought is not necessarily exclusive. It embraces all phenomena, but it does not exclude all knowledge beyond phenomena. It is universal within its sphere, but it does not go on to say that there is no world beyond this sphere. Positivism as a philosophy, however, expressly goes this length. It excludes all knowledge but the knowledge of phenomena. It first of all limits the range of science to the phenomenal, and then applies its method universally. Its special pretension is, that it transforms Science into a Philosophy—a homogeneous doctrine which is able to explain all the results of life and history and thought.[2] If any had said to Comte, We accept your method so far; we are ready to go with you up to the last point in the explanation of all phy-

[1] Auguste Comte and Positivism, p. 15.
[2] Lewes, vol. ii. p. 597.

sical phenomena, only you will allow us to suppose a Creator in the very end, an intelligent Will, originator and governor of all things. We cannot get on without such a hypothesis. He would have rejected such discipleship with scorn. This is the very thing you have to get rid of, he would have said. The very idea of Positivism — its essential meaning — is, that the origin of things is beyond all legitimate inquiry, all rational hypothesis. The heavens, you say, declare the glory of God. I say they declare no other glory but that of Hipparchus, or Kepler, or Newton.[1] You speak of creation. But you have only to study the transmutations of chemical phenomena to see how this idea, like all other theological ideas, vanishes in the face of natural phenomena. Undoubtedly there can be no rational consistency between Theism and Positivism, or indeed any form of a purely sensational or materialistic philosophy. The one may be tagged on to the other by pure conjecture, according to "the analogies which are called marks of design, and the general traditions of the human race," which seems to be Mr Mill's plan; or by a special reserve force of faith, after reason has excluded it, which was the late Mr Baden Powell's plan;[2] but if we accept the Positivist ground-plan of thought, and confine all knowledge to the domain of phenomena, we can find no rational footing for Theism—or the idea of an Intelligent Will ruling nature and the world.

But can we get on without this idea and the great principles which underlie and presuppose it? Can we work out knowledge at all on a mere phenomenal

[1] Phil. Pos., vol. ii. p. 36. [2] Order of Nature, 1859.

basis? Metaphysic and Theology, having once intruded beyond their sphere, are now in danger of being turned out of doors altogether. In the temple of knowledge no room is found for them. Can we live without them and their characteristic principles? We admit frankly that science has advantageously expelled them from its special domain, whether in the shape of "entities," "principles," or "final causes." Admitting this, must we hold not only that Metaphysic and Theology have no right to intrude upon the scientific explanation of nature, but that they cannot help us in any degree towards an explanation of existence and its problems,—that, in short, both are mere illusions of knowledge—the sooner dissipated the better? It requires only a true penetration into the meaning of knowledge to see that all this pretension of Positivism to restrict and exhaust its contents is as untenable as it is arrogant.

It is not necessary for this purpose that we take up the question of the origin of knowledge from the beginning, and ask, What is perception? What is a *phenomenon* or *object?* Is it anything apart—can it be thought apart—from a *noumenon* or *subject?* Does not all knowledge imply subject-object—mind *plus* matter? Is it not necessary to start with Mind even to get a beginning of science? We do not enter upon these questions; not that we apprehend any doubtful issue of the controversy on this ultimate ground. We have no fear for the ideal side when the problem of knowledge is really probed to the bottom. But we are naturally anxious to confine our subject within limits, and to keep therefore closely to the order of ideas which it directly suggests. And with this re-

striction in view, we ask what would come, on the Positivist basis, of certain conceptions with which science incessantly works—which it constantly presupposes and demands? The prevailing conception of Law or Order, for example, whence do we get it? Could we ever gather it out of external nature, or any series of phenomena which nature gives us? The facts themselves we gather by our senses, and the comparison and classification of them we accomplish by our inductive and generalising faculty. So far, let it be said, we do not add anything to the facts; our method is objective. We do not transcend the data derived from experience. But a classification is not a law. So long as we keep ourselves to the phenomena before us, and the grouping of phenomena, we do not reach science in Comte's abstract sense—in the proper sense. No mere classification or order of facts makes a science. It is only when we have taken up the classification and translated its meaning, read off the line or lines which sum up all its phenomena and explain them, that we have attained the scientific level, or reached a law in the true or even Comtean sense—such a law, for example, as gravitation. This is the sense in which Positivism understands law everywhere—not merely an observed order of facts, like Kepler's laws, but a *rationale* of the facts—an illuminating conception under which they all fall, and which accounts or gives a *reason* for them. Now the question is, could we ever reach Law in this sense without some distinct mental contribution to the phenomena before us? Could we ever get beyond the facts expressing the relation to the idea of relation, or Law itself, unless we had brought to the interpre-

tation of the facts a light beyond what we get from them—a rational element which is not the product of any mere sense-experience? Admitting that experience gave us the facts, or the order or grouping of the facts, it is Reason that alone illuminates, co-ordinates, and explains them, or, in other words, brings them under law. Law is essentially a rational concept, which no mere observation of phenomena can yield. We *bring it to nature*, otherwise nature could never give us it. We add the light of Reason to nature's order of changes, otherwise we could never get science at all. In other words, the root of science is something more than what is commonly called science; the physical finds its explanation, its intelligibility, only in and through the metaphysical.

But this is still more apparent in passing to the idea of Cause and Force, with which science is as frequently compelled to work as with the idea of Law, although men of science are more consistently alive to the difficulty in which it involves them. Comte himself, as we have seen, would fain have got rid of this metaphysical element. But this he was unable to do. It is impossible for science to rid itself of the conception of Force. Its very nomenclature would fall into hopeless confusion if it attempted to do so. To avoid its use, as Mr Grove admits, "would be so far a departure from recognised views as to render language scarcely intelligible." At the same time, he clearly perceives the dilemma in which this involves the purely physical philosopher, inasmuch as Force "represents a subtle mental conception, and not a sensuous perception or phenomenon."[1] Plainly it is so.

[1] Correlation of Physical Forces. 4th edition, p. 16.

"Force" is a contribution of our mental consciousness to the world of phenomena; and apart from this consciousness, no changes in the external world merely could ever give us it. The external world presents things only in coexistence or in series. The series or successions of its phenomena suggest the idea of Force. The idea becomes inseparably blended with the mutations of nature which we see proceeding around us; but it does not come out of any of these mutations. We could never catch it by any of our external senses. All we see or feel is merely change following change, first one condition then another. The idea is born within; it comes of our self-consciousness: it is the product of our personal life and experience. If we had been entirely passive, no variety of external changes could have induced it in us; and conversely constituted as we are, the subjects of volition, conscious ourselves of being *powers*, it does not require any special set of phenomena to call forth the idea within us. We carry it with us and supply it to nature. It cleaves inseparably to all its changes, not as residing in the changes themselves, but because we cannot conceive of them otherwise than under this category. "Take away the consciousness of Force in ourselves, and with the keenest vision we should see it nowhere in nature. Endow us with it, and we have still no more ability than before to perceive it as an object in the external world—observation giving us access only to phenomena as distributed in space and time."[1] Why, then, do we apply the causal idea everywhere to nature, and infer Force as a reality everywhere around us, "inseparable from matter" and "the source

[1] Martineau's Essays, p. 140.

of its various changes"?[1] Simply because we cannot help viewing nature in the light of our reason. A rational necessity compels us to see in nature the same explanation of movement that we recognise in ourselves. And so we transfer the idea of Force—born within us, the product of our inner consciousness, the reflection of *ourselves*—to the world of phenomena, and apprehend their evolutions as the expression of power. If this is an illegitimate transfer, all we have to say is, that its illegitimacy must be acknowledged throughout. If we have no right to transfer our own modes of working to nature, we have no right to use ideas and language which only come out of this transference, which have no meaning, and could not possibly exist on a mere outward or phenomenal basis. If we are to be confined to this basis, we must work it with its own machinery of thought. We must not stealthily borrow from a higher source ideas of "Cause" and of "Law," which no mere observation of phenomena could have ever given us. In other words, if we are to cast away Metaphysic, we must not keep its old clothes.

The truth is, that we can never be quit of Metaphysic for the sake of science itself. Science not only roots itself in metaphysical ideas such as those of "law" and "force"; it must not only go to Metaphysic for its capital of thought wherewith to work in its own province, but it tends moreover in all its higher aspects to pass off into purely metaphysical or transcendental conceptions. The farther modern science carries us, the more do we lose hold of matter and mere physical results, and pass into the realm of im-

[1] Grove, p. 16.

material and invisible realities. "The old speculations of philosophy, which cut the ground from materialism by showing how little we know of matter, are now being daily reinforced by the subtle analysis of the physiologist, the chemist, and the electrician. Under that analysis matter dissolves and disappears, remaining only as a form of Force."[1] The realities of nature unclothe themselves in the last analysis. We can number and measure, but we can no longer see and handle them. We have passed into the region of the Invisible. So far from phenomena, therefore, being all with which science has to do, phenomena are, so to speak, merely the middle term of science. Both at the beginning and the end it stretches beyond the phenomenal sphere, having alike its roots and its summit hidden in the psychical or metaphysical sphere. Mr Lewes himself admits, in his recent work on Aristotle, that "the fundamental ideas of modern science are as transcendental as any of the axioms in the Ancient Philosophy."[2]

But if we cannot get rid of Metaphysic, can we get any more rid of Theology? We have seen how impossible it is to get on in science without the conceptions of Law and Force. The scientific intellect presupposes and works with them in every direction; but after we have made the most of such conceptions, and carried them up to their highest form of generalisation, do we not still keep asking a deeper meaning of things than they can yield? The law of gravitation, for example, which at once brings before us the highest idea of scientific law which we can form, and the

[1] The Reign of Law, by the Duke of Argyll, p. 117.
[2] Lewes's Philosophy of Aristotle, p. 66.

highest and most general expression of Force which we know to operate in nature—what is this law when we examine it? It is the name by which we denote certain unvarying proportions of action betwixt the celestial masses, — betwixt all particles of matter. These are "directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance." Such is the formula of gravitation, the loftiest, the most universal under which we have been able to bring natural phenomena. But to be able to measure this universal relation of phenomena, or the force which binds them together, is by no means to explain them. May we not say of such an explanation, in Comtean phrase, that it is merely a "reproduction in numerical terms of the statement of the phenomena"? We keep asking what is the force of gravity? how is its exact measure sustained? by what means was the original balance established betwixt it and the centrifugal forces by which the planets move in their orbits?

"Each force, if left to itself, would be destructive of the universe. Were it not for the force of gravitation, the centrifugal force which impels the planets would fling them into space. Were it not for these centrifugal forces, the force of gravitation would dash them against the sun. The orbits, therefore, of the planets, with all that depends upon them, are determined by the nice and perfect balance which is maintained by these two forces; and the ultimate fact of astronomical science is not the law of gravitation, but the adjustment between this law and others which are less known, so as to produce and maintain the existing solar system."[1]

[1] Reign of Law, p. 92.

Neither Law nor Force, in any simple form, is adequate to explain any class of phenomena, illuminating as it is to the mind to be able to gather up its knowledge in such ultimate ratios as the law of gravitation. We still keep asking what is the Force? Why is the Law? We must get beneath even such ultimate conceptions as these, and lay hold of the living Power or Mind of which they are merely the attributes or expression. It is only by adding on Mind to Nature, that we can reach these conceptions; and so it is only by carrying them out into their full meaning that we find any real explanation in them as applied to nature. When we penetrate behind Law to the Reason which speaks in it—when we recognise in Force the Will whose attribute it is—then, and not till then, do we approach a solution of the phenomena in which we can rest and find satisfaction. And therefore, as formerly we emerged upon the metaphysical sphere in the mere attempt to vindicate the language of science, so now we emerge upon the theological in the attempt to read the full meaning of this language as applied to nature. Law and Force are nothing in nature if they do not bespeak an Intelligent Power governing and sustaining it. They explain nothing except in so far as they denote such a Power.

This is true, taking Law and Force in their most simple forms, and supposing that what nature brought before us in the last resource was a unity of either. But such is not the fact, as the Duke of Argyll has admirably shown in his volume on the 'Reign of Law,' from which we have already quoted. What nature gives us in the last resource everywhere is not unity of either Law or Force, but multiplicities of both. Law

works with law, force with force, in infinitely varying adjustment. It is very difficult to form any adequate idea of the vast number of laws which are concerned in producing the most ordinary operations of nature :—

"Looking only at the combinations with which Astronomy is concerned, the adjustments are almost infinite. Each minutest circumstance in the position, or size, or shape of the earth, the direction of its axis, the velocity of its motion and of its rotation, has its own definite effect, and the slightest change in any one of these relations would wholly alter the world we live in. And then it is to be remembered that the seasons, as they are now fitted to us, and as we are fitted to them, do not depend only on the facts or the laws which Astronomy reveals. They depend quite as much on other sets of facts, and other sets of laws, revealed by other sciences,—such, for example, as Chemistry, Electricity, and Geology. The motion of the earth might be exactly what it is, every fact in respect to our planetary position might remain unchanged, yet the seasons would return in vain if our own atmosphere were altered in any one of the elements of its composition, or if any one of the laws regulating the action were other than it is. Under a thinner air even the torrid zone might be wrapped in eternal snow. Under a denser air and one with different refracting powers, the earth and all that is therein might be burnt up. And so it is through the whole of Nature; laws everywhere—laws in themselves invariable, but so worked as to produce effects of inexhaustible variety by being pitched against each other, and made to hold each other in restraint." [1]

[1] Reign of Law, pp. 93, 94.

The principle of adjustment, of combination for the accomplishment of purpose, is everywhere the predominating characteristic of nature. So far from the invariability of natural laws excluding the operation of Will, it is this very characteristic of invariability that makes them subservient to Divine Purpose. All results of nature come forth, not from invariable laws simply, but from special combination of these laws in each case; and the very constancy of the laws—the fact that their path is immutably fixed—is the very feature of them which enables them to be combined to a definite result. "It is perfectly true that every law is in its nature invariable, producing always precisely and necessarily the same effect,—that is, provided it is worked under the same conditions. But, then, if the conditions are not the same, the invariableness of effect gives place to capacities of change which are almost infinite. It is by altering the conditions under which every law is brought to bear, and by bringing other laws to operate upon the subject, that our own wills exercise a large and increasing power over the material world. And be it observed that to this end the uniformity of laws is no impediment, but, on the contrary, it is an indispensable condition. Laws are in themselves unchangeable, and if they were not unchangeable they would not be used as instruments of will."[1] If men were uncertain as to the material forces around them, and with which they work, they could never turn them to any practical or useful account. It is the very fact of their being precisely measurable, or, in other words, invariable, that they are able to use them with suc-

[1] Reign of Law, p. 98.

cessful effect. And the operation of the Divine Mind, or the Supreme Will, is conceived after the same analogy. Going forth incessantly among natural laws, it uses them as instruments for its purpose. It changes not the laws, but it changes their relations and applications infinitely. The true spring of phenomena, therefore, is not invariable forces or laws, but some variable combination of these invariable forces and laws. And in the view of this final multiplicity of natural laws, and their endlessly varying combinations in the cosmical phenomena around us, Mind or a Supremely Intelligent Will is seen to stand still more conclusively at the head of nature. The principle of Design, so far from disappearing before the progressive discovery of the reign of law, only emerges into sight more broadly, and with a more impressive majesty, in the face of the invariable order operating all around us.

The Duke of Argyll has rendered a real service to the cause of Theistic Philosophy by his clear exposition of the idea of Purpose in relation to that of Law, in his interesting and significant volume. His analysis of the expression "Law" throughout is highly valuable. It would have presented, however, a more consistent logical front to opponents, if he had been careful to recognise, from the outset of his analysis, that he carries with him the idea of Mind as the root and only exponent of Law in all its applications to nature—in its simplest and lowest interpretation as "an observed order of facts," no less than in its most complex form, as "combinations of force for a purpose." It appears to us beyond dispute that we can never advance to the idea of "ends" or "purpose" in

nature, unless we begin with the idea of Mind in our lowest estimate of natural phenomena. Why do any number of facts present to us Order at all? Simply because we read a Mind behind them. We interpret them in the light of our own Reason. They are a mirror in which we see Intelligence—Intelligence such as our own. Starting, in short, from Mind and not from matter, phenomena are nothing to us but manifestations of Mind; order nothing but an index of Intelligence. And so as we advance we find Order grow into Law, or a measure of ultimate force, and Law deepen into Design or combination for a purpose; but the root of the complex principle is with us from the first. And were it not so, we do not see how we could ever reach it. If we did not recognise Mind behind Order in its simplest form, and Will under the guise of Force in its most indeterminate results, we do not see how the most remarkable combinations in nature could ever suggest Purpose; for even the most elaborate of natural contrivances are nothing but suggestions of a preconceived idea. The most ingenious adaptations of the poison of a snake to the destruction of its enemies, or of certain long-nosed moths to certain deep-nectared orchids in the island of Madagascar, or the most exquisite provisions in the machinery of flight, are *in themselves* no less intelligible as mere natural sequences—the result of natural growth—than the most ordinary phenomena of adaptation. The latter, that is to say, can be as little explained as the former on a mere nature-basis. The higher exquisiteness of the product can never of itself yield the idea of Purpose. Only when we have once illuminated nature by the postulate of Mind can it speak to us

either less or more forcibly of *intention;* apart from this postulate, its most curious are equally dumb with its most familiar phenomena. Shut out the light thrown upon it by our own reason, and we never could find in it reason, method, or purpose.

"We receive but what we give;
And in our light alone does Nature live."

Apart from this light, "fitness" becomes mere consequence, "contrivance" mere accident; and nature's growth supplants Creative Purpose. "The relation of a given structure to its purpose and functions" may be more clearly evident than the "relation of the same structure to some corresponding part in another animal;" in other words, the principle of design may be more plainly established than the doctrine of homologies; but neither the one nor the other is in the least of the nature of physical truths. Mind is the underlying conception of both. It is because the world is rationally conceived as the production of Mind, that either doctrine is intelligible or consistent. They are alike rooted in the essentially theological conception that nature is not a self-growth, but the creation of an Intelligent Will, whose plan or thought it expresses.[1]

And this brings us to the last and most essential contrast betwixt Positivism and Theistic Philosophy —a contrast which has been constantly cropping out in the course of our remarks, and which comes before us broadly in the fundamental Positivist conception, that all our knowledge is of one type—the "scientific."

[1] The Duke himself admits this. "It is only as an Order of thought," he says, "that the doctrine of Animal Homologies is intelligible at all." —P. 208.

The meaning of this simply is, that man, like all other things, is a product of nature, and nothing more—"simply the apex of the animal series," as Mr Lewes has it.[1]

There is one being only, the growth of nature's forces. There are not two orders of being, as all Theology believes, and all Metaphysic implies; but only one order. The spiritual is not a distinct quality or essence in man, but only a function of the physical —its final result and expression. This is the fundamental position of Positivism—the fundamental antithesis which it presents to Theism. Positivism may disown Materialism, as it disavows Atheism. Comte, we are aware, expressly did both.[2] But this he only did by changing the meaning of the expression. Materialism, in its ordinary sense, is that view of man's condition and destiny which, beginning with nature, ends with nature, or, in other words, which denies that there is any order of being, and consequently of knowledge, save that of the objective world cognisable by the senses. The postulate of all Theology, on the contrary, is, that there are two orders of being, and two sources of knowledge — the one natural, the other supernatural—and that man belongs to both. The spirit, soul, or reason, while manifesting itself under natural conditions, is yet in itself, apart from these conditions, a reality belonging to a higher order of life, of which God is the head. The higher element in man is his spiritual being. He is "spirit" and not "matter." The higher order is the real *order*, of which the other is only the manifestation. Real or

[1] Vol. ii. p. 72.

[2] A General View of Positivism, p. 49.

absolute Being is "behind the veil." Nature hides it while she reveals it. This idea of a higher and supernatural order of being to which man belongs lies at the root of all theology, of all spiritual philosophy. The denial of this—of an immaterial being in man, and of a Supreme Spirit above him, of a divine reason within him, and a divine reason governing him—is what is commonly understood by Materialism and Atheism. The two conclusions are interchangeable—logically inseparable. If there is no spirit in man, he can never find a Spirit above him. "Nisi in microcosmo spiritus, nec in macrocosmo Deus." And, on the other hand, as all the higher forms of theistic philosophy admit, the reality of a spiritual Reason in man, with the fundamental principles which it implies of Cause, Substance, Personality, is the only rational foundation of belief in a supreme spiritual Existence or Divine Being.

III. Positivism, in denying the divine side of man and a divine order in the universe, quite consistently makes Humanity its highest word — its "Supreme." It knows no transcendental order. It has not only constructed an elaborate philosophy on a physical basis, but with a strictly consistent logic it has constructed a religion on the highest results of this philosophy—in other words, on the supreme conclusions of science. There was no other authority remaining for it. Men have hitherto supposed that in order to constitute a religion it was necessary to fall back on some personal authority—to recognise some higher Being or Beings of a kindred nature with man, and possessed of power to reward or punish him according to his good or ill desert. But Positivism, having exploded the

idea of the Supernatural and eliminated the element of the Divine from the sphere of knowledge, could fall back on no other authority than that of scientific opinion. The *consensus* of the highest minds set apart from the study of science becomes necessarily the governing principle of human action, and the highest subject of human knowledge. Humanity itself, in its collective history and ideal, becomes with equal necessity the object of supreme regard, or the centre of religious reverence and affection.

We have already indicated our opinion that Positivism, in order to be understood fully, must be taken as a whole; that its philosophy cannot be consistently separated from its religion. Comte plainly designed, from the beginning, to establish an authoritative organisation of society. It was the idea of social reform, rather than of any mere organisation of scientific thought, which animated his career. Or rather, it was the former task which gave to the latter, in his estimation, all its special value. It was necessary to organise thought in order to reorganise society. A philosophy of the sciences was needed as the basis and instrument of a new and higher mode of life. It appeared to him that the old principles of government, religious and philosophical, had lost all hold of modern society; and that it was necessary to reconstruct the social system and the activities of individual life on the immutable principles which science had brought to light. The religion of Positivism is therefore a direct expansion of its philosophy—the one is the necessary complement of the other.

It is plain, moreover, that there was no object of religion remaining for Comte except Humanity. If

you cut off all higher knowledge from man, all knowledge beyond the facts of nature, cosmical and sociological, there remains for him nothing to reverence or worship above himself, or the nature in which he shares. Within the sphere of natural facts man is highest. All preceding facts culminate and find their supreme meaning in him. He is nature's choicest result and crown; and if he is to worship at all, he must worship the ideal of Humanity as exhibited in its most perfect forms. And this is exactly what Comte has taught. Humanity is with him the collective sum of individual laws and existences. It is not an abstraction, but the highest reality, ideally conceived,—the whole of human beings, past, present, and future. Nor is it an eternal principle or source of being of which human life and all life are merely manifestations. This would be to imply something beyond Nature—something behind and above it. And Comte is amazingly consistent in refusing to lift his eyes beyond natural phenomena. He will see no facts beyond the facts of earth or of man—of the Cosmos or of human society. He will own no light from any other region. There is no other region. Humanity as it has been, is, and will be, is at once the highest fact and the highest thought. Human life in its historical development, in its present activity, and its future progress, is to him Supreme—*le vrai Grand Être.*[1]

We share in this life objectively during our visible existence upon earth; we share in it subjectively by living in the hearts and intellects of others after we are dead. This is the only—"the noble"—immor-

[1] Cat. Pos., p. 74.

tality which Positivism allows the human being. Such a conception is not only the loftiest in itself, as revealing the true identity of human existence as a vast organism in which we all share and whose servants we are, but as furnishing to man the only idea of a God which is practically useful to him—a God who needs his service, and whose fulness of being can be advanced or retarded by his activity.[1] This is the Positivist idea of God.

The Religion of Humanity has an elaborate *cultus*, private and public. The former divides itself into personal and domestic worship, each of which has its special rites. The objects of personal worship are the "*Guardian angels* of the family"—the mother, the wife, and daughter—as respectively the highest representatives of Humanity. "The existence of the Supreme Being is founded entirely on love, for love alone unites in a voluntary union its separable elements. Consequently the affective sex is naturally the most perfect representative of Humanity, and at the same time her principal minister. Nor will Art

[1] There is yet a singular inconsistency in the Positivist reverence for humanity, even looking at it from a Positive point of view. For while Comte speaks with enthusiasm of the manner in which the smallest tribe, and even family, may come to look upon themselves as the essential stock of humanity, and of the security which the Positivist idea alone gives for regarding all human beings as essentially linked together, "every one members one of another," according to "the admirable St Paul," who yet imperfectly understood his own saying, he does not hesitate at the same time to speak with great contempt of the multitudes of human beings who, according to the energetic reprobation of Ariosto, are "born upon the earth merely to manure it" ("sol per far letame"—"mere digesting machines," "forming no real part of humanity." Here the essential exclusiveness—the aristocratic narrowness—of all merely human religion comes out: how different from the human ideal of the Gospel, which is "preached to the poor," and which came "to save that which was lost"!

be able worthily to embody Humanity except in the form of woman."[1] The three types—the mother, the wife, and daughter—bring before us, in private life, the ideal of Humanity. Together they represent "the three natural modes of human continuity—the past, the present, and the future—as also the three degrees of solidarity which bind us to our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors." The principal Angel, the Mother, is, of course, common to both sexes. Women must worship husband and son, on the same grounds as men worship wife and daughter.[2] Worship is equally due to these types of the family, living or dead. Death only exalts the character of the worship, which then becomes *subjective* instead of *objective*. Generally one of the three types has become subjective, while one or both of the others remain objective. "The two influences, subjective and objective, are normally mixed, and our homage is more efficacious from the mixture, for it secures a better combination of strength and clearness of imagery, with consistency and purity of feeling."[3]

Each man should pray to his angels three times a-day—on getting up, before going to sleep, and in the midst of his daily work. "The worship of Humanity raises prayer for the first time above the degrading influence of self-interest."[4] Our first prayer should be the longest of the three, lasting for an hour, chiefly communicative, but in part also effusive. In the other prayers effusion occupies the chief place. The total length of our daily worship should reach two hours: it need not exceed this, even in the case of those

[1] Cat. Pos., p. 119.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., p. 122.
[4] General View of Positivism, p. 374.

"who find it useful during the night to repeat the prayer appropriated for mid-day."[1] Comte is very emphatic in condemning those who would grudge so much time abstracted from ordinary work for meditation and prayer. No medieval or modern evangelical pietist could speak with more unction of the necessity of stated and prolonged devotions. Nor must our prayer merely be an inward breathing, the "soul's sincere desire." It must take the form of words. We may use fixed forms, in order to secure more regularity; but these forms must in all cases be our own composition. If not originally drawn up by him who uses them, they will lose much of their efficiency.[2]

So much for the personal worship of Humanity. The domestic worship is embodied in seven sacraments under the successive names of *Presentation, Initiation, Admission, Destination, Marriage, Maturity, Retirement, Transformation,* and lastly *Incorporation.* The first gives a systematic consecration to every birth. The parents present the child to the priesthood, and come under solemn engagement to fit it for the service of Humanity. The second sacrament has the name of *Initiation,* as marking the entrance into public life, when the child passes at the age of fourteen from the training of its mother to that of the national priesthood. Seven years later comes the sacrament of *Admission,* when the preparatory priestly education is completed, and the life service of Humanity is opened to the youth. His choice of a profession, however, may be still delayed till his twenty-eighth year, when the sacrament of *Destination* sanctions the career which he has chosen. Unhappily there will be

[1] Cat. Pos., p. 125. [2] Ibid., p. 110.

those even in the normal state of humanity who are unfitted for its service by extremely defective organisation, which education has failed to correct, and these unfortunates are condemned to a perpetual infancy. The priesthood are the judges[1] of such castaways, and in the discharge of their duty will not hesitate to have recourse to measures of severity, although this severity must never extend beyond the spiritual domain. *Marriage* follows the choice of a career, and is with Positivism as with Catholicism one of the most significant of the sacraments. So far as it is a religious ordinance, men can only be admitted to it when they have completed their twenty-eighth year; women when they have reached the age of twenty-one. These limits of age must not be lowered for either sex, save on very exceptional grounds. Marriage when once entered upon is indissoluble, save in one case—the condemnation of one of the married persons to loss of social position for an infamous offence,—the unhappy case of the husband of the lady, Madame Clotilde de Vaux, in whom Comte first recognised, and after her death continued to worship, the ideal of Humanity. In no other case is divorce to be allowed. An extreme urgency like this may justify it, just as circumstances may justify falsehood, or even murder; but in itself it is an act not to be tolerated.[2] The full development of the human organism, which is fixed for the age of forty-two, is celebrated by the sacrament of *Maturity*. This is a critical epoch in the Positivist theory of life. Up to this time life is still of a pre-

[1] "You may express all the social attributions of the priesthood by adopting the Biblical name of 'judge.'"—Cat. Pos., p. 280.

[2] Cat. Pos., p. 323.

paratory character, and the faults into which we have fallen, even of a serious character, are not beyond reparation; but from this time forwards we can hardly ever repair any faults we commit, either in reference to ourselves or others. It is well, therefore, that a solemn ceremony should be imposed upon the servant of Humanity at this grave stage of his career. Twenty-one years after the human organism attains to its full maturity, or at the age of sixty-three, comes the seventh sacrament of *Retirement.* Our active service to Humanity is then completed; we retire from the stage of public duty, and in doing so exercise one last act of high authority, by naming our successor, subject to the sanction of the priestly authority. Then comes the last sad rite in which we ourselves engage, known in the Positivist ritual by the name of *Transformation.* "It is to be the substitute for the horrible ceremony of the Catholic ritual. Catholicism, free from all check in its anti-social character, openly tore the dying person from all his human affections, and made him stand quite alone before the judgment-seat of God." But Positivism surrounds the dying with the sympathy of a "just appreciation," and mingles the "regrets of society with the tears of the family." It generally holds out, too, "the hope of subjective *incorporation.*"[1] It must not, however, be in a hurry to encourage such a hope. This the final sacrament does not come till seven years after death, when the finished life stands out at length from all the accidents of temporary passion, and may be finally estimated according to its true value. Then, "if the priesthood pronounces for *incorporation,* it presides over the

[1] Cat. Pos., p. 135.

transfer with due pomp of the sanctified remains from the common burial-place of the city to the permanent resting-place in the sacred wood that surrounds the temple of Humanity."[1] The incorporated dead are thenceforth glorified. They become subjective members of the sacred existence. If the priesthood pronounce against incorporation, then the dead are cast out from the subjective Paradise, into which enter not only human beings, but also, quite consistently, animals who have deserved well of the human species.[2]

The public worship of Humanity must be touched very slightly. It presents some analogy to the revolutionary worship of the Goddess of Reason. The symbol of the Positivist Deity is a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms.[3] Such a statue is to be fixed in each temple of Humanity, and a painted representation of the same figure is to be carried on banners in solemn processions. In all parts of the earth temples of Humanity will arise, but they must all turn towards Paris as the metropolis of the sacred race. At first and provisionally, the old churches may be used as they are gradually vacated, in the same manner "as Christian worship was carried on at first in pagan temples;"[4] but ultimately the influence of Positivism upon architecture will be felt, and more appropriate buildings will spring up for human worship. While one side of the processional banner is to be blazoned with "the holy image" in white, the reverse side is to glow in green with "the sacred formula of Positivism, Love, Order, and Progress."

[1] Cat. Pos., p. 136.
[2] Ibid., p. 137.
[3] Ibid., p. 142.
[4] General View of Positivism, p. 370.

"The green side will be turned towards the procession." [1] Nor is this all. Positivism has not only its sacred formula but its sacred sign. Instead of crossing himself, the Positivist will touch in succession "the three chief organs, those of love, order, and progress. The two first adjoin one another; the last is only separated from the other two by the organ of veneration, the mutual cement of the whole; so that the gesture may be continuous. When the habit is formed we need not repeat the words,—the gesture is enough." [2]

The worship of Humanity has also, of course, its calendar. The year is so arranged as to present an incessant series of festivals in honour of all the great epochs and characteristics of human life and history —marriage, paternity, the filial relations, the fraternal relations, women, the priesthood, the patriciate, the proletarial, fetichism, polytheism, monotheism. The days of the week, as well as the names of the months, recall the most illustrious heroes of Humanity. "Moses" begins the year; "Bichat" ends it. It is reckoned in thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with a "complementary day," devoted to the festival of the dead, and an additional day in leap years for the devout remembrance of holy women.

We cannot extend this description, nor can we dwell upon the churches, offices, and remuneration of the members of the priesthood which Positivism sets at the head of this elaborate ritual. Feelings of painful pity, as well as want of space, forbid our enlarging further on such a theme. In the same manner we must pass over the whole theory of Positive Ethics,

[1] Cat. Pos., p. 142. [2] Ibid., p. 143.

which presents some features more worthy of serious interest and discussion.

As for the Religion of Humanity, we scarcely know how to speak gravely about it; and yet the subject is too serious for ridicule. The mental entanglements under which thoughtful men may embrace the philosophy of Positivism we can in some degree understand. We can even sufficiently comprehend the despair as to religious problems, and the efficacy of existing religious organisations, which has driven so many in our time to stand aloof from Christianity and the Churches which embody it; but we own that it passes all our understanding how men of earnestness, knowledge, and culture, can seriously entertain the Religion of Humanity, and profess to find any satisfaction in it. It is, as it seems to us, a combination of all the worst features of priestcraft and of superstition. It reasserts the principle of authority, not as an inspiring moral ideal, embodied in a living Person, to whom our hearts can turn, and in whom our wills may be strengthened in moments of trial and weakness, but as an immutable order, expounded by scientific opinion, and embodied in a priesthood, whose function is to control life at every point. Who does not see that such an authority would come practically to be the authority of mere intellect stiffened by an exclusive line of study and puffed up with its own higher wisdom? Life would be intolerable under such a priesthood: the bodily martyrdoms inflicted by medieval Catholicism would be as nothing to the mental tyranny of such an intellectual aristocracy. Let Comte himself, the first high-priest of the system, be taken as a specimen. With all his range of intellect

and all the noble impulses of his nature, who would be disposed to own the spiritual authority of such a high-priest? He could not by quiet good sense maintain his own domestic authority. In truth there is no greater delusion than the idea which runs through the whole of Comte's system, and is repeatedly implied in his writings, that the scientific intellect is the wisest practical power. History gives no countenance to such an idea. The scientific intellect must always have its own value, but it has not shown any special capacity as yet of governing the world, and wisely directing the diversified activities of human life. A scientific priesthood would prove the most hateful of all forms of priesthood; and it is strange to think of the reappearance of such an idea—the old and worn-out principle of a hierarchy—as the last result of modern philosophy. Is mankind to travel backwards to the land of Egypt? There is no form of human priesthood, it may be said, that has not done as much harm as good. If it has controlled the anarchies of human nature, it has only done so by stifling the free growth of opinion and perverting the conscious responsibility of man.

There is one Priest, and one alone, who lives for ever, to bless mankind. There is one Authority, and one alone, that is imperishably good. But this priesthood and authority are neither after the medieval nor the Comtean type. There is an ideal personal Life depicted in the Gospels, and more or less truly rendered by the Church during eighteen centuries, which has been powerful for good and never for evil. But this power has been, according to its character, purely spiritual. Human priests of all kinds have as often

marred as helped it. If they have sought to heighten the sense of its presence, they have gone far to destroy its perfection. The ideal has sunk beneath their touch. In the very manner in which they have brought it to bear as an external authority, they have, in the rudeness of their efforts, defaced its finer lineaments. It is of the very essence of such an authority that it should move from within and not from without; that it should penetrate by moral enthusiasm into human nature, and not by priestly dictation be enforced upon it. Such a process is necessarily slow and subject to frequent reactions; but it is at least *religious* in a true sense. It comes from above; it has its source in a living Personality, in which we recognise the sum of all spiritual excellence; it operates on a free will which chooses the good set before it, and which finds in a higher Will than its own a supreme power of grace—at once the satisfaction of many necessities and the strengthening of conscious weakness. We do not undervalue the inspiring influence of the idea of Humanity. We should wish to see the service of Humanity more thoroughly recognised, and purified from all motives of self-interest. But when the choice is put before us of God or of Man—of Christ or of Humanity, we can have no doubt which is the higher idea, or rather which is the higher reality. Humanity is a noble conception, and we cannot raise it to a too lofty ideal; but its actual history is defaced by many disfigurements. It is glorified in Christ, and in Him alone, who took human nature upon Him. All its moral activities are in Him in perfect development. There is no spiritual beauty, no excellence, of which human life has shown itself

capable, and which is fitted to build it up into nobleness, which does not appear in Him. Positivism would have us turn away from the perfect Light above us to the dimmed lights around us; from the Life "holy, harmless, undefiled — the Brightness of the Divine Glory," "full of grace and truth," to the fair lives beside us—poor, weak, faulty in all their fairness. It would divert us from the supreme Loveliness to an attractive wife, or mother, or daughter. The impiety of the suggestion is but ill hidden beneath its seriousness.

It is astonishing that the vaunted scientific enlightenment of our time has come to this; that men, who are panting to be of service to their generation, should see no better manner of serving it than by propagating what must appear to all sober-minded people as a wild delusion, as well as a dismal and monotonous superstition,—for the superstitious features of the system are quite as marked as its priestly pretensions. We may well ask if this is to be the final purification of religious worship—a worship of the lifting up of the hands and of the closing of the eyes, of the multiplying of prayers and the keeping of festivals, of banners, processions, images, and temples. Truly if Humanity has no higher prospects than those which await it from the service of its modern worshippers, its prospects are dark indeed. Its "normal state" is a vague and distant future. But better things may yet be hoped for when the true Light from Heaven shall enlighten every man, and the love of goodness shall everywhere come from the love of God, and nobleness of life from the perfect Example of the Lord.

THE AUTHOR OF 'THORNDALE' AND MODERN SCEPTICISM

THE AUTHOR OF 'THORNDALE' AND MODERN SCEPTICISM.

THE author of 'Thorndale' should not be forgotten. A more thoughtful, graceful, and well-informed writer has not adorned our recent literature. Comparatively with some names occupying intellectual prominence, William Smith is peerless in the quality both of his thought and style, and it is strange therefore that he is not better known, and his writings more widely appreciated. This is the more strange that, as a writer, he is essentially *modern*, closely allied to all that is best in the present tendency of scientific culture, and inspired by its highest spirit of progressive hopefulness. The author of 'Thorndale,' of 'Gravenhurst,' and of the later Essays on 'Knowing and Feeling: a Contribution to Psychology,' is not merely a thinker of rare subtlety and richness of philosophical insight, but he is a thinker steeped in all the new scientific ideas, and capable of handling them with the easy, expansive grasp of a master. But then, as he himself said,

he led "an obscure life under an obscure name."[1] Smith's nature was a deeply modest and retiring one. He shrunk from publicity of all kinds. He belonged to no clique, or school, or propaganda. His life was a life of thought for its own sake. The speculative child of his own age, he caught all its hues of opinion, and faithfully reflected their "conflict" in his own mental activity; but this he did as a solitary thinker, with no aim but to find the truth, or some opening towards the truth, for himself or others. He had no mission, no clear message to proclaim, no very definite doctrine of which he was confidently proud. He was all his days searching along lines of speculation, which he held firmly, and brought into clearer meaning; but he cannot be said to have worked out a system, and even his most confident conclusions are suggestive rather than dogmatic. There is a vein of scepticism in his most mature thought. He steps with the modesty of an inquirer, and there is the whisper of expectancy in his fullest utterances. If he is imbued with the modern spirit, he has yet nothing of its aggressiveness. His is rather the chivalry of an older order of thought, which is deferential to all, and puts its own claims gladly behind others.

Yet there is too much real life of thought in 'Thorndale' and other writings, to allow them to be forgotten. The singular purity and beauty of the author's style; the pensive if often baffled eagerness of his imaginative insight; his clear love of truth, and the rich light of higher feeling and devout enthusiasm, which never fails him, even when sounding the most perilous depths, must always make him a

[1] Gravenhurst, p. 272.

favourite with students of that "divine philosophy" which is

> "Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."

Lacking in mass and consistency of thought, he may never occupy the foreground, but he is almost certain to hold a higher niche in the Temple of Philosophy than he yet enjoys. Without any formal design of forwarding such a result, but in the hope of making his philosophical position as clear as the somewhat hesitating balance of his thought will allow, we propose to make him the subject of a brief study. We are encouraged to do this in connection with a touching memoir written by his widow, and now published along with a new edition of 'Gravenhurst' and the Essays on 'Knowing and Feeling'—the last and not the least interesting of his philosophical labours.[1]

The memoir does not invite anything like criticism, but we should be doing injustice to our feelings as well as the feelings of all who have read it, if we did not, in a single word, advert to the charm and grace of its execution and the felicity of affectionate yet reticent feeling which breathes throughout its pages.

William Henry Smith was born at North End, Hammersmith, in the first month of 1808, in circumstances of apparent affluence. His father had early made a fortune "sufficient for his wants," and retired from business. He is described as a man of "strong natural intelligence," "peculiarly fond of quiet and of books, gentle yet law-giving, the recognised head of

[1] Gravenhurst; or, Thoughts on Good and Evil, 2d ed., &c., with a Memoir of the Author. 1875.

his home." His mother was of German extraction, with an inherited vein of mysticism, derived from a father devoted to the study of Jacob Boehme, "a woman of a quite primitive type, full of ideal piety, wrapped up in the home and the family." Smith's early home at Hammersmith was evidently a happy one. There was a large garden where he played "under the scarlet and purple blossoms of the fuchsias"; and at hand was the London Road, along which came at night no fewer than seven mail-coaches, "the earth tingling with the musical tread of the horses," and the dark-red coaches gleaming with their vivid lamps in the distance. These and other things made a pleasantly exciting impression upon the boy's imaginative nature, so that he recalls them in after years in minute details in a notice of Mr Knight's Reminiscences. His first sorrow came from his being sent to school, where he encountered many older boys, "who appeared to him—and probably were—boisterous and brutal." He could not "kneel night and morning beside his little bed without jeers and taunts and rough dissuasives." But he only prayed in consequence "the more resolutely. The unflinching spirit that throughout life followed after truth at any cost was even then awake in the lonely and sorrowful child." A change of school brought him relief from such coarse annoyances, but less efficient instruction. He went to Radley Hall, near Abingdon, now a High Church establishment, but then a "Dissenting school; the head master a Dissenter, who seemed to have little vocation for his office beyond failure in some former business." Here his quickness and cleverness soon placed him at the

head of the school, and he seems to have done very much what he liked. He drove about in a pony carriage with the "amiable and popular wife" of the head master, and began the study of Byron, whose gloomy imaginativeness wrought powerfully on his youthful mind. His devotional feelings, which opposition had only stimulated, here grew comparatively cold, and "retired out of sight" in the presence of the religious profession which pervaded the establishment.

In 1821 he went to Glasgow College. He was only fourteen, but his elder brother, to whom he was greatly attached, was there, and he accompanied him. Here he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself, and remembered ever afterwards his "introduction to scotch collops and the ambrosial sweetness of the first glass of Edinburgh ale." A clever student (now a bishop) shared the lodgings of the two brothers. John Sterling was one of their intimate associates, and much eager conversing and debating went on in the happy student group. Now for the first time in contact with "Scotch metaphysics," Smith, as he used to say, "got thinking." It was one of his supreme enjoyments to hear Chalmers preach, and the fervent eloquence of the Scotch divine, then at the height of his oratorical enthusiasm and reputation, remained one of his most vivid memories. He had no Episcopal prejudices to surmount in his admiration of the great Presbyterian preacher. He had been in the habit of attending the Independent Chapel at Hammersmith, although the family also attended the parish church once a-day. He was then, and continued through life, something of a Voluntary, and, "as a matter of

taste, preferred the simple Presbyterian service." The "old theological foundations," however, began to be shaken as early as his Glasgow career, and his admiration of Chalmers did not check his youthful doubts.

Unhappily, the death of his father in the beginning of 1823, and symptoms of delicate health, interrupted the course of his university studies. He passed from college to a lawyer's office—the office of Mr Sharon Turner, "the Anglo-Saxon historian, who was by profession an attorney." Like so many with his tastes, he hated office drudgery, and often said afterwards that the years he thus spent were "the most tedious and profitless of his existence." The Byronic fever, which had entered into his veins, seems at this time to have intensified and reached its crisis. His natural pensiveness deepened to despondency, and grew with his uncongenial circumstances. As he himself says—"The ivy grew everywhere. It spread unhindered on my path, it stole unchecked upon my dwelling, it obscured the light of day, and embowered the secluded tenant in a fixed and stationary gloom. . . . In this moody condition of my soul, every trifling disgust, every casual vexation, though disregarded of themselves, could summon up a dismal train of violent and afflicting meditations."[1]

The theological doubts which had begun in Glasgow, added in their darkening perplexity to his desponding humour, and he appears to have sought mental solace in a visit to Switzerland. Gradually, as with all healthy natures, the gloom disappeared; but this period of his life is especially *undated*, and the steps

[1] Memoir, p. 146.

by which he passed out of the shadow are not clearly to be traced. He has himself recorded that a man is *wiser* for having passed through the Byronic phase; for having felt it, and risen above it; and that "it is a sort of moral conversion when a youthful mind turns from a too exclusive admiration of Byron's genius to the pages of Wordsworth."

His career as a writer began apparently with his return to a healthier state. His first literary efforts associated him with his old fellow-student John Sterling, and his friend Maurice, in conjunction with whom he contributed to the 'Athenæum,' then in its earliest years. Smith's papers appeared under the head of the "Wool-gatherer," and at once attracted attention from the delicacy and finish of their style. Sterling's father, the "Thunderer" of 'The Times,' said of them that "such pure and elegant English had not been written since the days of Addison." At this time, also, he became associated in the Union Debating Society with Mr John Stuart Mill, Mr Roebuck, Mr H. L. Bulwer (afterwards Lord Dalling), Mr Romilly (Lord Romilly, recently deceased), and Sir Henry Taylor, author of 'Philip van Artevelde.' He attended the debates, and took part in them. His brother-in-law, Mr Weigall, remembers particularly one occasion, when John Stuart Mill was in the chair, and the debate was of unusual eloquence, that Smith spoke "chiefly in reply to Sir H. Taylor, very forcibly, but not with his usual gentleness."

To this period also belongs his early poems, "Guidoine" and "Solitude." He has himself described their fate in 'Thorndale,' by the lips of Luxmore, there sketched as "the Poet." It was his great ambition to

be enrolled amongst the poets; and bitter, therefore, was his disappointment when, "after long and elaborate preparation, he found that all his melody and all his metaphors were unable to arrest the attention of the world. From the tribunal of public opinion," he adds, "there is here no appeal." And having dug a hole in his garden "in the dead of night," he deposited his unsold poems in a nameless grave. "Dust to dust!" he exclaimed, as he covered them up, and stamped the freshly turned mould level with the surrounding soil. The Byronic moodiness was still lord of his heart. He was as yet too self-absorbed for healthy poetic work, or for the best work of any kind that was in him. The same excess of self-introspection is found in his first prose work, written about the same time, but not published till 1835—a "philosophical romance," under the name of 'Ernesto.' Passages are given in the memoir from this early romance, marked by the sweet, graceful flow of style that subsequently distinguished him, and his peculiar vein of saddened thoughtfulness, indicating great truths, rather than clearly expressing them; but also by a certain juvenility and effusiveness, which may very well account for its neglect.

In 1836 and 1837 William Smith wrote several articles for the 'Quarterly Review,' which were highly prized by Mr Lockhart, at that time editor. He seems also immediately before then to have given a course of lectures at Kensington, which so much interested Mr John S. Mill, that he wrote about them twenty years afterwards to the lecturer. In 1838 he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple, and although he cannot be said to have heartily taken to his profession, he always

found "a most vivid interest in the history and philosophy of jurisprudence." This is everywhere apparent in his more elaborate writings, and conspicuously so in the first of them, published in the following year (1839), and which was, at the same time, the first effort of his pen that fixed any degree of public attention upon his name. This was 'A Discourse on the Ethics of the School of Paley,' a thin, scholarly-looking octavo of eighty-six pages in all. The volume is well known to students of ethics, and Professor Ferrier is said to have greatly admired it, although it may be doubtful how far he valued it as an "attack upon Cudworth's doctrine." It is only in a very indirect way that it can be said to meddle with Cudworth. The champion of intuitive morality more immediately in the view of the essayist is evidently Butler, to whom he more than once distinctly alludes.

Smith's Ethical Theory will afterwards be noticed. In the meantime it may be said that this ingenious Essay has an interest independently of the theory which it advocates. Its polemic is certainly not its strong point. It cannot be said now, nor could it have been said in Smith's time, that any school maintains the moral sentiment in its fully developed form to be "a separate element in our mental constitution." All must allow for the growth of this sentiment. The essential question is as to the root whence it grows, and Smith does not fairly face this question. He has hardly, indeed, a clear perception of it. The great merit of his brief volume is the fulness with which he seizes the idea of moral growth, and the significance of those complex social influences which enter into the essence of this growth. The germ of much that has

been said since on this subject, and on the whole subject of the organic development of man's higher nature (the adaptation of faculty to environment), is found in the treatise, as well as much of the modern attitude of science to religion, upon which recent expositors have fixed public attention. Altogether, this 'Discourse on Ethics' belongs to the modern scientific school; there is little in any of their recent elaborations which it does not anticipate, while it is far more reverent and true in feeling than so much that has come from the same mint. Even this production, however, is not without traces of a certain thinness or juvenility, and a tendency to fine paragraphs, such as appear in the earlier 'Philosophical Romance.'

In the same year that Smith published his 'Discourse on Ethics,' he formed his connection with 'Blackwood's Magazine,' which proved his most lasting and faithful literary connection; for even 'Thorndale,' although it did not appear in the magazine, may be said in some degree to be due to this connection. His articles, in all extending over a period of more than thirty years, reached the number of a hundred and twenty, "not one of them hastily or carelessly written." It is to be hoped that a selection of these articles, such as the publishers once proposed to the author, may yet be issued in a separate form.

Mr Smith's life seems to have passed pleasantly at this time. He had at length shaken himself free from the moodiness of his Byronic days; he was conscious of literary powers, which, if as yet undeveloped, had found a fruitful outlet; he was surrounded by many intellectual friends, and he was still living with a mother who loved him, and whom he fondly loved.

His most conspicuous friends were John Sterling, Maurice, Mr Grove (now Mr Justice Grove), the author of 'The Correlation of Physical Forces,' and Mr George Henry Lewes. Sterling writes an interesting letter to him on the eve of his departure from England to Madeira, in which he speaks, amongst other things, of some project of putting Smith forward for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow—a project to which Mr J. S. Mill seems to have promised "friendly co-operation." But the project never went farther than the minds of his friends. Mr Lewes speaks of him a few years later as one of the few men whom he knew "deservedly called *distinguished*—a genuine, individual nature. He was himself, and all his opinions and sentiments were his own, not echoes or compromises. In spite of his shyness, there was an affectionate expansiveness in his manner which irresistibly attracted me."

The loss of his mother in 1842 was a great grief, and left him without the comforts of a home. In this year, however, his first literary success may be said to have been achieved. His play of "Athelwold" was not only published, but attracted a very discerning appreciation. Mr Mill sent him the highly favourable opinion of it by "the most superior woman I have ever known," who afterwards became his wife, and of whom all the world has since heard sufficiently. Serjeant Talfourd wrote in his somewhat high-flown manner to the same effect. The play seemed to him "to combine more freely dramatic power with more of poetical luxuriance and tenderness, than any of the dramas which have within the last few years sprung from the imagination of our national genius." But, more than

all, Macready made application to the author for permission to act "Athelwold," which was done with decided success. The author was "enthusiastically called for," and everything seemed to promise a permanent popularity for the play; but it was near the end of the season, and after a brief run it was not again put upon the stage. Miss Helen Faucit (now Lady Theodore Martin) personated the chief female character, Elfrida, and one particular moment of her impersonation was pronounced by Macready "the best thing she ever did." Macready's own rendering of the character of Athelwold was thought by the author very fine.

The autumn of 1843 was spent by Smith in Paris, and the summer of 1845 in Switzerland. In the following year "Athelwold" was reprinted along with a new play, "Sir William Crichton," and his two early poems whose neglect had so blankly disappointed him. Talfourd again writes to him in enthusiastic commendation. He doubts whether the new play has enough of "stirring action," but "with much of picturesque action and heroic character, it has the highest excellence of thoughtful beauty, of affections steeped in meditative sweetness: while I read it, to me

> 'There is that within
> Makes all external scene, whate'er it be,
> Mere dream and phantom—merely moving cloud
> Athwart some pale and stationary thought.'

And those lines, which seem to me indicative of your true genius, seem also to me among the most beautiful ever written. If heaven gave me the choice, there are very few of which I had rather been the author."

In the spring of the year he also visited Italy, which

he seems, however, to have traversed with too much rapidity. The marvels of ancient art filled him with irrepressible excitement, and "he went on from place to place regardless of fatigue." On his way home he tarried at Brussels, where his eldest brother had settled, surrounded by an interesting family. To one of his nieces here he confided the following verses, full of deeply pathetic meaning, in reference to some theological question which had arisen betwixt them :—

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

"There is a sweetness in the world's despair,
There is a rapture of serenity,
When severed quite from earthly hope or care,
The heart is free to suffer or to die.

The crown, the palm of saints in Paradise,
My wearied spirit does not crave to win;
Breathe in Thy cup, O Christ, of agonies—
Breathe Thy deep love, and let me drink therein.

To weep as Thou hast wept—I ask no more;
Be mine the sorrows that were known to Thee;
To the bright heavens I have no strength to soar,
But I would find Thee on Thy Calvary."

Some of his notes on art, reminiscent of the impressions gathered during his Italian tour, show an exquisite appreciation, and a finely descriptive touch. These are chiefly found in a tale under the name of 'Mildred,' which he published on his return from his tour.

For a brief moment, Smith is seen taking a part in public life. He appeared with Mr John S. Mill, the Honourable Mr Villiers, and others, at a great Anti-Corn Law meeting, and not only spoke with the happiest effect, but faced manfully the excited audience when they began to resent some of his cautious utter-

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ances against expecting too much from repeal. He paused, and "by a very stirring appeal to their candour and sense of fair-play, secured again their goodwill, and sat down, the great success of the evening. His brother-in-law, Mr Wiegall, was convinced, from what he observed on this occasion, that if he could only have overcome his retiring habits, 'he would have won distinction in public life.'"

But his love of retirement was at this very moment about to prevail over every other feeling. He had made no way in his profession,—his heart was not in it: a nature so abstracted and thoughtful as his could not fix itself upon those outward details and interests which were absolutely necessary to enable him to gain what is called business. The "love of thinking for its own sake" grew with him always more irresistible, and this, combined with a "passionate thirst for nature and beauty," and other considerations less significant, led him, in 1848 or 1849, to seek a quiet settlement amongst the lovely scenery of the English lakes. Here he spent his summers, while there were hospitable homes of brothers and sisters open to him for the winter. About two years after he had settled down to this solitary, but to him delightful life of study, he was surprised by a last effort to attract him to a more active career. The health of Professor Wilson began to fail in 1851, and he was advised to cease lecturing for a session. His thoughts directly turned to William Smith as the man most qualified to take his place, and he sent him a confidential message to this effect. For an hour or two Smith hesitated; the offer presented temptations which he could not at once throw aside; he gave his morning's walk to its anxious considera-

tion, but in the end declined. The spell of solitude, and of work according to his own will, was too powerful over him, and he was never heard to express any regret for his decision.

During the three following years (1851-54) he was busy with his own thoughts, working them into the form which they eventually took in 'Thorndale.' As one says who saw much of him during these years,[1] his life was a "wistful perpetual argument, going on with incessant energy," and in the various attitudes of his mind he seemed now to impersonate one and now another of the characters in that remarkable book. "There was something of Clarence in him, something (at times much) of Cyril, occasionally glowing flashes of Seckendorf, and frequently the perfect tranquillity with which the poet would admit on some most momentous subjects his profound ignorance." So he pondered and worked in his solitary retreat, varying his labours on 'Thorndale' by a graceful article in 'Blackwood,' till the autumn of 1856, when he began the acquaintanceship which was destined to ripen into the great happiness of his life, and give it a wholly new interest.

This fresh epoch in Smith's career was one of great significance, as plainly appears from the "Memoir." We need only say that, as the whole sketch is written with much felicity, this part is done with a peculiar grace and tenderness which leaves nothing to be desired. The first meeting with his future wife in his retirement at Keswick, the gradual growth of their friendship into a deeper feeling, cemented by common intellectual tastes, and the evident happiness (as re-

[1] Dr Leitch.

vealed by his letters) which marriage brought him, are all told in the best manner. There needs no other evidence than the "Memoir" itself, that Smith found in the lady who became his wife—and who was already favourably known in literature as the translator of Freytag's 'Debit and Credit'—a companion in all respects meet for even so beautiful a nature as his. He had passed the usual age of love-enthusiasm, but as with others so with him, "the thirst for affection was felt far more in manhood than in early years." Certainly he was as enthusiastic as his deep quiet nature could well be. He was "no more companionless." The loneliness of heart which everywhere pierces the crust of discussion in 'Thorndale,' was filled up with warmth and light. Nothing can give a better idea of this than the following simple verses written in the summer following his marriage:—

"Thee, Nature, Thought—that burns in me
A living and consuming flame—
These must suffice; let the life be
The same, the same, and evermore the same.

Here find I taskwork, here society—
Thou art my gold, thou art my fame;
Let the sweet life pass sweetly by,
The same, the same, and evermore the same."

His marriage took place in the beginning of 1861. 'Thorndale' had been printed and published in the autumn of 1857. The success which attended this, in all respects his chief work, was no doubt gratifying to him, and helped his cheerfulness at this time. The depth yet delicacy of its thoughtfulness, the remarkable beauty of many descriptive passages, the subtle dramatic play of character and dialogue, and, above all, the passionate intensity of its longing after truth,

gave the book a hold on the higher public mind, which it has in some degree retained. Mr J. S. Mill sent his congratulations on its "decided success," and although not in his view "resolving many questions" (which it did not pretend to do), said that he regarded it as "a valuable contribution to the floating elements out of which the future moral and intellectual synthesis will have to shape itself." 'Gravenhurst,' which followed in 1862, showed the same qualities, but not in the same freshness or force. The dialogue is almost equally charming, and the topics varied and highly interesting, but the tone is here and there more conventional, and the vein of thought less subtle, poetic, and original.

There is henceforth little to note in Smith's life. It flowed on in an even current of tranquil happiness. While his heart had found rest, his mind had reached the maturity of its powers, and as clear a "moral and intellectual synthesis" as it ever attained. He never recovered his early faith or the theology of his boyhood. This was impossible to so thoroughly thoughtful a nature as his — a thoughtfulness which never rested, and yet never despaired. The spirit of inquiry was too strong in him to enable him to go back over ground of the weakness of which he had satisfied himself; he had nothing of that impatience of reason, or doubt of its competency, which has driven minds as vigorous but far less true than his into the arms of blind authority; but his spirit of reverence and love was at the same time far too powerful to let him forego the thought of a Divine theory of the Universe, and the hope of a Divine destiny for man. Nothing is so easy as superstition on the one hand, or negation

on the other. The former is an ever open refuge for the sharpest minds when once they begin to despair of thought. The latter is a bleak eminence, where any who have strength of wing and mere boldness or hardness of heart may rest. Smith was bold as any adventurer on the heights of thought ever was; but with all his courage there mingled a great depth of feeling. There was the fulness of a complete human spirit in him, which made him seek everywhere for a moral meaning and the light of an encompassing Reason and Love. "After standing long in silence gazing at the stars, he would turn from their oppressive magnificence with such words as these, 'Love must be better than hate in all worlds.'" The imperfections of his moral theory prevented him from realising, or rather from verifying, all the significance of his own aspiration; but the depth and sacredness of his higher feelings could never let him settle in the nakedness of a mere Philosophy of Nature.

His essays on "Knowing and Feeling," partly published in the 'Contemporary Review' in 1870, were the last, and perhaps the most systematic exposition of his fundamental theories. They are written with all the exquisite felicity of his earlier style, and the argument and thought are perhaps more carefully arranged and compacted than was his wont.

Up to this time there had been no break in his happiness since his marriage. His health, if not strong, was good. He is described in 1868 as "well and strong," and amidst the society of friends and the enjoyment of nature filled with a "spirit of joy." "The seasons were all unusually fine; in autumn the hills were one sheet of golden bracken, such as we

never saw before or since; the leaves hung later on his beloved beech trees, and our mountain walks were longer than usual." For the first time, in the beginning of the following year, he showed some signs of weakness, a tendency to shivering fits and supervening fever. But these passed away, and he was busy with his essays for the 'Contemporary.' The summer of 1870 found him "well, and occupied thoroughly and energetically." From this time, however, his health began plainly to give way. His shivering fits recurred with a growing weakness. The tenth anniversary of his marriage at Brighton (March 1871) was evidently shadowed by impending apprehension. "Ten years!" he said, "I used to think if I could have *ten* happy years! And I have had them." He was back in Borrowdale in the summer of that year, and at his "little desk in the old corner rapidly wrote the last article of his that ever appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine'[1]—one on the 'Coming Race.' I remember his saying one day as he laid down the book, 'I should not wonder if it was written by Bulwer.'" He seemed then again in good health. His friend, Dr Leitch, had pronounced him so. But almost immediately his former ailment returned, leaving him with strength enough to rise in the morning and carry on in form the habits of health, but evidently sapping, with persistent force, his constitution. He tried sea air at Brighton, and could still enjoy a short walk, although compelled for the most part to take exercise by driving. But gradually he wasted, and the end drew near. His early friend, Professor Maurice, visited him one

[1] His last essay of all appeared in the 'Contemporary Review' (June 1872)—an article on Mr Greg's "Political Essays."

day, and he was able to write of his enjoyment in the visit, and how "old age had improved" Maurice's expression. "His white hair, and the soft expression of his eyes made," he says, "a charming picture." But neither the devoted love of wife, the kind sympathy of friends, nor fresh air, nor the sight of sea and clouds, could bring back the swiftly vanishing strength; and quite peacefully he passed away on Thursday, the 28th March 1872. He was buried in Brighton Cemetery "in a spot at present still secluded, and over which the larks sing joyously."

Let us now briefly try to estimate Smith's position as a thinker, without attempting in any formal way a review of his books. In using of an author the term "thinker," I am aware of the disesteem into which this term has come with many sober-minded people, and not undeservedly. There are so many thinkers nowadays, and so many crudities of speculation palmed off upon a public greedy for sensation in religion and philosophy, no less than in other matters, that it is hardly to be wondered at if the "thinker" has become something of a suspicious character, to be kept at a distance from all well-regulated families. Still there are men who can only be described in this manner—whose business is, as Smith's professedly was, *thinking for its own sake.* Something besides, Smith always was. He was a remarkable literary artist. He had from the first a graceful and effective power of literary expression, which many men who devote themselves to thinking never acquire, and which make his books charming reading to all who have any cultivated intellectual

taste. You cannot take them up and run the eye along the random page without lighting upon exquisite bits of writing, which give to the disciplined mind something of the same delighted surprise with which the disciplined eye ranges over sudden glimpses of beautiful landscape. But, withal, it is the thinker, even more than the writer, that is conspicuous in these books. The author loved to "think, to know;" and he only took pen in hand—in his books, at least—when he had something to say out of the fulness of his own thoughts. 'Thorndale' and 'Gravenhurst,' and the 'Contribution to Psychology,' grew up in this manner out of his incessant spirit of inquiry, and whatever may be judged the ultimate value of his theories, they were at least woven in his own mental loom — they were the characteristic product of his highest activity. He *was always asking himself questions*, and his books are the best answers he could give to them.

What, then, was his attitude as a thinker? How did he look at the world and man, and in what direction did he seek a solution of the questions which never ceased to recur to him?

From what I have already said, and from the chief bent of his mental associations, it is evident that he soon became dissatisfied with conventional orthodoxy, both in theology and philosophy. The former subject had a great attraction for him, but it was on its ethical or philosophical, and not on its historical side. There is neither in his works nor in his letters any trace of his acquaintance with the results of modern German criticism, or of the vital issues which it has raised as to the origin of the great spiritual movement

of the first century. All his interest concentrated on still deeper problems—on the origin of the universe itself, and the great ideas which seem to underlie its progress and destiny. His peculiar interest as a thinker lies exactly here. He felt all the impulses of the modern scientific school, but sought at last to confine them by a Divine thought. It was these impulses which drove him forth from the old orthodox enclosures—but only to return to a higher temple in which to worship. Whether he succeeded in his aim is another matter. This can only be seen after a brief exposition of his views.

No one has more clearly or eloquently expounded the great modern idea of Evolution. "It is the idea," he says, "which distinguishes the philosophy of our own era from all previous modes of speculation. I do not say that no trace of such an idea is to be found in classical or medieval times. No great idea of this kind comes suddenly into existence; but it certainly occupies no prominent position in any current system, whether Greek or Oriental, or belonging to the later stages of the Roman Empire. A great cycle of events, a certain circular movement of all created things, ending where it began, was the favourite hypothesis of Indian philosophy, and of those Europeans who cared to carry their speculations over vast eras of time. Our medieval thinkers were generally disposed to look upon this world as a system of things to be soon and abruptly terminated—as a system, in fact, rotten at the core, and which never could arrive to any enviable maturity. A generous impatience of the moral evil around them had led the great prophets and teachers of Judea to foretell the speedy destruction of

the world. A noble rage destroyed what it could not reform. Earnest thinkers, who felt that there was a *better* destined for mankind, and saw no way to it on any line men were then travelling, hurried up the scene, closed the drama at once, and introduced a new order of things—a kingdom where a righteous God should reign in the hearts of all men. It was a noble ardour—a bold imagination which has marvellously aided *that slow progression to the same goal* which stands now revealed to us."[1]

The conception of the Cosmos as a constant series of ordered changes ever proceeding—nothing moving alone; but everything in connection—an endless interaction of forces only disappearing to reappear in new forms, everywhere pervades his writings. It lies at the back of all his thought, and he might seem for a time to be little more than other disciples of the modern school, who, having evoked this great imagination of the Cosmos, fall down and worship it, or at least see nothing beyond it capable of being either known or worshipped. But Smith, while he travelled without hesitation along the modern pathway, and accepted its guidance without misgiving, insisted at the same time, with reiterated argument, on a higher than any mere material synthesis. *There is the Cosmos;* but the Cosmos is unintelligible, apart from the Divine Idea in which it originates and which it manifests. "What we call development is but another name for creation. All reality, all existence whatever, is finally known to us as no other than the manifestation in space and time of a Divine Idea. This is the 'last word' of all our sciences. Power or Force, in

[1] Thorndale, 1st edit., p. 411.

their last significance, are but names for this manifestation of *some whole*—some Idea; for you can form no conception of any Power or Force *per se*. Nothing of any kind in all the world about us exists of itself or by itself. It only exists as part of some whole. *A whole is always as necessary to the existence of the parts as the parts to the existence of the whole;* so that whole and parts can finally be represented to us only as the manifestation of a supermundane idea."[1]

In short, while the modern notion of the Cosmos as a great growth, *and of man as a growth within it*, was the background of all his thought, the Divine Idea was again the background of the Cosmos. Nature in all its ordered manifestations was only conceivable to him—only conceivable at all (in his view) as the expression of a prior Thought; and no other demonstration appeared to him necessary of the existence of that Thought. "Other arguments are needless, and when they are not fallacious they resolve themselves into this."

Here, therefore, Smith separated himself from a mere Nature-philosophy. There was to him not merely a unity in all things—a natural Universum from whose living bosom all things come forth, but there was a Divine Thought or Purpose everywhere revealed in the unity. "It is this unity," he says, "that brings us to the great truth that a Divine Idea lies at the origin of all things." To the old subtlety, never better put than by Hume—What *right* has thought or intelligence thus to stand at the head of all things? Must not the ordered creation already

[1] Thorndale, p. 414.

exist as a *condition* for the manifestation of Thought? And why should the human mind more than any other development of Nature be conceived as typical of the Divine?—Smith virtually replied that a certain analogy betwixt the Divine mind and the human was inevitable. Only in this way, or by the use of such an analogy, can the world be explained, or made intelligible. I am *compelled to think* of it in its wholeness as existing in a prior Mind. There is no such thing as simple existence—all existence is *related;* the very idea of relation implies a whole. In other words, the parts are necessary to each other. "What determines this whole? What is its nature? You cannot say that it is determined by the parts or the separate forces, for these cease to be anything at all when they cease to be expressions of the whole. And if they existed as separate forces, which is mere imagination, they could not determine each other's mutual relation. The *whole must be necessarily conceived by us as a manifested idea;* and the forces of Nature are nothing else than the *power of manifestation.* The idea and the power of manifesting it form our conception of God."[1]

Should it be still urged, But we know nothing of origin or "creation";—"The very word is a mere coinage, resulting from a fanciful analogy drawn from the human artificer. . . . You give me as a cause, an idea, a thought, a conscious intelligence. Now we know nothing of the origin of worlds, but we do know something of the origin of thought: we have it as the consequent, and not as the antecedent of an established order of events."[2]

[1] Thorndale, 1st ed., p. 418.

[2] Ibid., 1st ed., pp. 420, 421.

To this he answered: "Things are essentially thoughts."

Relation is of the essence of every known thing, and relation already implies thought. The simplest space-relation carries us, so to speak, outside of itself, to some beginning in a thought. "There is no beginning in Nature. We are compelled to begin with an idea which is existent, and above Nature. Forces and the Idea, Power and Reason, are found in our last analysis to be inseparable." [1]

It is unnecessary to quote further. Plainly Smith's argument is only another form, as he himself admitted, of the old argument from Design. His peculiarity is, that he apprehends this argument solely on the side of reason or thought. The Cosmos, or *ordered* series of natural phenomena, is inconceivable, except on the supposition of Reason lying behind it as its explanation. The analogy is with him a purely intellectual one—Mind in man, and Mind in the world, repre-

[1] Thorndale, p. 421. He recurs to the same mode of argument in his latest essays on "Knowing and Feeling." Speaking of nature-development, he says—"This incessant *becoming*, how are we to deal with it? Am I to accept it as an ultimate fact, like being itself; for, indeed, every being (in the form it wears to us) was also a becoming? Am I to devise an "unknowable cause," and attribute to it our evolving series? Or may I not advance at once to the supposition that this evolving whole we have before us existed as a thought before it existed in space or as an actuality? May I not leap at once to this supposition, and deduce what I can from it? What *has been* determines what *is*, and what *will be*. But if the past determines the future, does not *that whole that is to be* determine every part of the series? And how can this be conceived but on the supposition that the whole pre-existed in thought? . . . . For myself, this obstinate conception occurs again and again, that the whole as it develops and will be developed in space and time determined all the parts of that whole, which it could only do on the supposition that it pre-existed in thought—the thought, therefore, of some Being capable of so thinking and so acting—not thinking or acting as a human being." —(Pp. 91, 92.)

sented if not as impersonal (for he disclaims this) yet as an abstract idea. Matter nowhere exists unrelated, or, as he says, *unorganised.* It rises before us *ordered,* and as such is the necessary expression of Reason. In confining himself to such a deduction, he supposes that he escapes the charge of anthropomorphism dreaded by all philosophers of the modern school. He himself says, indeed, that he cannot conceive intelligence without *personality.*[1] But he refuses to think of the Divine personality after the manner of man's personality. What the former may be he does not profess to understand, but he would not apply to it for a moment what psychology may teach of the nature of human personality.[2]

Smith's peculiar Theism is the natural sequel of his general doctrine in Ethics and Psychology. He recognises no distinctive moral faculty. Morality with him is a pure growth under the pressure of social influences, from our primary feelings of *pleasure* and *pain,* or as he often says, of *good* and *evil.* The very readiness with which he interchanges these expressions points to his strong naturalism. Neither in his 'Discourse on Ethics,' nor in his later essays, does he seem to see the necessity of a Divine side to human nature as the root of morality. The Will, so far from being such a side, is not recognised as an original part of human nature at all. It is merely the *relation betwixt thought and action*—not any consciousness of self or power within, but a mere accumulated feeling flowing from our experience of movement. Quite consistently, therefore, he drops the old threefold division of Knowing, Feeling, and Willing, and confines him-

[1] Thorndale, p. 422. [2] Ibid.

self to the two former. Morality, in short, does not with him start from any Divine *inside* (call it self, or will, or the ego), but merely from Nature; and here, therefore, it was impossible for him to find any analogue of his Divine Idea. Not only does the human will not give any suggestion of Divine power, but the human conscience is no monitor of a Divine law. Both alike — will and conscience — are mere *natural growths*, consequent on the progress of civilisation. No writer has ever written more loftily or beautifully of the moral aspects of humanity; but he appears to us all the same to have severed them from a living root. The blossom and the fruit are all there, but the trunk on which they have grown is uprooted from the Divine soil, in which alone it can find its true nutriment.

As a psychologist, Smith leaves himself a spiritual footing, but still an inadequate one. He is fully convinced of the substantive distinction of matter and of mind. The final unit of Consciousness or Thought is as irresolvable as the final unit of Extension, or the atom. "I am utterly unable," he says, "to conceive of thought as the function of a material and constantly fluctuating organisation. I have no doubt myself of the immateriality of that which ultimately *is* conscious."[1] And, again, in the person of Sandford, in 'Gravenhurst,' "I have always spoken of mind and matter as different substances distinguished by their different properties."[2] But *growth* here, as elsewhere, is his favourite and governing idea; and the most part of his psychological essays, as well as one of the most interesting sections of 'Thorndale,' are taken up with

[1] Thorndale, p. 479. [2] Ibid., p. 301.

an elaborate analysis of "the development of the individual consciousness." He finds the start of this development in a complex root of feeling and of judgment. The unit of consciousness is not mere sensation, but *sensation-in-space;* or, in other words, a feeling of *space-occupancy.* The conscious being is from the first a being in relation, and this relation is nothing else than an element of judgment or cognition. Mere sensibility could never yield knowledge, or start mind into life. "Sensation held together in the one consciousness—the *together and the different,* implying a judgment, a relation perceived that is the most elementary form of mind. . . . The relation perceived is a fundamental fact—fundamental as sensation itself with which it is connected—and is the foundation of all our knowledge."[1]

By recognising this element of cognition as primary in Consciousness, Smith separated himself from the ordinary school of Sensationalists, whose motto is "*Penser c'est sentir.*" He believed, also, that he found here a standpoint against the pure Idealists, whose difficulty is to get to the outside of Consciousness at all, and verify an external world. *Space-occupancy* is already *subject-in-object*—not merely *inside* but *outside.* The external world can never be built up of mere "groups of sensibilities that have somehow, in imagination, transferred themselves to space," and become coherent from association; but it is already present in the fundamental element of *relation* that enters into consciousness.

Beyond this double root of sense and judgment, which he considered of vital importance, Smith threw

[1] Knowing and Feeling, p. 9.

himself here, as elsewhere, into the arms of the modern school. His unit of consciousness, while embracing *two terms*, is not to be confounded with the full *subject* and *object* of Sir W. Hamilton, and other members of the Scottish school. The *self*, or *ego*, is not a primary constituent of the conscious being, but a development like all higher attributes of mind, resolving itself on examination "into a relation between the several terms of any one given state of consciousness." He "cordially embraces," on this as other points, his favourite modern doctrine. And applying this doctrine to the human consciousness—"What," he asks, "is the meaning of such terms as 'primary' and 'fundamental,' to which so much honour is by some attached? Are we to suppose that the first intellectual forms or conceptions, such as issue in their order from vital or physical antecedents, are especially authoritative, or in any way especially excellent? In other departments of nature we are accustomed to say that the lower appears first as the condition of the higher, the simpler as the condition of the more complex. It is the last development, and not the first, that should receive the highest honours; or rather it is that whole whose *harmonised development* is carried furthest that should be most honoured." [1]

Smith, in short, is an Evolutionist as to all the activities of mind as well as of matter. Only he recognises the two spheres. These spheres do not appear to him translatable. Mind remains an indissoluble unit, unexplained by any combination of physical antecedents. But this unit is purely *intellectual*. It is not an original divine principle, or

[1] Knowing and Feeling, p. 17.

spiritual entity. It is a mere feeling of *relation*—the *combination of primary* differences—*here* and *there.* This is all the mind with which he starts, and which he considers *essential.*

His theistic doctrine stands fully explained in the light of such an analysis. Starting from so meagre a conception of mind in man, he could not, by *any direct process* of analogy, find a Supreme Mind in nature. The moral element was entirely wanting as a source of the Divine Idea. This idea was a final necessity of Thought — nothing more. The cosmic Whole is not a mere incidental collection of parts, but an *ordered unity.* In his own language, "the whole is one;" and this unity or totality is only conceivable as the efflux or expression of a prior Mind. This argument appeared to him good, even if mind were supposably not distinct from matter. Because it is not spiritual consciousness which constitutes the point of similarity between the human and Divine—but the fact that "in whatever substance or substances God has created, a *certain state of consciousness* in me has elevated me to a consciousness of the harmony of the whole, and made me to understand this whole as essentially the Divine idea."[1] While strongly disallowing Materialism himself, therefore, Smith did not think it inconsistent with Theism, and nothing gave him so much pain as the laborious attempts of some to prove that every Materialist must necessarily be an Atheist.[2]

This protest has our entire sympathy. No one has a right to fasten upon another the charge of Atheism. If any choose to take the title, the affair is their own.

[1] Thorndale, p. 433. [2] Ibid., p. 482.

No one has a right to fix a personal charge on mere grounds of consistency in reasoning. At the same time it is absolutely necessary, in arguments of this kind, to point out what appears to be the only solid and rational basis of the higher inference. And, notwithstanding all Smith's arguments, we are satisfied that the old motto is true, "*Nullus spiritus, nullus Deus.*" It is not enough to recognise mind as well as sense, and to argue outwards towards a Divine mind. Unless we start with the Divine in man, we can never reach it in Nature. Unless we begin with a substantive spiritual entity, we can never find such an entity at all. Mind which is the mere growth of Nature, can never help us to pass beyond Nature. Even if we cannot conceive of Nature save as *a whole*, and of this whole save as a *Thought*, this is no evidence on any mere nature-basis of the existence of such a Thought. A mere necessary condition of mind in us can never warrant the assumption of a Supreme Mind outside of us. Such an inference is open at once to all the force of the Kantian criticism against the old *à priori* argument, and all the force of modern criticism, on the ground of anthropomorphism. Mind, abstract it as we will, is a human experience, and except on the ground of some special affinity with the Divine, has no right to stand at the head of Nature. Moreover, on the materialistic supposition, mind is not an entity or substance at all. It is a mere name for a congeries of psychological energies, appearing and disappearing within nature, and only known as united in a material synthesis. It is nothing more than "one of the springs and principles of the universe," like heat or motion. And "what peculiar

privilege has the little agitation of the brain, which we call *thought*, that we must thus make it the model of the whole Universe?"[1]

None whatever on a materialistic basis. If man is not primarily a conscious Spirit, and thought the peculiar property of this Spirit, there can be no rational vindication to him of an Eternal Spirit or Mind. If he does not himself, in his essence of consciousness, transcend Nature, he can never find anything above Nature, whether Eternal Idea or Supreme Intelligence. For the dome of Nature, by hypothesis, encloses him, and there is no shaft in it piercing to an upper sky.

It will be seen that while we highly estimate Smith's powers as a thinker, it is for the subtlety, beauty, and earnestness of his thought, rather than for its results. Ardent Theist, he appears to us to have left an incomplete basis, both psychological and ethical, for his Theism. While resisting sensationalism strenuously, and supposing himself to have cleared distinct spiritual room for a higher philosophy, he was yet drawn within the sensational vortex so strongly as to weaken and obscure his higher principles. His hold of Divine reality was distinct, but it did not rest on an adequate spiritual basis. This of course applies solely to his mode of reasoning. His personal belief seems to have grown brighter in his closing years. From the centre of his own happiness he looked steadfastly forward, not merely to a happier progression for man in this world (for the idea of human progress was always a vital element of his philosophic faith), but to a higher Future. The "*desire* for im-

[1] Hume's Dialogue Concerning Natural Religion, Part ii.

mortality" lit up with an increasing glow all his spiritual aspirations. If he never regained the faith of his religious youth, the Divine thought yet grew in him to a passionate yearning. "He believed in God—he hoped for immortality."

We could have wished to extend the study to other aspects of Smith's philosophy, and especially to bring into clearer light his advancing optimism. The very interesting discussions in 'Gravenhurst' on good and evil, the true nature of religion, and on the progress of society, both in that volume and in 'Thorndale,' all merit attention. But we have said enough to indicate Smith's general character as a thinker, and how far he may be said to have belonged to the Modern School. He stood on the steps of the new Philosophy, but he refused to tear himself away from the threshold of the old. He impersonated in much the peculiar struggle of an age that may be said to hesitate between Nature and God. He gave, in our opinion, so much to the one, that he left no adequate or secure hold of the other. Yet to the last he clung to both. For it is his own saying in the last sentence of 'Gravenhurst,' "We have but two conceptions: the *world as a whole, and God as its Author.*"

MODERN SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM

MODERN SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM.

IT would seem as if the human mind, with all its restless activity, were destined to revolve in an endless circle. Its progress is marked by many changes and discoveries; it sees and understands far more clearly the facts that lie along the line of its route, and the modes or laws under which these facts occur; but this route in its higher levels always returns upon itself. Nature and all its secrets become better known, and the powers of Nature are brought more under human control; but the sources of Nature and life and thought—all the ultimate problems of being—never become more clearly intelligible. Not only so, but the last efforts of human reasoning on these subjects are even as the first. Differing in form, and even sometimes not greatly in form, they are in substance the same. Bold as the course of scientific adventure has seemed for a time, it ends very much as it began; and men of the nineteenth century look over the same abysses of speculation as did their forefathers thousands of years before. No philosophy of

Theism can be said to have advanced beyond the Book of Job; and Professor Tyndall, addressing the world from the throne of modern science—which the chair of the British Association ought to be—repeats the thoughts of Democritus and Epicurus, as the last guesses of the modern scientific mind.

Professor Tyndall is well known as an eloquent lecturer on scientific subjects. He is especially distinguished as a popular Expositor of science; and whatever doubts may have been expressed as to the soundness and sobriety of some of his conclusions, none can well question that he has succeeded brilliantly in his chosen line. Both in this country and in America vast audiences have listened with enthusiasm to his expositions; and the wide-spreading interest in scientific education is largely indebted to his activity and zeal.

It is not our present purpose to enter upon any estimate of Dr Tyndall's position as a man of science. The real or permanent value of his scientific labours are beyond our scope. But when he comes forth from his lecture-room to address the world on those old and great subjects which lie at the foundation of all human knowledge and belief, his utterances necessarily provoke criticism. Not content with the function of expositor, he has again, as occasionally before, affected the *rôle* of Prophet, and invited men to look beyond the facts and laws of science to the origin of things in its highest sense.

It may be questioned whether Nature has fitted him for this higher *rôle*. A man may have a keen and bright intelligence eminently fitted for scientific observation and discovery, and a fertile and lucid power of

exposition, and yet no gifts of speculation or prophetic depth. The very keenness of vision which traverses rapidly the superficialities of things, often becomes blunted when trying to penetrate below the surface. The audacity which ministers to success in experiment often overleaps itself in the task of thought. Certainly Dr Tyndall is not lacking in boldness of speculation. Nor can any of the Modern School be said to shrink from a self-confident ambition. If they do not scale the barriers which have hitherto confined human knowledge, it will not be because they have shrunk from assailing them. One remembers an old story of Newton, in the plenitude of his powers and of his marvellous discoveries, confessing to his immeasurable ignorance,—comparing himself to a child who had only gathered a few pebbles on the shore of a boundless sea. This is possibly a myth, like others of those ages of reverence which have long since gone. Our new scientists (as it is the fashion to call them) are not animated by any such spirit of modest humility. They rejoice in the great achievements of the scientific mind, and laud and magnify their own share in them. All "religious theories" must be brought to their lecture-rooms and tested. We do not quarrel with the pre-eminence thus claimed for science. But the spirit in which the claim is made is hardly a philosophical, and still less a religious spirit. Religion is, after all, a great fact in human life and history—as great as any with which science can deal. It is the highest of human experiences, and should never be approached without something of the reverence, and sense of mystery, and tenderness, and depth of insight which belong to its

essential nature. It is a great thing, no doubt, to extend the boundaries of science, and to apply its verifying tests to the explanation of all phenomena; but it is also a serious thing to meddle rashly with the foundations of human belief and society, especially when one has nothing better to suggest than the old guesses of a philosophy which has more than once failed to satisfy even the intellectual aspirations of mankind.

Particularly it must be questioned whether the position temporarily occupied by Professor Tyndall was an appropriate one for the ventilation of materialistic theories. The British Association has outlived the early ridicule with which its annual meetings were greeted, and has gathered to itself the mass of scientific workers in the three countries. It is a representative institution, and its annual President ought to bear a representative character. Religious theory is quite apart from its work; it has nothing to do with the "confession," whether of a new or an old faith. Men do not expect to have their religious convictions either helped or hindered at the British Association, and it is not becoming that they should have to complain of the President's address as disturbing their customary tone of religious thought. If they wished to go into fundamental questions of cosmical origin, and the right which the idea of a divine Mind rather than mere Force has to stand at the head of all things, they would prefer, or at least all sensible men would prefer, leisure of inquiry and of interrogation for such questions. The chair of the British Association, no less than the Christian pulpit, offers no opportunity of reply. It is a place of privi-

lege, and every such place has its decent reserves as well as its duties. Professor Huxley, who has sometimes his prophetic aspirations no less than Professor Tyndall, and upon the whole a deeper capacity of treating both philosophical and religious questions, wisely abstained as its President from turning the British Association into a propaganda of scientific belief or no-belief. He spoke with authority on the progress of a most interesting branch of science, to the culture of which he had devoted himself. It would have been well, we think, if Professor Tyndall had followed his example.

For, after all, the British Association, while it has survived ridicule, and no doubt worked its way into some real function of usefulness in the promotion of science, is not without its ridiculous side. Like every other popular institution, it has gathered to itself not only wise and able scientific workers, but many of those spurious theorists, and vague intellectual fanatics, who are constantly seeking an opportunity of presenting themselves before the public. It has its crowds of hangers-on who know little of science, and not much of anything else, but who find its Sections an appropriate sphere for their windy declamation on all subjects which can possibly be brought within their scope. These are the devotees of what is known as the Modern Spirit, waiting with greedy ears upon the utterances of its apostles and prophets, and ready to catch at any sound of novel opinion as a breath of life. It is a strange phenomenon, this enthusiasm of unbelief, which is in the air of our time, and the rush which so many minds are making towards negations of some kind or another. There is nothing ap-

parently so difficult for men as to stand alone, and calmly inquire into the truth of great questions. Few men, in point of fact, are fitted by native strength of mind or training to face such questions themselves. They are either scared by them, and so revert to some blind form of faith, or vaguely fascinated by them, and ready to take up with the first daring solution that comes in their way. The latter class of enthusiasts are apt to fancy themselves independent thinkers, because they go with the new spirit of the times, and throw off so readily the garments of their former profession. But they are often as bigoted and slavish in thought as the blindest partisans of an ancient faith. Men and women who profess their inability to believe anything their fathers did, "look up," and feign to be fed with the emptiest generalisations of a pseudo-science. They are disciples of authority as utterly as those who are willing to abjure all science at the bidding of a supposed supernatural voice.

It is a bad thing in itself, and it is bad for the British Association, to minister to the crude appetites of these neophytes of the Modern Spirit, who have laid aside religion without any capacity of rational thought on their own behalf. Dr Tyndall, in his better moments, can hardly be gratified by the enthusiasm of such disciples; and yet it may be said that they are the only class to whom such an address as his would be perfectly welcome. His more thoughtful hearers might be charmed by its eloquence, and the brilliant clearness and rapid ease of its diction here and there; but they must, at the same time, have been pained by its one-sidedness and superficiality, and the inconclusive vanity of its results. To them it could

be no revelation to have all things traced to a material origin, on the supposition of matter being endowed with all possible potencies of life. On such a supposition hardly anything remains to be explained, only that it is as easy to make a hypothesis on one side as the other, and the hypothesis of the materialist is at least as unverifiable as that of the theist. Dr Tyndall himself, no doubt, knows this, and the difficulties which beset his own theory no less than all theories on the subject. But he ought to have remembered that there were many of his hearers who would receive the theory on trust from him, as a sort of temporary Pope of science; and that the last thing any really scientific man should wish to encourage is that species of presumptuous ignorance which mistakes hypothesis for fact, and "guesses after truth" for Truth itself. Few things are more intolerable than the confidence of ignorance on any subject; but the confidence of an ignorance that thinks itself in the front of knowledge, because it has learned the most recent nomenclature of scientific pretension, is something from which all wise men would shrink, and of which all modest men feel ashamed.

But it is necessary to look more carefully at Professor Tyndall's address. Our criticism will be better applied when we have submitted its main points to the reconsideration of our readers. It is only fair that we should hear him speak for himself, and with the force due to the order and connection in which he has himself set forth his thoughts. His address is partly historical and partly argumentative. It is written throughout with great clearness, and a brilliant lightness and expressiveness of touch of which the author

has frequently shown himself master; and yet, as a whole, there is a lack of coherence and higher thought in it. He glances from topic to topic with great adroitness, and mixes up history with argument, and argument with history, in ingenious combination; but neither is the history accurate or exhaustive, nor the argument carried out with consistency and force. It is possible, therefore, to mistake his meaning here and there, and the exact conclusions to which he points; but it is hardly possible to misunderstand the drift of his thought, and the antagonism which he everywhere implies betwixt science and religion, or, at least, religion in any fashion such as men have hitherto been accustomed to receive it. It will be our care in the sequel to show that he, as well as his whole school, greatly exaggerate this antagonism, and, in fact, only impart any reality to it by perverting theological conceptions on the one hand, and, on the other hand, claiming for science what can never come within its sphere.

Dr Tyndall's address strikes, in its very opening sentences, the keynote of this alleged opposition betwixt science and religion. "An impulse inherent in primeval man," he says, "turned his thoughts and questionings betimes towards the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day. Determined by it, by a process of abstraction from experience, we form physical theories which lie beyond the pale of experience, but which satisfy the desire of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting upon a cause. In forming their notions of the origin of things, our earliest historic (and doubtless, we might add, our

prehistoric) ancestors pursued, as far as their intelligence permitted, the same course. They also fell back upon experience, but with this difference—that the particular experiences which furnished the weft and woof of their theories were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them—the observation of men. Their theories, accordingly, took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, 'however potent and invisible, were nothing but a species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites,' were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena."

The words marked as a quotation in this paragraph are from the third section of Hume's 'Natural History of Religion.' The object which Hume has in view is not exactly that professed by Professor Tyndall; yet the language of the great Sceptic of the eighteenth century naturally comes to the assistance of his followers in the nineteenth. It is singular, indeed, how all the most characteristic ideas of modern Positive thought were anticipated by Hume, and not merely in vague hint, but in clearer and more outspoken words than are now frequently used. All the prevailing talk as to *anthropomorphism* is merely an echo of Hume, or of the sceptical Philo, who may be supposed to represent him in the 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion.' In the Essay from which the above quotation is made, he speaks "of the universal tendency among mankind to conceive all beings like themselves, and to transfer to any object those qualities with which they are familiarly acquainted."[1] He is every-

[1] Sect. iii.

where full of the modern conception of mind as the mere efflux of Nature, just as "heat or cold, attraction or repulsion," or any other phenomena which falls "under daily observation."[1] Nay, he is the noted precursor of that very tone of condescension as to religion which is so common to the present school, and which appears with such disagreeable emphasis in the close of Dr Tyndall's address—the tone which allows it a subjective validity in the region of faith or emotion, but no objective validity in the truth of things. It is very natural, therefore, to find the President of the British Association leaning upon the arm of the good-natured and keen-witted Scotch philosopher who has done so much of the work of thought for our modern philosophers before they were born.

All the same, Professor Tyndall hardly makes a fair use of the quotation of Hume. Hume is writing of the origin of religion, and not of supposed theories of "the origin of things." The origin of religion, he maintains, is not to be sought in the contemplation of natural phenomena—for such a contemplation could hardly fail to lead men to the conception of a universal cause, or "of one single being who bestowed existence and order on this vast machine, and adjusted all its parts according to one regular plan or connected system. . . . All things," he adds, "in the universe are evidently of a piece. Everything is adjusted to everything. One design prevails throughout the whole. And this uniformity leads the mind to acknowledge one author."[2] It is not the observation of

[1] Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, Part ii.

[2] Natural History of Religion, sect. ii. Here, as in many other places, Hume's Theism may be said to be ostentatious. And it was probably sincere. While the chief author of many of the ideas which have been

nature, but of human life in its thousand accidents and variations, which leads men to the conception of a "mob of gods" invested with the governance of the world. Whether Hume's theory be correct or not, is nothing to the point. It is a theory of the origin of religion in man's heart that he is in quest of, and not a theory of man's earliest thoughts about natural phenomena.

While these thoughts, according to our lecturer, necessarily took at first "an anthropomorphic form," there yet rose, "far in the depths of history, men of exceptional power" who rejected anthropomorphic notions, and sought "to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles." And prior even to such mental efforts men's thoughts were stimulated by commerce and travel; and "in those regions where the commercial aristocracy of ancient Greece mingled with its Eastern neighbours, the sciences were born." A quotation from Euripides follows standing on the same page of Hume with the sentence already quoted, and descriptive of the caprices practised by the popular deities in order that man may worship them the more. This was "the state of things to be displaced," says Dr Tyndall, by the progress of science, which "demands the radical extirpation of caprice, and the absolute reliance upon law in Nature."

Among the great men who lead in this process of scientific extirpation, Democritus stands pre-eminent. Few men "have been so despitefully used by history," under the name of the "laughing philosopher." But

applied by the modern philosophy to sap the foundations of Theism, he cannot be said himself to have abandoned the theistic position, or at least he never professes to have done so.

his true greatness was long since seen by Bacon, who "considered him to be a man of weightier metal than either Plato or Aristotle, though their philosophy was noised and celebrated in the schools amid the din and pomp of professors."

In his account of Democritus, Professor Tyndall frankly expresses his obligations to Lange's 'History of Materialism'—"a work," he says, "to the spirit and letter of which I am equally indebted." He may well make this confession, for he can hardly be said in this part of his address to do more than repeat—no doubt in his own flowing language—Lange's description and analysis of the Atomic Philosophy. His summary of its principles in the fourth paragraph is little else than a translation from Lange, although with some variety in the order of the six propositions into which the summary is thrown in both cases—the combination of two of Lange's propositions into one, and the addition of a well-known principle elsewhere derived by our lecturer. The principles as given by the latter are briefly these: "1. From nothing comes nothing. Nothing that exists can be destroyed. All changes are due to the combination and separation of molecules. 2. Nothing happens by chance. Every occurrence has its cause from which it follows by necessity. 3. The only existing things are the atoms and empty space; all else is mere opinion. 4. The atoms are infinite in number, and infinitely various in form: they strike together, and the lateral motions and whirlings which thus arise are the beginnings of the worlds. 5. The varieties of all things depend upon the varieties of these atoms in number, size, and aggregation. 6. The soul consists of free, smooth, round atoms like

those of fire. These are the most mobile of all. They interpenetrate the whole body, and in their motions the phenomena of life arose." As arranged in the first section of the first book of Lange's work (pp. 7, 8), the most important of the Democritian principles stand as follows: 1. The principles of all things are atoms and empty space. All else is mere opinion. 2. There are infinite worlds in number and extent which continually arise and pass away. 3. Out of nothing comes nothing, and nothing can be destroyed. 4. The atoms are in continual movement, and all changes are to be explained by their combination and separation. 5. The varieties of things depend upon the varieties of their atoms in number and size; originally there is no qualitative difference of atoms. 6. Everything happens through necessity. Final causes are to be rejected."

There is just so much similarity betwixt the two statements as to show how liberally Dr Tyndall has used Lange, and how truly, according to his own confession, he has been indebted to the "letter" as well as the spirit of the German historian of Materialism. It would hardly have been worth while to point this out, save that he has also borrowed from another work to which he alludes more than once, but without expressing at large his indebtedness—viz., Dr Draper's 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.' When he drops Lange, he takes up Draper. The former serves as the basis of his address to the close of the paragraphs on Lucretius,—the latter as the main source of its subsequent historical analysis, till he leaves the field of history and entertains us with the clever dialogue betwixt Bishop Butler and the disciple

of Lucretius. It is not merely that he quotes facts and allusions; but all that he says as to the influence of the Arabian intellect during the middle ages, and "our scientific obligations to the Mahommedans," is almost literally transferred from the sixteenth chapter of Draper's work. The picture of scientific precocity presented by Alhazen, "about A.D. 1100;" the contrast betwixt the dirt and stupidity of the medieval Christians and the "cleanliness, learning, and refinement" of the Moors; and the delicate allusion to "the under-garment of ladies," as retaining its Arab name to this hour,—are all from Draper. Considering how largely our lecturer has used Dr Draper's work, it is a wonder that its author (who is still living) should not have come in for some of that abundant eulogy which it is so much the habit of the members of this school to bestow upon one another, and which is so roundly administered in this very address. We observe that an admirer of Dr Draper, who has "intimately known his work for ten years," and is greatly gratified by Professor Tyndall's obligations to it, yet expresses his disappointment that his "acknowledgment of them was not fuller, wider, and more emphatic." The paragraphs he adds "on the Arabs and Bruno are almost slavishly recast from Professor Draper's text."[1] Dr Tyndall, indeed, expresses his "entire confidence" in Dr Draper; and he has shown this confidence by the indiscriminate manner in which he has borrowed from him. He could hardly otherwise have adopted so one-sided and superficial an estimate of the Scholastic Philosophy, nor even committed himself to such a bit of learned pleasantry

[1] Spectator, August 29, 1874.

as that about the under-garment of ladies. A glance into Du Cange's Dictionary of Medieval Latin would have satisfied him that *Camisa* or *Camisia* is of much older use than Dr Draper or than he seems to imagine. The truth is, that Draper's volumes, although not without a certain merit, are not of such solid value as to warrant the use made of them. A President of the British Association should go deeper for his facts and authorities. Hardly "the outcome of vigorous research" themselves, they cannot be the basis of any such research in others. Especially they are deceptive in their one-sided and unsifted accumulations of details, and their thin and partial vein of generalisation. Dr Draper is an emphatic apostle of the Naturalistic School, but he hardly claims attention otherwise. He is certainly not a "Historian" in any strict or true sense of the word.

It is enough, however, for Dr Tyndall that he belongs to the army of scientific advance. Names, however unknown or obscurely known, if only associated with some attack on theology, or some vein of materialistic speculation, are brought into the full blaze of applausive recognition. So far as ancient names are concerned, we do not ourselves much quarrel with this. We are glad to see men like Democritus and Epicurus, and Alhazen and Bruno, receive, it may be, even more than their measure of justice, as some of them may have hitherto received less than this measure. Church writers long had it their own way, and it is only fair that science should have its turn. Truth is not likely to be advanced, however, by men of science not only vindicating names which they may consider to have been aspersed

in the past, but repeating towards others a similar exaggeration of abuse to that which they have deprecated when directed against their own intellectual ancestry. We have no objection to see both Democritus and Epicurus set upon their pedestals; but why should poor Aristotle not only be dethroned from his eminence, but degraded and kicked away in disgrace, like a lad who had got to the top of his class and kept it for years under false pretences?

"Whewell," says Dr Tyndall, "refers the errors of Aristotle, not to a neglect of facts, but to a 'neglect of the idea appropriate to the facts; the idea of mechanical cause, which is force, and the substitution of vague or inapplicable notions, involving only relations of space or emotions of wonder.' This is doubtless true; but the word 'neglect' implies mere intellectual misdirection; whereas in Aristotle, as in Goethe, it was not, I believe, misdirection, but *sheer natural incapacity*, which lay at the root of his mistakes. As a physicist, Aristotle displayed what we should consider some of the worst attributes of a modern physical investigator,—*indistinctness of ideas, confusion of mind, and a confident use of language which led to the delusive notion that he had really mastered his subject, which he has as yet failed to grasp, even the elements of it. He put words in the place of things, subject in the place of object.*"

This—and there is a good deal more of the same emphasis of abuse bestowed upon the old Stagirite—is hardly decent language in the mouth of a President of the British Association towards one who has so long held such a lofty pre-eminence. There may be good ground for lowering Aristotle from the position

of intellectual authority which he has enjoyed almost beyond precedent, and to the disadvantage in many cases of a free and true method of investigation. But a man lives by his excellences, and not by his faults; and the imperial faculties which in so many departments of knowledge so long swayed the human mind, will not suffer from Dr Tyndall's aspersion. The true way, of course, to test Aristotle, as well as any ancient name, is not by comparing him with any "modern physical investigators," but with the investigators and thinkers of his own time. Professor Tyndall, it has been well said, would be at a loss to "offer a shadow of proof that the physical inquiries of the Atomists were conducted on sounder principles than those of the Stagirite,—for example, that the arguments of Epicurus for the existence of a vacuum were a whit more satisfactory than the opposite arguments of Aristotle." [1]

It is curious to trace the revival of the Atomic Philosophy, and the rejuvenescence of its great leaders, Democritus and Epicurus, with every repeating wave of materialistic speculation. Some of Dr Tyndall's auditors probably heard of the philosopher of Abdera for the first time; and many more of them, it is no want of charity to say, had no conception either of his historical position or of his special opinions. Even Dr Tyndall himself appears to have been somewhat hazy about his position, when he speaks of him in connection with Empedocles, and of the latter noticing a "gap in the doctrine of the former," and striking in to fill it up. The four "rudiments" of Empedocles are generally supposed to represent a stage of speculation prior to that of the "atoms" of Democritus. To a slip

[1] Letter on Dr Tyndall's address by Professor Robertson Smith.

of this kind little importance need be attached. But it is surely absurd for our modern Positive philosophers, with their advanced ideas, to make so much of these ancient names. Even if it were true, that more than two thousand years ago the "doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest,' which in our day, not on the basis of vague conjecture, but of positive knowledge, has been raised to such extraordinary significance, had received at all events partial enunciation"—it would not matter in the least as to the truth of this doctrine, or the truth of the views with which it is associated. If we must discard Plato and Aristotle, we are not likely to shelter ourselves under the cloak of Democritus or Empedocles. Even if the former has been "despitefully used" by history, and we are wrong in regarding him as the "laughing philosopher," at any rate we know little or nothing of his philosophy. For, says Mr Lewes—whose authority should be congenial to Dr Tyndall—speaking of the evidence which survives on the subject, it is "so obscure that historians have been at a loss to give it" (the system of Democritus) "its due position in relation to other systems. Reinhold, Brandis, Marbach, and Hermann view him as an Ionian; Buhle and Tenneman, as an Eleatic; Hegel, as the successor of Heraclitus; Ritter, as a Sophist; and Zeller, as the precursor of Anaxagoras." Ferrier is inclined to claim him, with all his materialistic tendencies, as in some degree an adherent of the philosophy of the Absolute.[1] Altogether he is a

[1] Lewes's Hist. of Philosophy, vol. i. pp. 96, 97; Ferrier's Greek Philosophy, p. 163. Some fragments of Democritus survive, gathered from Aristotle and others. They were published at Berlin in 1843 by Mullach, under the title of 'Democriti Abderitæ operum fragmenta.' Of Epicurus the philosophical remains (found among the rolls at Hercu-

shadowy figure, and probably owes something of his very vitality to the vagueness of his outline, and the ease with which the modern mind reads its own meaning into him.

It is remarkable that in the seventeenth century, when the first wave of materialistic speculation passed over England, Democritus and Epicurus came in the same manner to the front as its representatives. They impersonated to Cudworth and others that "Atheism of Atomicism" which they fought so stoutly. And what is particularly deserving of notice is, that then, as now, a clear discrimination was made by all enlightened theists betwixt the atomic theory itself as a physical hypothesis, and the materialistic atheism which has been associated with it. The former is a perfectly valid theory, resting on its own evidence, and, according to Cudworth, as ancient as speculation itself. In its true interpretation it professed to explain the *physical origin* of the universe, and nothing else. As such, Theism has nothing to say against it. "But Leucippus and Democritus, and after them Protagoras and Epicurus, cast off the spiritual side of the philosophy, and left only the material. They took away the highest part, and left only, as Cudworth says, the 'meanest and lowest.'"[1] In this respect Hobbes followed them in the seventeenth century, just as others are doing in the nineteenth. It may surely be said that the course of materialistic thought shows little sign of originality. With all the commo-

laneum, and published by Orelli, 1818) are still more imperfect. Not one of the 300 volumes ascribed to him survives.

[1] See Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy, vol. ii. p. 249, where the conflict of materialism with Christian thought in the seventeenth century is fully told.

tion it again makes in our day, it is where it was, standing by the names of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius. It vaunts itself of new and higher methods of investigation, but its theories are not a whit more valid and satisfactory than they were in former centuries; and the powerful language of Lucretius, to which the pen of Tyndall naturally reverts, is probably to this day their best and most felicitous expression.

But absurd as is all this historical appeal on such a subject, and especially so in a school whose pretension it is to disclaim authority, it is far more excusable than the manner in which living names are used by the same school. Here there is a constant interchange of compliments which is far from dignified. The friends and admirers of Modern Thought are everywhere bespattered with praise; while, as if to set off their merits to more advantage, we have a strongly drawn picture of those "loud-tongued denunciators" who venture to open their lips against the divine claims of science—"rash and ill-informed persons who have been hitherto so ready to *thrust* themselves against every new scientific revelation, lest it should endanger what *they are pleased to consider theirs.*" These "objectors," like the noxious thistle which "produces a thistle and nothing else," "scatter their germs abroad, and reproduce a new kind, ready to play again the part of their intellectual progenitors; to show the same virulence, the same ignorance; to achieve for a time the same success; and, finally, to suffer for a time the same inexorable defeat." In comparison with this noxious race stand the enlightened group of Evolutionists, who are now leading the van of the world's thought, with Mr Charles Darwin and

Mr Herbert Spencer at their head. The former is a man of "profound and synthetic skill," who "shirks no difficulty," and has so "saturated" his subject "with his own thought," that he must "have known better than his critics the weakness as well as the strength of his theory." This, Dr Tyndall continues, would be of little avail were Mr Darwin's object "a temporary dialectic victory, instead of the establishment of the truth which he means to be everlasting. But he takes no pains to disguise the weakness which he has discovered; nay, he takes every pains to bring it into the strongest light. His vast resources enable him to cope with objections started by himself and others," so as to leave the final impression upon the reader's mind that if they be not completely answered, they certainly are not fatal. "This largeness of knowledge and readiness of resource render Mr Darwin the most terrible of antagonists. . . . He treats every objection with a soberness and thoroughness which even Bishop Butler might be proud to imitate," and all "without a trace of ill-temper. . . . But though in handling this mighty theme all passion has been stilled, there is an emotion of the intellect incident to the discernment of new truth which often colours and warms the pages of Mr Darwin."

Mr Darwin's good sense can hardly have welcomed this outburst. An accomplished naturalist, with rare powers of observation, and an entertaining and often graceful power of describing the results of his patient and prolonged investigations, he is eminently deserving of all due honour. Whatever merit there may be in the elucidation of the principle of natural selection to which he has devoted his life, let him by all means have it.

For ourselves, we believe that the importance of the principle has been greatly exaggerated. But, withal, Mr Darwin was not a philosopher, and did not claim to be one. His genius was almost solely a genius of observation and narration, lacking both in spiritual and synthetic insight. He was not strong in the region of abstract discussion, which he sometimes essayed, and this mainly owing to that very absorption of mind with his own subject which Dr Tyndall considers one of his special merits. If there was no other evidence of all this, and of the confusion of thought which runs through a great deal of Mr Darwin's most ingenious writing, the fact that, according to his ardent encomiast, "he needed an expounder," would suffice to prove as much. This expounder he found in Mr Huxley; and, of course, Dr Tyndall "knows nothing more admirable in the way of scientific exposition than those early articles of Mr Huxley on the origin of species." In a similar manner Mr Herbert Spencer comes in for his share of glory as "the apostle of the understanding,"—"whose ganglia are sometimes the seat of a nascent poetic thrill."

But enough of this. We have taken the pains to point out these features of Dr Tyndall's address, because they furnish conspicuous evidence of an increasing vice in contemporary literature. It is bad enough that the intellectual world should be divided into so many schools as it is. It narrows intellectual work, and sectarianises culture. Our scientific and literary coteries jostle one another like so many sects in the religious world, each often with a jargon of its own, and a *mission* in comparison with which nothing else is of any consequence. This is sufficiently intol-

erable; but it is still more intolerable that these coteries should constitute themselves into societies for mutual admiration, and that the chair of the British Association should not be free from this species of flattery. If the teachers and writers of the Modern School are really the great philosophers which their friends and admirers declare them to be, then their intellectual character may be safely left to the future. They do not need to have their merits emblazoned as on a sign-post for the applausive gaze of the "common herd." The Evolutionists should leave this exaggerated talk to others whom they are apt to despise, and remember that the habit of emphasis is seldom the sign of a strong cause, and never the sign of the highest range of intellectual simplicity and power.

We said in the outset that one of the main objects of Dr Tyndall's address was to emphasise an antagonism betwixt religion and science; and to this more important point we must return. There is a certain sense, indeed, in which he and all his school are deferential towards religion, and even warmly disposed to allow its claims. In the close of his address he adverts to these claims, and makes his meaning sufficiently clear. Religious feeling is an undoubted element of human nature, and cannot be ignored by any wise observer, no more than "that most powerful of passions — the amatory passion," which Mr Spencer (of course) has indicated as "antecedent" in its first occurrence "to all relative experiences whatever"! "There are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence, and wonder; and not alone the sexual love just referred

to, but the love of the beautiful, physical, and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deepest feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. *You*, who have escaped from these religions" (the scientific fledglings, we presume, surrounding the Chair of the British Association) "into the high-and-dry light of the intellect, may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present time. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are—dangerous, nay, destructive to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again—it will be wise to *recognise them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper and elevated sphere.*" Again, in almost the closing words of the lecture, we are told that "the world embraces not only a Newton but a Shakespeare, not only a Boyle but a Raphael, not only a Kant but a Beethoven, not only a Darwin but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as

to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be left free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs,—then, in opposition to all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however,"—and with this sentence the original lecture concluded—"I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."

This bit of rhetorical pathos has been removed in the Address as formally published, and two quotations substituted,—one of them a well-known quotation from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," and the other a remark of Goethe—"Fill thy heart with it, and then receive it as thou wilt."

These extracts are to be taken for what they are worth. They seem to many to mean a great deal—to open, as it were, a new door for religion when the old one has been shut. They are all the more deserving of notice because they contain a certain measure of truth, which every enlightened student of the history of religious opinion recognises. The conclusive beliefs of mankind as to the objects of religion necessarily undergo modification and change "with each succeeding age." No one who has pondered the subject would be disposed to claim, in the region of religious knowledge, "an ultimate fixity of conception." But this is

something very different from Dr Tyndall's position. He denies, it is obvious, not only the adequacy of our religious ideas, but that these ideas have any veritable objects at all. Such religion as he would condescendingly make room for is a religion of mere subjectivity, not "permitted" to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, but confined to its proper sphere of *emotion*. In short, it is such a religion as *need not, in any sense, be true*—a mere emotional flower on the upspringing growth of humanity, having no deeper root than the vague soil of wonder or of tenderness that lies in human nature, and pointing nowhither,—such a religion, therefore, as may perfectly consist with a doctrine of material evolution. Suppose man, along with all other creatures, to be a mere efflux of nature—to come forth from her teeming womb, as the universal mother—and you may have such religion as grows with other growths from this fruitful source. Religion, like other things, is a part of the general evolution, and must be allowed its sphere.

It is hardly necessary to say that this is an essentially different conception of religion from that which is embodied in Christianity, and recognised by all Christian Churches. And it is well that the clear distinction betwixt the two systems should be understood. According to the one, man is the mere product of Nature—the highest organism which its teeming and fertile power has thrown off in its ever-upward movement. According to the other, he is not only at the head of Nature as its highest consequence, but as endowed with a reasonable soul which is the divine image, and not the mere play of natural forces, however subtle or beautiful.

This is the essential question betwixt the two schools, What is man? or, more strictly, What is Mind in man?—a question as old as the dawn of speculation, and which the progress of science, with all its modern pretensions, is no nearer solving than it was centuries ago. This deeper question it is which lies at the root of all the modern contention about the idea of design in Nature. If Mind, of course, is merely one form of force amongst many, why should it be conceived of as underlying other forms, and regulating and controlling them? In the words of Hume, quoted in last paper, the pertinence of which none of his followers have rivalled, "What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain, which we call *thought*, that we must thus make it the model of the whole universe?"[1] Why should the source of the universe be conceived as analogous to it rather than to what we call matter? The modern scientific school has deliberately espoused the rights of matter. Some of its members may say, that in the end they cannot tell whether the source of being is material or spiritual. "Matter may be regarded as a form of thought—thought may be regarded as a property of matter; each statement has a certain relative truth."[2] But beneath all this indifference and frequent confusion of language, there is an essential discrepancy in the two modes of thought which touches almost every aspect of life and determines the true character of religion. Dr Tyndall is well aware of this, and his language leaves no doubt on which side he is proud to rank himself.

[1] Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, Part ii.

[2] Professor Huxley on the Physical Basis of Life. Lay Sermons, p. 160. 1870.

In speaking of the origination of life, he says he does not know what Mr Darwin conclusively thinks of it; and then proceeds with his own argument,—"Whether he" (Mr Darwin) "does or does not introduce his 'primordial form' by a creative act I do not know. But the question will inevitably be asked, 'How came the form there?' With regard to the diminution of the number of created forms, one does not see that much advantage is gained by it. The anthropomorphism which it seemed the object of Mr Darwin to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude. We need clearness and thoroughness here. Two courses, and two only, are possible. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter. If we look at matter as pictured by Democritus, and as defined for generations in our scientific text-books, the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it would be sufficient to render any other hypothesis preferable; but the definitions of matter given in our text-books were intended to cover the purely physical and mechanical properties; and taught, as we have been, to regard these definitions as complete, we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of *such* matter any form of life could possibly arise. But are the definitions complete? Everything depends upon the answer to be given to this question. Trace the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have 'a type distinguishable from a fragment of

'albumen only by its finely granular character.' Can we pause here? We break a magnet, and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking; but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we break no longer, we *prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules.* Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close, to some extent, with Lucretius, when he affirms that 'Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods;' or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not 'that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb'? The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or irreverence. *Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.*"

In his Address, as revised and published by himself, Dr Tyndall has slightly modified the expressions of this significant passage. The conclusion to which he comes no longer appears as "a confession" which he is bound to make, but as "an intellectual necessity." "The vision of the mind" is introduced as authorita-

tively supplementing "the vision of the eye." And in the end, as throughout, in the description of matter, and its identity with every form of life, there is more the semblance of reasoning, and less the air of a devotee eager to proclaim his gospel of Materialism.

At the best, however, it requires only the most cursory examination of the passage to see how far the lecturer commits himself, and in so doing, how far he exceeds the bounds of science. Plainly, according to his own words, he makes a leap from the visible to the invisible. Whether this leap be made in the strength of faith, or of "an intellectual necessity," is little to the point. Intellectual necessities are as little valid as faith in the school of science or the sphere of mere observation and experiment. "Hypotheses *non fingo*" was the old motto of Physicism; and it is an absolute motto of all true science, discarded as it has been by the Modern School. When once a conclusion is made to hang not on observed facts, and the generalisations in which the facts verify themselves, but upon a vision confessedly prolonged beyond the facts, and crossing the boundary of experimental evidence, it is no longer in any sense a scientific conclusion. It may be as visionary as—it probably is far more so than—any of those theological or so-called anthropomorphic conclusions which are the special bane of Dr Tyndall. It is indeed a strange outcome of our boasted scientific progress, before which so many theological spectres are to disappear, and the reign of natural law over all things is to be inaugurated, that its last word for us is as pure a hypothesis as the scholastic or religious genius of past ages ever conceived. What has this genius in its wildest flights ever done more than pro-

long its vision beyond the bounds of experience, and confidently apply the suggestions of one department of knowledge to another, or, in the language of the Address, do *something* similar, in the one as in the other? If men have erred in the past, in judging too much of Nature by themselves, and investing it with their own limitations, which may be readily admitted; does this warrant the modern physicist in applying to man, or the universe as a whole, a new class of notions derived from the lower fields of nature, and as yet wholly unverified even there? If we are only to get quit of anthropomorphism at the expense of materialism, it is but a sorry exchange. If the Mind which lives in man is to be cast out of nature only that the Force which moves in nature may be transferred in its primordial generality, and without the slightest evidence, to man with all his godlike qualities, then we have no hesitation as to which hypothesis is the grander and even the more scientific of the two.

We have no quarrel with the evolutionary hypothesis in itself. It is an inspiring conception to look upon nature in all its departments as intimately linked together from "primordial germ" to the most fully developed organism—from its rudest speck to its subtlest symmetry of form, or most delicate beauty of colour. The idea of *growth* and *vital affinity* is, we readily grant, a higher idea than that of mere *technic* after the manner of men. There is no call upon us to defend the imperfect analogies by which past generations may have pictured to themselves the works of nature. There was no finality, and there may have been something of human pride and preju-

dice, in these analogies. In so far as science helps us to understand better and more wisely all the activities of the world around us, we are indebted to it. But it will hardly help us to do this,—to substitute one unverified hypothesis for another, and to conceive of nature as a great mother self-produced and self-producing, any more than as a great workshop with the traces of artificers' tools all scattered up and down in it.

It is unnecessary to argue at length the unverified character of the *naturalistic* hypothesis of Evolution. It stands confessed in Dr Tyndall's language. The power of self-transmutation which it attributes to matter is as yet wholly unproved, and nothing can show this more distinctly than the manner in which he speaks of the subject. With all his wish to read below the lines of Nature, and trace them with his mental vision running into one another, he is forced to say that all the evidence hitherto proffered in behalf of "spontaneous generation" cannot be accepted. It is all very well to qualify this admission with the statement that there are those who consider this evidence "as perfectly conclusive;" "and that were some of us who have pondered this question to follow *a very common example, and accept testimony because it falls in with our belief*, we also should eagerly close with the evidence referred to." This is but a poor insinuation, and merely shows how impossible it is for men like him to forget the hated and despised Theologian who haunts their scientific dreams. Does not this constant hitting at a "sad example" betray their own liability to follow it; and to accept testimony for little other reason than that it falls in

with their belief? The present Address, in its attempt to explain the rise of higher from lower organisms, is not without specimens of this mode of reasoning. Let our physicists forget theology for a little—put it out of sight—as indeed they have nothing to do with it, and science will be all the better, although it may prove less exciting and theorising in their hands.

Withal, Dr Tyndall clearly admits that the essential point of the origin of life from anything but antecedent life—a point which enters into the very conception of a process of mere natural evolution—remains unproved to all true men of science. "They know full well that the chemist now prepares from inorganic matter a vast array of substances which were some time ago regarded as sole products of vitality. They are intimately acquainted with the structural power of matter as evidenced in the phenomena of crystallisation. They can justify scientifically their *belief* in its *potency*, under the proper conditions, to produce organisms. But they will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life."

In short, the materialistic conclusion is only to be reached—the leap made—by finding that there is no necessity for inference or leap at all; or, in other words, by endowing Matter from the first with a mysterious potency, capable of all which they attribute to it, but the operation or manifestation of which they have wholly failed to trace. This is really, as we implied at the outset, a begging of the whole question. If Matter in reality be something quite different from what we have been hitherto in the habit of think-

ing it to be,—if it include within itself from the beginning not merely *life* but *mind*, then the appearance of both in the course of its development need excite no surprise, and no puzzle. But this is only to say in other words that all force is in its origin material rather than intellectual or spiritual,—another unproved hypothesis—and one not only unproved, but at variance with all our best and directest knowledge of the subject. For undoubtedly our primary and our highest analogue of force is not Matter, but what we call Mind —the operation of our own self-consciousness. No one has better shown than Dr Tyndall himself how impossible it is to arrive at this self-consciousness from any form of matter—how vainly we try to account for even the lowest sensation by the mere molecular change in the brain which may be its concomitant. "We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them." And again elsewhere:[1] "Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organs, nor apparently any rudiment of the organs, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other." If thought and its material correlate be thus distinct and untranslatable; and if our self-consciousness, standing not indeed apart from matter—for nothing is or can be now known to us apart from it—but majestic in

[1] In his paper on "Scientific Materialism."—Fragments of Science, vol. ii. p. 87, 6th ed.

its own supremacy beyond any mere form or manifestation of matter,—if this be the true source of power within us, and the loftiest conception of it we can have, why should it not also be to us the true image of that which confessedly underlies all things and moves in all?—

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

These lines of Wordsworth, which our lecturer makes use of, appear to apply far more grandly to a great Mind, living in nature, than to matter of whatever promise or potency. If intellectual necessities are to be our guide, the conception of such a Mind is a far stronger necessity to the majority of enlightened intellects in all ages, than any such conception of matter as he eloquently portrays. Why, after all, this strange jealousy of Mind in Nature which possesses our Modern School? Why, at the utmost, must we own an inscrutable Potency, and nothing else, working darkly forward through all forms of being? Why must the last word both of Philosophy and Religion be "the Unknowable"? It is the savage who, when he hears the thunder amongst his woods, or looks around upon the riot of nature in a storm, trembles before a mighty Force which he fails to understand. On the other hand, it is the Hebrew prophet or Grecian sage, in whose own mind has risen the dawn of creative thought, who clothes the Mystery of power with intelligence and life. If this be anthropomorphism, it is an anthropomorphism which illu-

minates Nature not less than it dignifies Man. Man can only think after his own likeness on any subject; and it may be safely left to the future to settle whether the conception of mere Force, inscrutable in its secrecy —an unknown x of which nothing can be affirmed save potentiality—or the conception of an intelligent Will, supreme in foresight as in power, bears least the mark of human weakness.

It is strange that our modern philosophers should crave so much for a material rather than a spiritual origin—and still more strange that they should think the one mode of origin more dignified than the other. It is well to give its due to nature, and to recognise that we are only parts in the great "cosmical life" around us; but it is an odd phase of human vanity which insists on setting physical phenomena above those of the human mind, and seeing in the former, rather than in the latter, the type of all being. Man may have made too much of himself in the past, but after all he has his rights; and there is surely nothing greater in Nature than Mind which alone understands it, and reduces it to science. It is not necessary to say, in the terms of the old brocard so often quoted by Sir William Hamilton—"On Earth there is nothing great but Man: in Man there is nothing great but Mind." But surely Mind stands at the head of all natural forces; and these forces are more conceivable in the light of Mind than Mind can ever be in the terms of any lower form of Force.

The truth is, that at the bottom of all this modern depreciation of Mind in Nature there is a deep-seated hostility not only to the old mechanical conceptions of the universe, with which we may so far sympathise,

but to the distinctive ideas which lie at the basis of Christianity or any form of spiritual worship. All genuine spiritual reverence lies in the acknowledgment of the affinity of man with God—as being made in the image of God, and having all his true excellence in a growing conformity to the Divine image. The acknowledgment of a Divine Reason alike in man, in the world, and above the world, is a fundamental postulate of true religion. If there is not such a Reason, in obedience to which there is order and happiness, and in disobedience to which there is wrong and misery, the very idea of religion disappears. It is needless to talk of our emotions of wonder and awe and tenderness finding their natural scope, and creating for themselves appropriate vehicles of religious sentiment—changing with the changing thoughts of successive ages. They will do this, no doubt. Religious sentiment will assert itself, do what we will. As Strauss has shown, men will worship the *Universum*—for which Dr Tyndall's Potential Matter may very well stand—rather than worship nothing at all. But, after all, such nature-worship, or mere emotional piety, does not deserve the name of religion—the essential idea of which is surely to exercise some restraining moral power over man. And how can you get this power, if you have no moral or rational fixity beyond man himself? Laws of nature are very good, and we will always be better to know these laws and to obey them; but what man needs in all his higher being is not merely blind restraint, but moral restraint, and not merely this but moral education. And how can this come to him except from a Mind above him—an intelligent Being—not in dream or

fancy, but in reality at the centre of all things—"who knoweth his frame, and remembereth that he is dust" —in whose living will is the control of all things, and who yet numbereth the hairs of his head, and "without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground"?

It should be said, in conclusion, that the antagonism which is everywhere in the writings of Evolutionists, and especially so in Dr Tyndall's Address, presumed to lie betwixt the idea of evolution and the old idea of Design or Mind in nature, is entirely gratuitous. Even if the hypothesis of evolution were proved, and science were able to demonstrate the continuity of nature from first to last, this would not render the idea of a Divine Mind originating nature and working in it through all its evolutions the less tenable. The intellectual necessity which demands a creative Mind or an intellectual origin of all things would remain the same. The evidence of what is called design might be modified, but it would not be the less clear and forcible. For it is an essential mistake underlying all the thought of the Modern School that the ideas of design and of continuity or order are incompatible — a mistake arising from the excess of that very anthropomorphism which they so much repudiate in their opponents. Continually they write as if Design, Intention, Purpose, applied to nature, were necessarily of the same tentative and irregular character as the operations of human genius. It is the mere human Mechanician they imagine, and suppose others to imagine, when they speak contemptuously of the theistic conception. But no modern Theist makes use of such words in any such sense as they suppose. The idea of Design is no longer a mere

mechanical idea, as if representing the work of a human Artificer, but simply a synonym for some manifestation of order, or group of regulated or subordinated facts. The notion of Design which the Modern School repudiate, was in fact never anything but a caricature. It is impossible for them, or for any, to conceive too grandly of Nature, or of the unbroken harmony and continuity of its movements. The very magnificence of its order is only a further illustration of Divine Wisdom; for surely the very thought of a Divine Mind implies the perfection of wisdom, or, in other words, of order, as its expression. The more, therefore, the order of Nature is explained and its sequences seen to run into one another with unbroken continuity, only the more and not the less loftily will we be able to measure the working of the Divine Mind. The necessity which makes us postulate such a Mind has nothing to do *with special phenomena or the modes of their production.* It is a purely rational necessity, the dictate of our highest consciousness and insight into the meaning both of man and of the world around him. The intellectual compulsion which forces Dr Tyndall across the boundary of experimental evidence to "discern in nature the promise and potency of all terrestrial life" appears to us far less reasonable or well founded than that which has forced so many of the highest and most philosophical intellects of all ages to recognise this promise and potency—not in matter, but in Mind. And, this recognition once made, the mere modes of natural phenomena are of no consequence. They may be after the manner of special contrivance or of continuous development—it matters not. Religion has

no concern with any mere physical theories of the origin of the universe. It has no quarrel, or ought to have none, with either atomism or evolution when kept within their proper sphere. So Cudworth announced long ago. Nothing within the province of nature, no change in the manner in which science comes to view its operations, affects the primal thought. Mind is there, as "the light of all our seeing," whether nature works, or rather is worked, by evolution or by special fiat. Science is free to reveal its plans, to modify our notions of its plans, and to exalt them as it can; but the mere fact *that they are plans*, under any mode of conception, is the witness to our minds of another Mind behind all. Mind is, in short, the synonym of order everywhere —it matters not what may be the special form of that order.

It would be well if both our scientific men and our theologians would see and acknowledge this more plainly. It clears for the one the whole province of Nature to investigate as they will—to unfold and explain as they can. It would ease the other from all apprehension of the progress of science. Nothing in that progress can ever touch the great conclusions of religion, which take their rise in a wholly different sphere, and find all their life and strength elsewhere. In so far as theology in the past may have intruded upon science, and refused its claims of investigation and of judgment in the domain of nature, theology was in error; and it ought to be grateful rather than recriminatory that science has taught it its error. At the same time, science need hardly harp, as with Dr Tyndall it does, over the old strain of persecution. It

is time to forget old conflicts which all wise thinkers have abandoned; and it is hardly a sign of that healthy life which he and others proclaim as the chief characteristic of the modern giant—rejoicing as a strong man to run his race—to have such a plaint made over its old sorrows. Dr Tyndall knows well enough that the days of persecution have ended *on the side of religion.* It is not from the theologian that danger is any longer to be apprehended in that direction. Let him pursue his investigations without fear or alarm. But let him also bear in mind that, if science has her rights, so has religion, and that the great ideas which lie at the foundation of all religion are unspeakably precious to many minds no less enlightened than his own, if not exactly after his fashion of enlightenment. What such minds resent in his Address is not, what he seems to think, any free handling of old ideas, so far as they come legitimately within the range of science—but the constant insinuation that these new conceptions of science are at variance with the old truths of religion, or with the truths of a Personal God and of immortality. Dr Tyndall may be able to conceive of religion apart from these truths. He may or may not himself be a materialistic atheist. We are glad to see that he disavows the charge in the preface which he has published to his Address. We have certainly not made it against him. Nor is it, let us say, of consequence what Dr Tyndall's own views of religion are. This is a point quite beside the purpose. If he has, like other men, his "times of weakness and of doubt," and again his "times of strength and of conviction"—of healthier thought when the doctrine of "material atheism" seems to fall away from him

—this is his own concern. And we should deem it impertinent to obtrude upon either his darker or his brighter hours. *Sursum corda*, we might say to him, by way of brotherly encouragement, but nothing more. What we and the public have to do with are not Dr Tyndall's moods of mind, nor his personal creed, but his treatment of grave questions in the name of science. This treatment has appeared, in our judgment, open to grave comment. It has meddled with much that lay outside his province, and upon which science, following its only true methods, can never be able to pronounce, —suggesting what it has not proved, and leading, without excuse, the thoughts of his hearers towards absurd negations or equally absurd imaginations,—hanging out, in short, old rags of Democritism as if they were new flags of scientific triumph.

PESSIMISM

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PESSIMISM.

LEOPARDI, SCHOPENHAUER, HARTMANN.

NO part of education is more valuable and none more neglected than the history of human opinion. There are no doubt many histories of thought, as of things. The Germans have written innumerable wearisome compilations of this as of every branch of knowledge; yet generation after generation grows up with little or no conscious knowledge of the past—as if the world of thought, really worn out with use, were still an undiscovered country. There is something inevitable yet tragic in this illusion. Without it the life of speculation would expire. Men would cease to idealise. The baffled intellect, which now soars afresh with every new age of creative activity, would fold its wings in collapse and soar no more. Humanity would lose the higher light that now draws it onward towards the unknown, which it is never to reach. Withal it must be owned that the incessant returnings of the wheel of speculation in

the old grooves is a pitiful sight to the student of human thought, and that he often earnestly wishes that the revolutions would either cease, or advance along some new line. Especially he wishes that succeeding generations could be saved from the delusive conceit of having really entered on new paths while only treading, often with less capable steps, the old and worn-out paths of dead faiths and dead philosophies.

Few ages have been more prolific than our own in this resuscitation of forgotten modes of thought, or more disposed to cheat themselves with illusions of scientific, philosophic, or religious discovery while really following in ways that have been beaten hard with the steps of former travellers. The youthful and even the middle-aged minds of our time seem to catch many openings into new lines of truth. There is an eager quest in many directions after a higher wisdom, a more adequate philosophy of faith and duty, than satisfied our fathers. The traditionary bonds of religious opinion are loosened as hardly ever before, and men claim absolute freedom to think as they like, and mould their theories of life anew, under the impulses of the hour, and of the school to which they may have attached themselves. The unbeliever and the neo-believer of every shade are rampant, bursting with callow enthusiasm over their pet theories, as if they had at last found out the world's secret and were born to set it right. And strangely our most famous and ancient university has become a special nursery of this pseudo-philosophic excitement. "Modernism" in all its manifestations grows in Oxford as in a fertile soil, and the crudest theories of religious and philosophic revival have found there a favourite haunt. It is not

creditable to the philosophical discipline of Oxford that its younger minds in each new generation should go "shadow-hunting" to the extent they do, throwing up their caps after every supposed novelty of thought and even of literature as if it were an Avatâr from heaven. And all this is the more remarkable that Oxford itself is the least productive of philosophic schools. It repeats successive echoes with a loud noise, but it has originated no system, nor even started the fresh development of an old system.

Even the Neo-Catholic movement signalised by the great name of Newman was in no sense a movement of new thought. It awoke great enthusiasm; but it possessed no originality. It was a revival of patristic Catholicism—nothing more. It produced many remarkable men—men of genius, as writers, and preachers, and poets. It deepened and strengthened Christian and Church life, and spread a spirit of devotion, beautiful as it is earnest, through many an English parish. But it was in no sense a philosophical or scientific movement. It pointed backwards to a golden day long past, and in no degree forward to a new dawn.

But it is the state of our scientific or philosophic rather than of our religious atmosphere of which we are thinking at present. The widespread scientific materialism, for example, at which the present race of Oxford and Cambridge and Scotch students have caught, as if it were a new revelation by the grace of Professor Tyndall and others, is really nothing but the old atomism of Democritus. We might find even a more venerable lineage for it. The philosophy which lies at its basis has been expounded

over and over again, and in far clearer and better language than that even of its chief apostles in the present day, adepts as they are in the arts of lucid expression. Mr Huxley hardly ever leaves any doubt of his meaning; his thoughts go straight from his pen as well-pointed arrows. But in his recent exposition of Hume he has really added nothing to the philosophy of materialism beyond what that philosopher himself said 140 years ago. Lucid as the volume is, it throws little light on Hume's philosophical position, and fails to explain his relation to his predecessor Hutcheson, or the atmosphere of intellectual opinion out of which he and Hutcheson alike came. It is in the main an essay in favour of the empirical method, wanting both in historic insight, and the setting which would have come from a more distinct grasp of the characteristics of the time. This polemical note is an evil in all the writing of the Naturalistic Schools. One gets heartily wearied of it, and it is surely out of place in such a series as that to which Mr Huxley's 'Hume' belongs.

Again, with whatever freshness Mr Matthew Arnold may expound his system of 'Moral Idealism,' and his Dutch *collaborateurs* at Leyden may set forth their "Experience-theories" of religion, we have only to turn to the study of Confucius to see the same views exhibited with an elaborateness, a finish, and a consistency in comparison with which our modern moral idealists are but superficial thinkers. In the 'Analecta' of Confucius the idea of a religion based upon Righteousness apart from any Supreme Being or Supernatural Order is everywhere apparent. It pervades the 'Analecta' as an atmosphere. It comes out in the most striking and vivid sayings, which even the deli-

cate repetitory pen of Mr Arnold cannot rival. No one can cast from him more resolutely the metaphysics of theology than Confucius. No one ever made evident so much as he did that conduct is three-fourths of life. When one of his disciples asked him about death, he said: "While you do not know life, what can you learn about death?" Miracles and spiritual beings he would never talk about if he could help it. "While you are not able to serve men," he would say to the metaphysically minded of his disciples, "how can you serve spirits?" "But ponder righteousness and practise virtue. . . . Knowledge, magnanimity, and energy are universally binding." "Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness constitute perfect virtue." "If there be really a heaven and hell, they were in existence when the earth was produced. But *we know nothing about them.* It is of no use to speak of these things to the unlearned, for even the learned understand them but little." Are not these voices of Agnosticism all around us, as if they were something new? And yet they come as far-off echoes from the "teacher of ten thousand ages," as his disciples delighted to call him, "the most holy, prescient sage Confucius."

And now finally there comes an old and worn-out cry of Pessimism, transferred from the banks of the Ganges to the banks of the Spree, and caught up, as such cries always are in England, after they have begun their course, and even wellnigh run it, in Germany. Of all our modern revivals there is no one certainly such a pure repetition as this is of Pessimism. It repeats not merely the tones, but the systematised principles, of Buddhism. If it has any

novelty at all, it is simply in the fact that the spent dreams of the East have reappeared in the West; and that an attempt has been made—a very ineffective, clumsy, and inconsistent attempt, as we believe—to give to dreams as old as civilised humanity something of a scientific basis in connection with the previous developments of the speculative spirit in Germany.

"What a strange apparition," as M. Caro says, "is this revival of Buddhistic Pessimism in the heart of Prussia! That three hundred millions of Asiatics should drink, in long draughts, the opium of these fatal doctrines, which enervate and stupefy the will, is extraordinary enough. But that an energetic and disciplined race so strongly constituted for knowledge and for action, at once so practical, roughly calculating, warlike, and hard—that a nation formed of such robust and vivacious elements should have given a triumphant welcome to those theories of despair taught by Schopenhauer—that a system of military optimism should have adopted with a kind of enthusiasm the defence of death and annihilation,—all this seems at first inexplicable. Nor is it Germany only, but Italy also, which led the way with its great poet of Pessimism, Leopardi: France has followed in some measure, and the same sinister influence has spread amongst the Slavic nationalities. Witness the frightful propagandism of Nihilism which, not without reason, has struck terror into the authorities of Russia, and diffused throughout the country a spirit of shameless negation and cold immorality. Witness, above all, the monstrous sect of the Skopsy, who have made a religion out of a degrading practice of

the Oriental harems, and materialised asceticism to a surgical art, proclaiming the worthlessness of life and the blessing of destroying it at its source. This," he adds, "the most debased form of Pessimism, is at the same time the most logical, and indicates with emphatic plainness the necessary tendency of a system which must become brutal in all grosser natures, however it may amuse lighter spirits or inspire them with useless elegies or elegant and trifling sentimentalities." [1]

Both Mr Sully and M. Caro, in their respective volumes,[2] give a sketch of the antiquity of Pessimism as shown in the literature of almost all countries. Although the national religion of the Hebrews was optimistic in a high degree, there is also a Pessimistic strain in such scriptures as the Book of Job, and Ecclesiastes. Job may be pronounced the first Pessimist when he cursed the day of his birth. "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which was said, There is a man child conceived." . . . "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." The words of the Preacher in Ecclesiastes are deeply tinged with Pessimism. Life is "hateful," and all that is wrought under the sun only "vanity and vexation of spirit." But the lights of a vivid and joyful life also shine forth from the darkened background drawn by the Preacher's pencil; and the general strain of the Hebrew literature, it must be admitted, is highly optimist. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." "Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad." In Greek and Roman

[1] We translate the spirit rather than the letter of the concluding paragraph of M. Caro's first chapter.

[2] See Authorities, p. 168.

antiquity there is at times a deep vein of Pessimism, especially in the Greek drama and the later Roman literature. Hesiod says: "The land and the sea are full of evils."[1] Even Homer, with all his bright-heartedness, can say: "There is nothing whatever more wretched than man."[2] The very voice of Buddhism seems to speak in Theognis before it was heard in the streets of Benares: "It would be best for the children of the earth not to be born; . . . next best for them, when born, to pass the gates of Hades as soon as possible."[3] The same voice is heard with equal emphasis in a well-known passage of 'Œdipus Coloneus,'[4] and no less in Æschylus and Euripides. Professor Sellar, in his admirable volume on the 'Roman Poets of the Republic,' points out the affinity, and yet the contrast, between Lucretius and the Greek poetical philosopher Empedocles, of the fifth century B.C., in their despairing and saddened view of life. "The burden and mystery of the world," he says, "weighs heavily on each of them, and moulds their language to a deep monotonous solemnity of tone." But the mournful tone of the one is "the voice of the intellectual spirit baffled in its eager desire to comprehend the whole." Lucretius, on the other hand, "felt profoundly the real sorrows of the heart, and was weighed down by the ever-present consciousness of the misery and wretchedness in the world."[5] The old Pessimistic tone underlies all the light-hearted Epicureanism of Horace, deepens as we descend the stream of Roman literature, till in Seneca it vents itself in such sayings as

[1] Opera et Dies, v. 101. [2] Ilias, xvii. 446. [3] Vv. 425-428.
[4] 1225 *et seq.* [5] Sellar's Roman Poets, p. 218.

that death is "the best invention of Nature."[1] Even the calm-minded Marcus Aurelius invites death not to delay his coming.[2]

It is needless to turn to the East for illustrations of the pessimistic spirit. It meets us everywhere in Indian and Persian poetry. In modern literature it is never far away. Shelley and Byron, and Heine and Lenau, and Lamartine, and, above all, Leopardi, have sung the miseries of existence in tones of pathetic despair which have run like a wail through our modern consciousness.

All this is intelligible enough. It is the function of the poet—nay, it is the function of literature—to touch every aspect of human life and give it fitting and powerful expression. The poet gives voice to all emotion without concerning himself with the balance of moral forces. It is a part of his sensitive inheritance to feel deeply the sadder moods of humanity—the "divine despairs" that haunt all our highest aspirations, our strangely mixed experience. It is the dowry of his genius, by song, picture, or drama, to make others share and sympathise with his moods. Whatever else there may be in life, there is in it a marvellous capacity of suffering—a veil of pathos clinging to the skirts of all its brightest joys. And the poet is the man to tell us this most forcibly, because he is the man who realises it most vividly. There has been no true poetry in any literature, however rich with the fulness of an overflowing gladness, which has not also been laden with tones of pathetic tenderness and a frequent burden of tragic woe. But, as M. Caro explains in the case of Byron and Chateaubriand particularly, this vein of subjective mournfulness or even

[1] Ad Marciam, c. x. [2] B. ix. iii.

of despairing cynicism is not rightly called pessimistic. It is the mere cry of personal feeling, the utterance of that rapture of misery, as of joy, which it is the fate of the poet to feel; and while inspiring his song with pangs, it may be, of unutterable grief or regret, it is yet really cherished by him as a precious possession. The sorrows of a poet like Byron are the luxury of his genius. He revels in them. They isolate him in lonely grandeur from his fellow-mortals. They make something, therefore, of the very joy and elevation of his position. But nothing can be further than this mood from a pessimistic theory of life, which not merely intensifies the suffering attached to all human sensibility, but turns the very substance and reality of all conscious life into suffering. The subjective evil which plays such a part in all poetry from the beginning is, after all, but an accident in the world. The essence of Pessimism is something different from this. It makes evil objective. It makes it the groundwork of life—not merely a shadow haunting its brightness, but the substance out of which it is wrought.

According to M. Caro, there is one and only one of the poets mentioned above who can be said to be a genuine Pessimist. Leopardi is more than a poet. He is also a philosopher. His thought is based not merely on his own personal experience of suffering, peculiar and aggravated as this was, but on a definite philosophy. And in his review of the subject, accordingly, M. Caro groups Leopardi along with Schopenhauer and Hartmann. He appeals in justification of this course to M. Aulard's volume,[1] and expresses his

[1] Essai sur les Idées Philosophiques, &c., de Leopardi. See list of Authorities, p. 168.

astonishment that this writer has not fully perceived the philosophic aim of Leopardi. M. Aulard admits that the Italian frequently speaks of his philosophy, but he professes to be unable to trace any coherence in it, or any desire on the part of its author to propagate a system. Strangely enough, Mr Gladstone has thought it worth while to republish a panegyric of Leopardi written nearly thirty years ago, full of admiration for the Hellenic genius and poetical power of the young Italian, but equally unconscious that Leopardi's whole system of thought was based on an absolute denial of the existence of God and the hopes of humanity. It is difficult to comprehend Mr Gladstone's strong sympathy with such a writer. The absence of system is no evidence, says M. Caro, of the absence of philosophy; and what, he exclaims, is the aim of any writer, poet, or philosopher, but to spread abroad his ideas, and with this view to express them with the most vigorous effect? "I greatly regret, therefore," he adds, "that M. Aulard, having suggested so interesting a problem, has not followed it out." This is the task which M. Caro himself takes up, on the basis of the interesting collection of documents supplied by his predecessor, but not utilised by him as he thinks they ought to have been. We cannot do better than follow, so far, the thread of M. Caro's exposition.

There is no reason to think that Leopardi knew anything of Schopenhauer or his philosophy, although it is singular that it was in the very year (1818) in which Schopenhauer set out for Italy, after the completion of his chief work, that Leopardi passed from his earlier state of Christian devoutness to his later of nihilistic despair. Schopenhauer, however, was un-

known as a writer even in Germany, till long after this time. But while Leopardi never heard of him or his book, it may be assumed as certain that Leopardi's poems were known to Schopenhauer. He mentions them at least once; and although he does not seem to have realised their significance, they may have touched his peculiar temper by their congenial gloom.

In 1818, Count Giacomo Leopardi was only twenty years of age, but he had already attained an unwonted distinction by his marvellous scholarship and genius. He had also thus early abandoned the faith of his youth. When only seventeen, he had written a species of apology for the Christian religion, under the form of an 'Essay on the Popular Errors of the Ancients.' He had also projected the composition of Christian hymns which should utter something of the burden of grief even then weighing upon his heart, the result partly of his health impaired by the ardour of his studies, as in the case of Pascal, and of a morbidly sensitive and sombre temperament. Some snatches of these hymns, which have been preserved, breathe in a Christian form the very notes of a despair which was soon to throw off all restraint. "Now I go from hope to hope," he cries, "erring every day, and forgetting Thee, although always deceived. A day will come when, having nowhere else to turn to, I shall place all my hope in death, and then I shall finally return to Thee." This day of grace was never to arrive in his case. Almost at the moment that the tears of his penitent misery fell upon the paper which contained the fragments of this hymn, the home of his early faith was for ever shattered around him.

Leopardi passed at once to a fierce and definite unbelief without any of those struggles in which less decisive souls plunge themselves, or any of those regrets which weaker or softer natures feel. He remained immovable in the solitude which he made for himself. Hardly a disdainful allusion to any hopes or fears of another world henceforth escapes him. There is no thought of God, not even of denying Him. The very name is avoided. When he is forced as a poet to allude to any supreme Principle, he speaks of Jupiter or Nature. Nature appears face to face with man, and is the only power which he interrogates as to the mysteries of this miserable life. Nor has Nature any answer to give. "I am the child of Destiny," she says, "and why or wherefore I am, neither you nor I can ever comprehend. The inexorable laws which bind us both are seen partially in the light; but their roots are buried in impenetrable darkness." With characteristic brusqueness, he compared the attitude of Nature with that of the mummies of Ruysch, resuscitated for a quarter of an hour. "They tell how they died. They are asked: 'And what follows death?' But the quarter of an hour has flown past, and the mummies are silent."

With Leopardi, as with Hartmann, there are three "stages of illusion" through which humanity passes. These stages exhaust every possible view of human happiness, and each is found out in turn as a hollow deception. They may be described severally—1st, as the stage of individual development, in which man seeks happiness by the free use of all his faculties of sense and intellect, by the cultivation of science and art, of emotion and virtue; 2d, the stage of Christian

piety, in which the thought of happiness is transferred to the future, and the failures of the present life become transmuted into a transcendent glory in the life to come; and 3d, the stage of industrial and social development, when human society through the sacrifices and labours of successive generations, by the discoveries of science, and the appliances of industry, and the progress of political and social reforms, is to become a new order in which poverty and crime and suffering shall disappear. This is the religion of humanity, the dream of certain amiable enthusiasts, but a dream baseless and delusive as the others. It never comes to anything. Nature has no answer of encouragement to the human dreamer. No voice ever reaches him from a higher world. He sends his cry into mere emptiness. It is the mere broken echoes of his own heart that speak to him of higher hopes and fears. The echoes come like the sound of the sea in the convoluted shell when placed to the ear; but, like the sound born within the shell, they merely cheat the heart by a self-made response.

The supposed blessings of science and art, of patriotism and love, of heroic action and passion, are especially illusive. They have no substantive worth. They leave no permanent good. Dante, Tasso, Alfieri—for what have they laboured? To what have their efforts come? Some have ended by no longer believing in their country. Others have been wrecked in a senseless struggle. Dante himself—what has he done? He preferred hell to earth, so odious did earth become to him. "Hell!" exclaims Leopardi; "and what region, in effect, is not better than ours? And yet less intolerable are the evils which we suffer than the *ennui* which chokes us. O happy one to whom life was weeping!"

Like Hartmann also, Leopardi is especially bitter over the miserable disappointments of literary fame, after which he yet ardently aspired. "No one," says Hartmann, "can deny that it costs much to produce a great work. Genius does not fall full-formed from heaven. The study which is necessary to ripen the fruits of meditation is painful and fatiguing, relieved only by the rare pleasure which comes from the consciousness of difficulty overcome and of expectation yet to be realised. When one has set himself to produce anything at the cost of long preparation, his only really happy moments are those of first conception. No sooner does he begin the task of composition than the struggle arises between the idea and the form of expression. And if the desire to complete what he has begun, if ambition or the love of reputation did not goad the author,—if, finally, the yawning spectre of *ennui* did not erect itself behind indolence,—the pleasure of production would never suffice to overcome the fatigues. Then there are the critics, envious and indifferent,—and the public so Philistine and incompetent. How few men, may we not say, are in any way accessible to the real pleasures of art or science!"[1] In the same vein Leopardi asks, "What is a great name? A name which often represents nothing. The idea of the good is constantly changing. And as for scientific works, they soon become stale and are forgotten. The most middling mathematicians of our day know more than Galileo or Newton. Glory is a shadow, and genius, of which it is the only recompense, is but a mournful gift to its possessor."

Elsewhere he launches into a diatribe against the

[1] Philosophie des Unbewussten, c. xiii. p. 702.

science and learning of the nineteenth century. It is an age of children, he says, and, like children, it wishes to be learned and profound at a stroke without serious work and preparation. Knowledge may be more diffused in our time, but it is more superficial. Savants are less numerous than they used to be. Where are there any truly learned, save perhaps in Germany? In Italy and in France science is only the science of results, of compilation. Books are written in less time than it takes to read them. Their cheapness is an index of their real value, and the time that they last is in proportion to the money that they cost. But do not all the newspapers speak of the glory of the age and the progress of the people? He faces the question in one of his Dialogues, and replies without hesitation that the progress of democracy is a decline and not an advance. Other ages had at least great men, if men in general were mediocre. But this is an age of nobodies, in which individuals are thrust to the front without greatness or the power of becoming great. "I can hardly," he says, in a climax of bitterness, "keep from smiling at the designs and the hopes of the men of my time. With all my soul I wish them success; but I envy neither them nor their descendants, nor those who may have long to live. . . . Neither the foolish nor the wise, nor the great nor the small, nor the weak nor the powerful, do I any longer envy. I envy only the dead, and with them alone would I change places."

A despair like this knew no bounds, and admitted of no remedy. "Human consciousness is itself a curse; and the brute and the plant are happier than man. The shepherd wandering on the Himalayas—condemned to eternal labour—takes the moon to wit-

ness that the beasts he keeps are happier than he is. They, at least, know not their misery. The broom that grows on the sides of Mount Vesuvius, unlike the villages that encircle its foot, is all unconscious of its doom. Some day it, too, will be buried beneath dust and ashes and the cruel power of subterranean fire; but at least it will perish without having raised its pride towards the stars, and is so much wiser and stronger than man that it has never believed itself immortal like him." What with Pascal is the glory of man with Leopardi is his shame. "Were the whole universe to crush him," said the former, "man is yet greater than the universe, because he *knows* that he dies. The universe *knows nothing*." This, says the Italian, is the very note of man's inferiority and misery, that he has thought without power. And the more civilisation advances the more will this misery of helpless consciousness fix itself on man. The more man adds to his sensibility and intelligence, the more he adds to his suffering. We cannot wonder that a despair like this mingled defiance with its wretchedness, and that in the "Bruto Minore" he should be found facing death with a reckless shout of indifference as to his name and his memory. "O miserable life! we are but the merest trifles. Nature is not troubled at our wounds, nor do the stars darken at the sight of human agony. Dying, I appeal not to the deaf kings of Olympus or Cocytus; to the contemptible earth; nor to night; nor to thee, O last ray in the darkness of death, the belief in a future state! Let the winds take my name and my memory."

A spirit so morbid as this, so passionate in its gloom, could only have been born of personal suffering,

both physical and mental. It is no mere philosophy that speaks in such sentences, and we cannot accept without reserve the philosophical explanation which both M. Caro and the author himself give of his pessimistic views of life. The former quotes a well-known letter which Leopardi wrote from Florence in 1832, in which he protests against his opinions being supposed due to his sufferings. "My opinions," he says, "have been always those which I have expressed in the 'Bruto Minore.' Led by my own inquiries to a despairing philosophy, I have not hesitated to embrace it entire. It is only the cowardice of men who require to be persuaded of the merit of existence which attributes my philosophical opinions to my special sufferings, and explains by my material circumstances what is alone due to my understanding. Before I die I wish to protest against this invention of weakness and vulgarity, and to pray my readers to employ themselves in refuting my observations and my reasonings rather than in accusing my maladies." It may be well, in virtue of such words, to rank Leopardi with Schopenhauer and Hartmann as a formal expositor of Pessimism. He himself evidently claimed such a title. But withal his Pessimism is very little of a reasoned system. His own suffering heart, notwithstanding all his protests, speaks far more powerfully in it than any strength of logic or of understanding. Behind his poetry, as with Shelley, there is no doubt a philosophy; but it is also, as with Shelley, a philosophy woven of his own intense emotions rather than of any rational insight or argument.

In other respects Leopardi's Pessimism is quite unlike the German systems of which it is the pre-

cursor. It rests on no metaphysical basis. It has nothing to say of the genesis of evil, nor yet of its possible cure. He traces it back to no principle, as we shall find both its German expounders do; nor does he work out any scheme for its annihilation, as they both elaborately attempt. He accepts evil as a fact, without making any effort to explain it. He opposes to it nothing but despair and contempt. "*Nostra vita che val?*" he asks, only to answer, "*Solo a spregiarla.*" "Our life, what is it worth but to despise it?"

In turning to his two German successors, we meet not with a different spirit, but with a more elaborate and reasoned aim. There is less of "divine despair," of the ineffable and wistful pathos that haunts alike the verse and prose of the Italian. The atmosphere is coarser—dense with the stale smoke of German metaphysics. But also it must be admitted that the philosophical problem of the mystery of evil is more definitely seized, and handled at least with more appearance of serious and systematic argument.

Schopenhauer's personal history was by no means so painful as Leopardi's, but it was in some respects very unhappy. Born of respectable and wealthy parents, he inherited, with some share of wealth, certain morbid tendencies which cannot, on any principle of right interpretation, be passed over in estimating his philosophy. His grandmother bore her husband an idiotic son, and herself became imbecile in her old age. His father was a man of gloomy temperament, and subject to violent outbursts of passion. In his later years he fancied himself the victim of pecuniary losses, and became so strange that when he met

with his death by falling from an attic window of his warehouse into the canal, his death was attributed by many to suicide. On the maternal side Schopenhauer inherited a nature more lively and versatile, but hardly more balanced. His mother was clever, attractive, and very fond of society, but by no means well educated, and full of wilfulness and love of excitement. She was married at nineteen to a man twenty years her senior, and on February 22, 1788, their son Arthur was born at Danzig, where his father and grandfather before him carried on a prosperous business. Both his parents delighted in travelling. They took their son with them on one of their lengthened journeys in Belgium, France, and Switzerland, and England, and while his parents made a trip to Scotland, Arthur was left at a school at Wimbledon when about sixteen years of age. It was at this time that he laid the foundation of his knowledge of English life and manners, and also contracted his fierce hatred of what he thought English bigotry, so often shown in his writings. He had evidently no ordinary measure of self-opinionativeness from the first. He wished to send to England, "to meet the Reverends, a missionary of reason, with the writings of Strauss in the one hand, and the 'Kritik' of Kant in the other."

On his father's death Schopenhauer tried for a time a commercial life, according to a promise which he had made. But he soon tired of this, and his mother yielded to his importunities to enter upon the career of a student. He studied at Göttingen and Berlin: at the latter of these universities he heard Fichte and Schleiermacher. He spent some time also at Weimar, where his mother had gone to reside, and here he had

an opportunity of meeting and admiring Goethe. He agreed, however, but ill with his mother, whose volatility and love of pleasure already repelled his gloomy temperament. After the terrible scenes in 1806 which followed the slaughter at Jena, his mother writes to him that she could tell him things that would make his hair stand on end; but she adds: "I refrain, for *I know how you love to brood over human misery in any case.*"

This is a glimpse into the heart of the youthful Pessimist well worth noting. Here is another still more unhappily characteristic. When he came to Weimar he did not live with his mother. She would not have him with her, and gives her reasons with a frankness as blunt as his own. If he got his gloom from his father, his mother was evidently capable of teaching him something of that direct and "relentless" style for which his admirers consider him remarkable. "I have always told you," she says, "it is difficult to live with you; and the better I get to know you, the more I feel this difficulty increase, *at least for me.* I will not hide it from you: so long as you are what you are, I would rather bear any sacrifice than consent to live with you. . . . Your ill-humour, your complaints of things inevitable, your sullen looks, the extraordinary opinions you utter like oracles none may presume to contradict—all this depresses me and troubles me without helping you. Your eternal quibbles, your laments over the stupid world and human misery, give me bad nights and unpleasant dreams."

This is a strange picture of mother and son; but the picture is not yet complete. When Schopenhauer published his first book, the treatise for which he re-

ceived from the University of Jena his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, he presented a copy to his mother. It bore the formidable title, 'On the Fourfold Root of the Doctrine of Adequate Cause' (Die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes zum zureichenden Grunde). His mother did not, or professed that she did not, understand what it meant. "The fourfold root!" she said; "oh! I suppose that is a book for apothecaries." In the meantime she herself had become an author, having published an account of her travels. He did not spare her in reply. "It will be sold, mother, when even the lumber-room will not contain a copy of your works." But she was equal to the occasion. "The whole edition of yours will still be on hand," she answered.

We dwell on such traits as these because they go deep into Schopenhauer's philosophy. It is all very well to claim that his philosophy be examined on its own merits. Let this be done by all means. But there never was a man whose thought was more the expression of his personality, from his youth upwards, than that of Schopenhauer. And his personality was far from beautiful. He was honest—strictly honest, no doubt—but his violence, rudeness, contradictoriness, and personal cowardice are as conspicuous as his honesty. He could not hear the postman's knock without trepidation. The slightest noise at night made him start and seize the pistols that always lay ready to his hand. He fled on the mere hint of infectious disease, and he carried with him a leathern drinking-cup, in case he should be poisoned or catch some malady from others. He was suspicious and distrustful. "It is safer trusting fear than faith,"

was one of his favourite quotations. His notes as to his property were never confided to the German language. His expenses were written in English, his business affairs in Greek or Latin. He hid bonds among old letters, and gold under his inkstand. His coupons were labelled "Arcana Medica."[1]

In a character like this, combined with a profound and meditative intellect, and a tendency described by himself to become possessed with an idea till he had followed it through all its windings and fairly run it down, Pessimism found a congenial soil. It sprang up as the natural growth both of his personal feeling and his scientific culture. No doubt, like Leopardi, he believed his system to be due to his understanding only, his superior penetration into the hollowness of all earthly good; but if the system got its form from his vigorous intellect, it was yet rooted in the fibres of his own gloomy and unhappy disposition. His cognition lay close to his feeling, and took from the latter its sombre and depressing hues, and the base cynicism with which he touched many of the sacred realities of life.

His *magnum opus* was published in 1819, when he had reached the age of thirty-one. It bears the now well-known title, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.' It fell, like Hume's famous 'Treatise of Human Nature' exactly eighty years before, "dead-born" from the press. And this want of appreciation greatly aggravated the author's unhappiness. He went to Italy, and made a long sojourn there. On his return he tried to gather around him pupils as a *privat-docent*

[1] These details are quoted almost verbatim from Miss Zimmern's 'Life,' an extremely readable little book.—1876.

in Berlin; but he was also doomed to failure in this effort. Hegel's influence was then all-predominant; and although Schopenhauer despised Hegel, and denounced his philosophy as "thoroughly worthless"—at once "nonsensical" in substance and "repulsive and disgusting" in diction—he was wholly unable to withdraw attention from it to his own speculations. Disgusted with all "chair philosophers," with women, and with Jews (who enjoyed a special share of his odium), he retired to Frankfort, and settled there as a confirmed recluse. By-and-by he published the second volume of his great work, and also some essays, one of which gained a prize bestowed by a Norwegian university, on the vexed question of the freedom of the will. But his writings still failed to attract any adequate attention. It was not till 1851, when he published his 'Parerga und Paralipomena,' that there was any general recognition of his literary and philosophical merits. The popular style of these essays at length brought to him some measure of fame. This helped to shed a wintry gleam of satisfaction on his old age. He died in 1860.

What then is Schopenhauer's philosophy? In other words, what is the intellectual basis of his Pessimism? It was his boast, in contrast to the "chair philosophers" of Berlin and elsewhere, that his thought was without obscurity, and that he could express himself directly and clearly; nor can his system be said to present any difficulty beyond that which always more or less lies in the interpretation of German philosophical nomenclature. The world is to him, in its primary essence, Will. This is the name which he gives to the one universal substance. To use his own

words, Will is "the innermost essence, the kernel of every individual thing, and equally so of the totality of existence. It appears in every blind force of nature; it manifests itself also in the deliberate action of man." This initiative statement is enough to show that the first business of the student of this modern philosophy is to unlearn the customary use of philosophical terms —to cast off the associations of phrases which may have become habitual with him. When he has done this in the case both of Schopenhauer and of Hartmann, he has gone a great way to overcome any difficulties which their philosophies involve. Hartmann, indeed, is a much harder writer than Schopenhauer. He falls back into the obscurities, "the repulsive and disgusting diction," of the older German philosophers, which the latter constantly reprobated. But both demand, preliminarily to their study, a complete freedom from the old presuppositions of philosophical nomenclature. Will, with both, is divorced from all moral or intelligential meaning. It is "movement" simply, or "force" in the most general sense. It is the ultimate and onward-moving spring of all things. "Instead of subsuming," as Mr Sully well says, "the notion Will under that of Force, as modern savants are wont to do, Schopenhauer reverses the process." The justification of this course is that we know nothing of physical forces apart from their phenomenal effects, whereas Will is known to us immediately in our self-consciousness. "By reducing the knowledge of Force to that of Will, we have reduced in fact something more unfamiliar to a thing infinitely better known—nay, more, to that which alone is known to us immediately and completely."[1]

[1] Die Welt, &c., vol. i. p. 135.

This Will is at first mere blind impulse awaking in the depths of eternity, in what manner is unknown, and pushing itself forward through all grades of inorganic, and then organic, and finally sentient and conscious existence. In man it attains to consciousness, and in the same moment necessarily realises itself as suffering already begun in the sphere of sentient existence. With the development of sentience suffering emerges, but as yet is rather felt than known. In the higher human consciousness it is fully developed as an inherent and necessary condition of all consciousness. Man only knows Will as a constant seeking, an effort to be other or more than it is, and the essence of all such effort is pain. To live—above all, to live consciously—is to will, and to will is to suffer. Effort is born of need. So long as there is need there is dissatisfaction, and dissatisfaction is suffering. Every effort involves fatigue; and even when need is satisfied, the satisfaction is found to be illusory and fleeting. New needs necessarily spring up out of the old, and new need is new suffering. Human life is only a struggle for existence with the certainty of being vanquished.

From this theory of Will two consequences arise: First, that all pleasure is negative; pain alone is positive, of the very essence of being. Secondly, that the higher the intelligent consciousness, the more sensibility there is to pain. The idea of human progress is therefore the most false and deluding of all human ideas. The more what is called civilisation advances, the more intimate and penetrating will become the mass of human wretchedness.

We have spoken, and necessarily spoken, in these

brief explanations, of Will as a motive power striving after continual self-development, and attaining such development in the ascending ranks of organic existence. It is impossible to avoid this mode of speech, and Schopenhauer himself constantly practises it. He speaks of the Will as a striving after manifestation and "the highest possible objectivation" in the higher forms of organic life and in consciousness. Yet Will in its true nature is with him purposeless, a mere blind struggling force without intellectual representation or prevision. "Absence of end," he says, "belongs to the nature of Will *per se*, which is an endless striving." Will as the ultimate cause or substance of the universe is "alogical." Intelligence or conscious purpose, so far from being a primary attribute of it, is only a phenomenon appearing in the course of its development. Will, in short, is the substratum or absolute principle of all existence—the *noumenon* — although it implies a contradiction of thought to use such an expression. Intelligence is merely one of the phenomenal forms in which Will manifests itself. And hence the title of his book, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.' "Will" is primary. "Vorstellung" or "conscious representation" is only secondary or tertiary. True, to us the world is "Vorstellung." It is only as we conceive it or are conscious of it that the world has for us any existence. Schopenhauer boasted of starting directly from the subjective idealism of Kant and following it out. The whole school of "absolute" philosophy which had followed Kant was his special abomination. He can use no words too strong in condemnation of what he believes its folly and absurdity. "People

like Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel," he said, "should be shut out from the ranks of philosophers, as of yore the dealers and money-changers were cast out of the Temple." "Hegel's philosophy, instead of thoughts, contains mere words;" and for this reason he added that it was particularly suitable for a "chair philosophy," because "boys want words to copy and take home with them—they do not want thoughts." Again, a fitting motto for Hegel's writings would be Shakespeare's "Such stuff as madmen tongue, and brain not." [1]

This violent hostility to the contemporary philosophy of Germany is with Schopenhauer no mere expression of wounded vanity. He resented no doubt the fact of Hegel's class-room at Berlin being filled with enthusiastic students, while he vainly tried, in the years following his return from Rome (1820-22), to obtain an audience as a *privat-docent*. It was his nature to hate bitterly whatever came across his path or disturbed his colossal self-complacency. But the opposition between him and the reigning philosophical school was radical. It went to the very heart of his thinking. Hegel and his great contemporaries had at least this in common, that they sought, in the spirit of the Greek philosophy from the time of Anaxagoras, to enthrone *Reason* at the head of the universe. The world in its manifold activities was to each, whatever more special explanation he might give of it, a *rational* world, of which "consciousness" was not an accident, but the essence. One and all sought the solution of existence in some form of Reason; Schopenhauer sought it in *unreason*. It was his boast that he had brought back philosophy

[1] Cymbeline, act v. scene 4.

to the point at which it had gone astray in the hands of Anaxagoras, and that he had finally set reflection below instinct—intelligence below will. The latter is the substance of the world, the former merely one of its accidents. To quote M. Ribot's summary of this part of his doctrine: "Since Will is the centre of ourselves and of all things, we must give it the first rank. Truly speaking, intelligence is only a tertiary phenomenon. The first place belongs to the Will; the second to the organism, which is its immediate objectivation; the third to thought, which is a function of the brain, and consequently of the organism. Therefore one may say intelligence is the secondary phenomenon, the organisation the primary phenomenon. *The Will is metaphysical;* the *intelligence is physical:* the intelligence is the semblance, the Will the thing itself (the *Ding an sich*). In a still more metaphorical sense, Will is the substance of the man, intelligence the accident; Will is the matter, intelligence the form; Will is the heat, intelligence is the light."

It is needless to dwell further on such a philosophic principle. It has no special significance save in the audacity with which it is put forth. It certainly has no novelty save a novelty of nomenclature. It was something new to entitle the blind force which, according to Schopenhauer, is the root and substance of all things, as Will; but the conception of the world as in all its manifestations the expression of such a force is as old as philosophy itself. Not only so, but the very definitions of Schopenhauer by which he makes Will more particularly "a will to live," are but echoes of Indian thought, of which we know

from his note-books that he was an ardent student. Of the clearness, force, and, in a certain sense, originality, of Schopenhauer's intellect, there can be little question to any one who knows his writings. He was by no means the genius he believed himself to be, nor that his herd of admirers now believe him to be. But he had great brightness and life and vigour of thought. He was philosophical without being dull. The substance of his philosophy withal is as stale as can be. It is a mere graft from the Upanishads upon Kant—a species of modern Buddhism, neither more nor less, as he himself was ready to admit. This appears still more plainly when we turn to the ethical, which was the really prominent and important, aspect of his system.

As all is Will in nature and in man—as existence in all its forms comes of the blind irrepressible instinct to live—so life is necessarily in all its forms suffering. For it is of the essence of Will never to be satisfied, but to be still craving only for satisfaction. Will is striving, and striving is necessarily suffering. "All striving springs out of defect and discontent with its condition, is therefore suffering so long as it is not pacified." And as the spring of existence never relaxes, Will can never be effectually pacified. "No satisfaction is enduring; it is only the starting-point for a new striving." Life is thus doomed to ceaseless movement, and the impulse of the movement, as with the Buddhist, is "thirst." "Trishna," or "thirst," says the Buddhist, results in "grasping," and "grasping" issues in new "being." This is the doom of Karma which lies on all sentient being. The "will to live" irrepressibly stirring in all organic activity and pushing it forwards to ever new

developments of suffering is the same idea repeating itself in the nineteenth century. The suffering lies in the very nature of the development, as springing from constant unrest. There may be pleasure for a moment in satisfaction; but satisfaction immediately gives way to new desire; and it is the note of desire and not the note of satisfaction which repeats itself in life. Life is thus a prolonged pain.

But not only is pleasure momentary, while suffering is normal. Suffering is always positive, while pleasure is only negative. It never comes to us of itself or originally, but only as "the stilling of a wish." "Wish (that is, defect) is the antecedent emotion of all enjoyment. With pacification, however, the wish ceases, and so the enjoyment. Consequently satisfaction, or the state of happiness (*Beglückung*), can be nothing more than deliverance from a pain, from a need." Again, he says more particularly: "We feel pain, but not painlessness; we feel care, but not freedom from care; fear, but not security. We feel the wish, as we feel hunger and thirst; but as soon as it is fulfilled it is much the same as with the agreeable morsel which, the very moment it is swallowed, ceases to exist for our sensibility. We miss painfully our pleasures and joys as soon as they fail us; but pains are not immediately missed even when they leave us after tarrying long with us, but at most we remember them voluntarily by means of reflection. For only pain and want can be felt positively, and so announce themselves as something really present. Happiness, on the contrary, is simply negative. Accordingly, we do not appreciate the three greatest goods of life, health, youth, and freedom, so long as we possess them, but

only after we have lost them; for these *are only negations.*" [1]

The balance of life, therefore, is always towards suffering, not merely because of the unrest that lies in it essentially, but because pain is everywhere more substantive than pleasure. It touches us more directly; it leaves behind it nothing, while pleasure usually comes after pain, and vanishes with its coming, leaving a distinct sense of loss behind. "Sweet is pleasure after pain," said the great poet of cynicism. Such as the sweetness is, it is only in the nature of things for a moment, says the philosopher of Pessimism. The balance swings back immediately, and a new pain of desire springs out of the very bosom of the sweetness.

Life is thus a continual movement of unfulfilled desires, and when definite objects do not present themselves to the will's strivings the baffled impulse shows itself in the form of *ennui.* "*Ennui*" is no frivolity with Schopenhauer. "In the end it paints true despair upon the countenance." "Human life," he says, "oscillates between pain and *ennui*, which two states are indeed the ultimate elements of life." "As want is the scourge of the people, so is *ennui* that of the fashionable world."

As misery is thus the law of being, the higher the being the more the misery. From the lower species of animals to the vertebrates, and thence to man, the ratio of suffering is one of increase. "Man," he says, "is the most perfect objectivation of will, and is therefore the most needy of all beings; he is concrete, willing and needing through and through,

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 659, 660.

a concrete embodiment of a thousand needs." And the more highly developed man is, the more he suffers. The sensibility to pain increases instead of diminishes with civilisation. The "progress of intellect" is the progress of suffering, so that the world is tending upon the whole to become worse instead of better. Nothing is more alien to Schopenhauer than the optimism of modern progressists, positivist or otherwise. There is no hope for humanity in the future, any more than there is any reality of good in the past. The past with him is a mere "heavy and confused dream;" the future is only a painful repetition of it.

The one bright spot in human existence is the feeling for art. Here the mind emerges for a time "out of the endless stream of willing," and the object is held before us, not in its individuality, but as "a part of the universal reality." He expressed this more particularly by saying "that in a work of art we contemplate the pure (Platonic) idea;" and that the artist rises above himself into the region of pure, will-less knowledge. In the delight of the beautiful aspects of nature and art, the objects are beheld by us in pure objectivity, and give us hence a sense of rest which comes to us in no other manner. But this is only the transient experience of the few, and even in these few the art-endowment is allied with such an increase of intellectual sensibility as to expose its possessors to a greater amount of pain otherwise than is felt by duller minds.

Is there no ending, then, to all this course of misery? Does no light fall upon the darkened picture from any quarter? As in his view of life, so in his idea of the only salvation from its misery, Schopenhauer is a

Buddhist. He cannot be said to add anything to the old Oriental doctrine. As misery clings to desire, to the ceaseless operation of Will, so happiness can only come from the absolute negation of desire, the cessation of Will; and this, again, can only come, as with the Buddhist, through science, through knowledge rising to an "apprehension of universal ideas," of the world as a totality. This acts as a quietive to the Will. He speaks of the process sometimes as purely intellectual, as a reaction of the intellect on the Will, sometimes as mainly moral through the increase of a higher insight in the Will itself, in which it may be said to rise above its own blind impulsive nature, and accomplish, so to speak, its own abolition. This bearing of the subject is handled by Schopenhauer not without a certain ethical fervour. He dwells especially on the effects of love and pity in liberating the Will from the bondage of its own selfishness—the principle of individuality which, with him as with Buddha, is the veil of Maia to be torn away. Love and pity are the most powerful factors by which the individual is carried out of himself, and the essential unity of all sentient existence discerned. Both serve to reveal the infinite sadness of human life, the emptiness of individual aims, and so pass directly into a denial of "the will to live." They foster *asceticism*, which had a great attraction for Schopenhauer, although he was no ascetic himself. "I preach sanctity," he said, "but I am myself no saint." Asceticism, however, was his highest ideal. The ascetic was even before the artist. "When a man," he says, "through the power of love and pity, ceases to draw an egoistic distinction between himself and others, and takes as much part in their

sorrows as his own, he enters into the meaning of the whole, seizes its being, acknowledges the nullity of all struggle, and his cognition becomes the quietus of will. Will now turns away from life; man attains to the state of voluntary renunciation, to resignation, negation of the will to live. The phenomenon by which this is shown is the transition from virtue to asceticism." And so the practical upshot of Schopenhauerism, if it can be said to have a practical upshot at all, is the same as Buddhism no less than its beginning. Commencing in desire, it ends in the negation of all desire through science and virtue. But the modern system is inferior in every respect to the ancient, as the character of the Frankfort Pessimist was to that of the Enlightened one who, more than two thousand years ago, preached the same doctrine in the streets of Benares. We cannot even allow that there is any advance in the philosophy of modern Pessimism. It may be more clearly formulated than the philosophy of the Buddha, and may borrow a certain coherence from the generalisations of modern thought which have been worked into the system by the author; but it is in no respect more profound or thorough-going; and, so far as the ethics of the two systems are concerned, Buddhism stands on an infinitely higher platform. Its "noble path" is a higher guide to conduct and the bliss of negation than anything sketched by Schopenhauer. The Pessimism of the latter, making every allowance for what is ethically good in it, reflects everywhere his own harsh and unamiable character, the cynicism, half humorous and half dismal, in which he spent his life; and in one important particular, the passion of love, which we have not chosen to touch in these pages, may be

said to be frankly brutal like its author. The Pessimism of the great Oriental teacher, on the other hand, borrows everywhere a tender grace from his beautiful and loving character. The one is a Pessimism of pathos, the other a Pessimism of despair. The one is a religion of sorrow, the other a philosophy of ill-humour with the world.

To enter into any detailed criticism of the ethical details of such a system appears to us unnecessary. Even if its great postulate of "an enormous Will rushing constantly into life" were granted, there is hardly one of its ethical positions that could not be contradicted with far more force of reason than they are asserted. Suppose life to be a ceaseless effort, a continually irrepressible "will to live." It is a mere assumption to identify effort with pain, the movement of Will with suffering. It might be far more truly asserted that effort is enjoyment, and that every renewed spring of Will is a new source of pleasure. The latter assertion is far more consistent with experience than the other. If Will is the root of our being, then it is the law of our being. Our being is fitted to the spring that works it; and the incessant play of nature is an incessant source of satisfaction. It is only when this play is interfered with through defect of organism or the conflict of other wills that pain arises. But, as M. Caro says, these are consequences and not original characteristics of the action of Will.

"The effect in itself in a healthy organism is joy. It constitutes originally a pure and simple pleasure, that of the consciousness of life. Without this consciousness we should never be able to distinguish

ourselves from life around us. We should be lost in the onward continuity of being. Whatever pain may come from the abuse of our activity, we have no right to attribute this pain to the activity itself. An irresistible instinct carries man towards action, and through action towards some foreseen pleasure, or expected happiness, or imposed duty. This irresistible instinct is nothing else than the instinct of life itself; it explains and sums it up. In the very moment in which it develops the sentiment of being within us, it measures the true worth of being. The Pessimist school misconceives these rudimentary truths, and repeats in all tones that Will, from the moment it attains to consciousness, becomes a curse to itself, recognising in its consciousness only misery. Without exaggerating the other side or undervaluing the rigour of the laws under which human life proceeds, and the bitterness of the circumstances which often encompass it, we may oppose to this fantastic psychology a picture of an opposite kind far more true to experience —the picture, namely, of the pure joys which lie in a long-sustained effort in the face of obstacles towards a triumphant end, of an energy first mistress of itself and then mistress of life, whether in subduing the bad wills of men, or in triumphing over the difficulties of science or the resistance of art—of Work, in short, the true friend and consoler of man, which raises him above all his weaknesses, purifies and ennobles him, saves him from vulgar temptation, and helps him to bear his burden through days of sadness, and before which even the deepest griefs give way for a time. In reality, when it has overcome the first weariness and distaste it may inspire, Work itself, apart from all

results, is one of the most lively pleasures. To treat it, with the Pessimists, as an enemy, is to misconceive the very idea of pleasure. For the workman to see his work growing under his hand or in his thought, to identify himself with it, as Aristotle said (Ethic. iv. 7), whether it be the labourer with his harvest, or the architect with his house, or the sculptor with his statue, whether it be a poem or a book, it matters not. The joy of creation more than redeems all the pains of labour; and as the conscious labour against external obstacles is the first joy of awakening life, so the completed work is the most intense of pleasures, bringing to full birth in us the sense of personality, and consecrating our triumph, if only partial and momentary, over nature. Such is the true character of effort or Will in action; and here," M. Caro rightly adds, "we are at the very heart of Pessimism. As the action of Will is not only not identical with suffering, but the absolute condition of all life and knowledge, and as such the source of our highest pleasures, Pessimism has no ground in reason."[1]

But it is more than time to turn to the cognate system represented by the living name of Hartmann. It is a question with the school how far Hartmann is to be regarded as a disciple of Schopenhauer. He himself makes a claim to independent investigation; and a writer in a recent number of 'Mind' (Jan. 1879), under the name of "O. Plumacher," takes Mr Sully to task for classing him in this category along with Bahnsen and Frauenstädt. "Hartmann," says this writer, "is no more properly called a successor of Schopenhauer than of Hegel. All that can be said is, that

[1] Le Pessimisme, pp. 122-126.

as every vital system of philosophy must assimilate the main ideas of its predecessor, so Hartmann's is a higher synthesis of Schopenhauer's 'alogical' will and Hegel's logical idea as attributes of the unconscious spirit." This writer talks in a very magnificent way of Mr Sully's ignorance of his favourite philosopher, and appeals to certain later writings of his master in evidence of his distinctive philosophic claims. No one who has tried to read the most recent of all Hartmann's works, which appeared only last year—the first volume, namely, of his ethics, entitled 'The Phenomenology of the Moral Consciousness'—can well doubt Hartmann's claim to be reckoned a philosopher after the true German fashion. The obscurities both of his thought and language in this work are certainly entitled to place him on the true metaphysical level, although he still claims to write as a man of the world, and to address the unacademic reader. Here we must be content with considering Hartmann mainly in his connection with Schopenhauer, and as represented by his first work published in 1869. To endeavour to estimate his philosophy as a whole would lead us into an endless and fruitless field.

Hartmann is even less of a "chair philosopher" than Schopenhauer was. The son of a soldier in the Prussian army, he was trained as a soldier in the artillery department, in which his father was a captain. He has himself described his "course of development,"[1] and tells us that he was unhappy at school, and not particularly interested in classical studies, but that he was fond of mathematics and natural science. His

[1] "Mein Entwickelungsgang," in his 'Gesammelte Studien und Aufsätze.' Berlin, 1876.

chief pleasure, however, as a youth, was found in the perusal of English novels and the pursuit of music and painting, in both of which he attained considerable excellence. It is interesting to note how devoted to English literature both the Pessimist philosophers of Germany have been. Hartmann says he was repelled from a university career by the rawness and coarse vulgarity of student life, and that he finally decided on becoming a soldier because he believed that in that profession he would have the best chance of becoming "a whole man" (*ein ganzer Mann*). He joined a regiment of artillery in 1858, when he was sixteen years old (having been born in 1842), and seems to have found pleasure in his military instruction and duties. Evidently, however, he was born to be a philosopher more than a soldier. Already in his thirteenth year he had begun to note down philosophical doubts and aphorisms, and in his seventeenth year (1858), when he left the gymnasium, he composed his "first connected work," under the title of 'Reflections on the Mind,' in which he inclined, he says, to a "psychological determinism," and argued the question of immortality in the sense of a Pantheistic absorption of the individual into the Absolute Spirit. His philosophical studies were greatly advanced before 1863, in the course of which and the following year he wrote a multitude of smaller essays, and also three more serious philosophical studies, in one of which he specially deals with Schopenhauer's philosophy, with which he had become acquainted in the autumn of that year. A disorder in the knee interrupted his military duties, and finally forced him to abandon his profession and to throw himself entirely

into a philosophical career. His vanity, no less than his undoubted capacity, whispered to him that this was his true vocation. He believed himself, during the twenty-two years that he had lived, to have "triumphed over more errors, got rid of more prejudices, and seen through more illusions, than many cultivated men are allowed to do in their whole life."

The result of Hartmann's enforced leisure was the preparation of the 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' (Philosophie des Unbewussten), which he had already begun in 1864. He takes credit for his disinterestedness and love of inquiry in the composition of this work, as in all his philosophical labours. In writing it he obeyed merely his impulses to find the truth, irrespective of the praise or blame which his researches, when calling things by their right names, might call forth. Like Schopenhauer also, he congratulated himself on his freedom from the philosophical bias of the time. He wrote with no professional object, neither as "a means of gaining a professorship, nor as a confirmation of a professorial reputation, nor finally as a literary investment." He carried on his philosophical thinking in perfect independence of what he calls the *Zunft-Philosophie*, or "philosophy of the guild." His philosophy, in short, is, he believes, in a peculiar sense the product of his own thought, the expression of his inward calling to the philosophic life, the utterance of a burden which would otherwise have oppressed his soul. It was in the nature of things, he says, that the Pessimism of Schopenhauer should find numerous disciples; but his own philosophical stand-point is not to be adjusted to any external accident, and especially nothing could be more unjusti-

fiable than to attribute his Pessimism to any of the outward circumstances of his life. It is something at once more inward and more elevated, born in the depths of his own spirit, and destined to effect a reconciliation between the philosophy of Schopenhauer and the optimistic theories of human development. This is a somewhat free version of Hartmann's philosophic ambition from his own mouth; and we may say of him at least, that it is not his fault if the world remains insensible to his greatness as a philosopher.

By the year 1867 the 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' was finished; but it did not see the light till two years afterwards. It soon attained popularity, the copy before us being the fifth and improved edition, with the date of 1873, and a portrait of the author, a strong and bright-minded face, with a long carefully arranged beard and moustache, and a decided look of self-elation in the eyes. It is a bulky treatise of more than 800 pages, in the course of which the author elaborately discusses all the aspects of the "Unconscious," first in organic functions, and secondly in the human mind. In the third section of the work he treats, under the title of "The Metaphysics of the Unconscious," all the conditions and results flowing from the recognition of the "Unconscious" as the all-pervading power and substance of being. What the "alogical" Will is to Schopenhauer the "Unconscious" is to Hartmann—the staple of which the world is woven, or rather which weaves itself into the world. With him, as with Schopenhauer, nothing is at first more puzzling to the reader than the constant ascription of intention or conscious purpose to that which is, *ex hypothesi*, without intelli-

gence or design. The Unconscious is really an "organising Unconscious." The whole process of organic development is represented as being designed by the Unconscious. Nor is this a mere name for the forces of matter working endlessly onwards and clothing themselves in ever new forms. On the contrary, it is, as Mr Sully says, "a will enlightened by an intelligence which presides over these, which every now and then interferes with their action by introducing a new element"! The "Unconscious," in short, in Hartmann's hands becomes a species of deity. He himself recognises this, and in one of the chapters of the third part of his book (c. viii.) discusses the relation between his conception of the "Unconscious" and the God of Theism, the main difference being that the latter is supposed to work after the manner of a human artist "through discursive reflection," whereas the Unconscious moves from within in virtue of an immanent, indwelling teleological aim. His philosophy holds, he imagines, "the golden mean" between a Theism of this kind and mere materialism. No Theist certainly can be more devoted to teleology than Hartmann. It pervades his whole philosophy, and reappears with more force than ever in his new ethical work. It is the idea of "aim" or "end" in nature and life and history which, more than any other, is the key to his mode of thought, and the only solvent for the problem of existence. He professes in his latest work to make this idea—the idea of *zweck*—plain to the educated reader in the following manner: "The form of the application of the logical to the alogical is the form of the externalisation of the idea into reality or 'aim.' The 'aim' is the logical in its solicitation through the

alogical, or the idea, in its actuality as content, of a will blindly realising itself." It is to be hoped that the reader, educated or uneducated, is grateful for the explanation.[1]

It is the recognition of this principle of the logical idea in conflict with the "alogical" Will or the "Unconscious," which opens to Hartmann the prospect of a finale to this world of evil. To Schopenhauer, as to the Oriental Buddhist, the only gateway of relief is self-annihilation. But Hartmann, borrowing so far from Hegel, sees something of a rational meaning beneath all the alogical movement of the world. The world-process which comes into being through an utterly arbitrary act, of which he professes to give no explanation, is impregnated, so to speak, by the aim of returning into nothing, out of which it came. That there is such an aim pervading the world he holds beyond question, and that man is bound to further this aim by morality. The picture which he draws in his new work, astounding as it may be, really represents the pith and climax of all his philosophy—the picture of "humanity hurling back into nothing the world-process, arising in an absolutely capricious way—and accomplishing this by moral conduct"!

The attempt to seize, in some possibly intelligible form, Hartmann's system of thought, has led us away from its more purely pessimistic aspects; but these everywhere appear in minute detail in his writings. He argues the pessimistic conclusion *à priori* from the

[1] The same idea, expressed perhaps less obscurely, the reader will find in the 'Philosophie des Unbewussten,' pp. 755, 756, partly summarised and partly quoted by Mr Sully, p. 139.

nature of Will or the non-rational, unconscious impulse moving through all things—in this coinciding with and virtually repeating Schopenhauer. But he also argues the same conclusion far more at length *à posteriori* than his predecessor. He balances in a most detailed, if also in a very haphazard and confused manner, all the pains and pleasures of life (c. viii. 6), and, striking the balance, endeavours to show how greatly the former outweigh the latter. It would weary our readers beyond measure to go through his analysis. Suffice it to say, that he virtually adopts the bitter saying of Petrarch: "*Mille piacer non vagliono un tormento.*" Every form of pleasure is weak and transitory in comparison with its corresponding pain. Every disappointment of will makes itself felt; the relief which comes from satisfaction sometimes never rises into the sphere of consciousness. The latter at the best is momentary, the former may be indefinitely prolonged. According to him, a person would prefer "to have no sensation rather than to hear first all musical discords for five minutes, and afterwards a beautiful musical composition for the same interval."

Taking the two great instincts—hunger and love—which, according to Schiller, move the world in so far as this is not done by philosophy, he enters into an elaborate estimate of the balance of miseries which flow from them. The sufferings of hunger are infinite, and they prevail through a great part of the world, terminating in death or physical and mental deterioration. What, in comparison with such sufferings, is any pleasure to the individuals who are able to satiate their hunger? Of the other moving instinct

of nature he writes with hardly less coarseness than his predecessor. Seizing it entirely on the physical side, he allows its reality as a source of pleasure, but paints vividly all the inconveniences and evils which flow from it. After all the ill that has been said of love in all languages and literatures, and the savage humour of Schopenhauer on the subject, it might have been thought impossible to say anything about it original. But Hartmann, as M. Caro says, has succeeded "in grouping in one darkened mass all the miseries and deceptions of the heart. Not a ray of light falls upon the sombre picture."

These details of the preponderating misery of existence are specially drawn out in illustration of the first of the three stages of illusion already described from his pages. He does not deny that men naturally prize life, and love it. But this instinctive appreciation of life is merely an illusion with which man cheats himself. In order to show this, he sets on one hand all the possible advantages, and on the other the disadvantages, of life, such as health, youth, liberty, material comfort, hunger, love, friendship, family happiness, religious edification, immorality! enjoyment of science and art, sleeping, dreaming, envy, vexation, &c. We do not pretend to exhaust the classification. Well may Mr Sully (*pace* his critic in 'Mind') exclaim, What a classification! It makes no claim to either scientific accuracy or empirical comprehensiveness; but it enables the writer to wander hither and thither, and to dwell at will on all the dark spots in the picture. "Heap together," as Mr Sully says, "a number of the leading impulses and dominant circumstances of life," and make "the miscellaneous pile stand for

the whole." Then "bring into strong light all the evils and drawbacks," and "touch with the lightest hand possible the accompanying advantages (or, if they are not too palpable, pass them by altogether), sum up the results, and you have a balance in favour of pain."[1]

Against the possibility of a future life Hartmann argues at some length on his own principles;[2] but he reserves his chief sarcasms for the third and last stage of illusion. The world in itself is utterly hopeless. Even its material condition improves but slightly; the amount of wrong-doing and crime continues a fixed quantity, although veiling itself in more decent forms. If the art of healing advances, the forms of disease become more subtle and obscure. With the increase of intelligence there is an increase of sensibility; and pain in some new variety dogs every footstep of advancing civilisation. Science and art—astonishing as may seem the achievements of the former—are less and less the result of genius, and more and more that of mediocre minds, and of skill mechanically applied. They are, moreover, becoming less an enjoyment in themselves, and more a refreshment after weariness, or even an indulgence of intellectual pride or æsthetic vanity. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the world remains bad as ever. It is an old story, and was told long ago, and far more pathetically and by a better preacher than Hartmann: "All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and

[1] Sully's Pessimism, p. 239. [2] Pp. 715-728.

that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."[1]

The final lesson of these nihilistic teachers may be summed up in the words "Curse God [or Nature], and die." Such is the Satanic message they bring, like the mocking devils of old, to the Jobs and the Fausts of modern society. Nor do they shrink from the corollary of their frightful doctrine. On the contrary, they teach that the love of life is a superstition to be dispelled; that whosoever brings a human being into the world forges another link in the chain of suffering; and that the only consummation to be desired is the extinction of the human species and the annihilation of the race. "Childless thou art; childless remain," said Eve in her hour of despair: and this unnatural theme is developed by these teachers in prurient language with which we cannot pollute our pages. But their theory may be expressed in the words of the first Woman, brooding over her sin:—

> "Why stand we longer shivering under fears
> That show no end but death, and have the power
> Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing
> Destruction with destruction to destroy."[2]

Our readers are probably tired by this time of this old philosophy with a new face. We confess that, clever and self-confident as Hartmann is, he interests us, as a thinker, much less than Schopenhauer or Leopardi. In the two latter, and in the Italian particularly, there is the pathos of a morose fate haunting life. There is a cry of suffering—if it be often, in Schopenhauer's case, only the suffering of wounded self-esteem—in the writings of both. And this touch

[1] Ecclesiastes i. 8, 9. [2] Paradise Lost, x. 1003.

of feeling makes them akin with the sympathetic reader. Hartmann, with all his pretensions as an analyst of human misery, is really, as Mr Sully calls him, something of a "jaunty Junker," to whom Pessimism is a pastime in which he delights to employ himself. We believe without any reserve—or any regard to the complacent glimpse of his inner life to which he admits us at the close of his personal sketch—that his Pessimism is in no respect the result of his external circumstances. We should think more of him, perhaps, if it were. He has found "Pessimism" in the air, and he has made himself its expositor. He has drawn together the floating remains of the old metaphysical systems of Germany, especially of Hegelianism, and, combining these with the system of Schopenhauer and the generalisations of modern science, he has elaborated all of them, with a certain power of systematic thought, into his 'Philosophy of the Unconscious.' Germany will never want systematisers like Hartmann, and amidst the general decay of old beliefs and the prevailing political and social unhappiness of that country, the popularity of the Pessimistic philosophy is by no means so surprising a phenomenon as it may at first appear. It is only due to Hartmann also to say, that although a greatly inferior writer to Schopenhauer, he writes with a certain dash and stroke of power. He is prosy—what philosophic German is not?—and his sentences lumber along in many unnecessary clauses and strange combination of words; but, as Mr Sully says, he makes his style "concrete by the application of everyday language, the interspersion of humorous allusions among the highest abstractions;" and this, in the view of

the same critic, forms an attractive "bait" for a large class of readers in Germany, "which desires to add an easy acquaintance with philosophy to its other literary attainments."

Hartmann, like Lange and others in his own country, and unhappily like not a few writers at home, has another attraction for a considerable set of readers. He is full of what cannot be called else than the slang of that Modernism which has sprung up in the wake of exhausted creeds, and a stale revival of medieval and dogmatic extravagances in the Churches. He knows all about the origin of Christianity—whose "kindling glow," he graciously allows, "still beats in this extreme corner of the old world"—and about its primitive character as a pessimistic faith. He is the apostle of all those historic and scientific generalisations which sound so grandly in our day without explaining anything. He is the heir, in short, of all the vague theories and materialistic *persiflage* which have set aside the results of ancient wisdom and the modesties of ancient reverence. Here is the secret of much of his popularity in Germany, and the clue to the growth of a species of discipleship in this country. Even modern paganism must have its priests, and vacant altars must burn with fire of some kind. To the hosts of readers who have parted with the old Christian ideals, there is a craving for some scheme of thought—some ideals, however absurd and extravagant, to fill up the void. Writers like Hartmann are as missionaries to these forlorn souls. They give coherency to sceptical restlessness, and clothe nihilism in a semi-scientific and semi-poetic form which passes for something of a religion. Hartmann's "Uncon-

scious" is really little else than a new species of "*quasi*-Divine Providence" based on Nature, and working out, with the most ingenious contrivances, its own annihilation, travelling with what speed it may towards Nothing!

To any one at all acquainted with the spiritual and social state of Germany, the absolute void of faith which the overthrow of successive systems of philosophical or religious thought has left in the national consciousness, the rise of Pessimism is intelligible, however deplorable. It is merely a deepened phase of the materialistic spirit which has spread itself everywhere in that country, in reaction from the speculative extravagances of a former generation, and the failure of ideals which have crumbled into dust. It is impossible for the German intellect to rest content with the mere empiricism of materialistic science. Philosophy without metaphysic, morality without metaphysic, may satisfy other nations, or a large class of mind in France and England; but the German cannot even have Materialism without metaphysic. And the Pessimism of Hartmann, as of Schopenhauer, is nothing else than an attempt to find a metaphysical basis for modern Materialism.

But we must ask, ere we conclude, Is this the Germany which we loved and admired years ago, in the days of her intellectual glory? Are these the descendants of a long line of illustrious thinkers from Luther to Kant and Schelling? Are these the countrymen of Schiller, Jean Paul, F. Schlegel, and Novalis? Did Goethe in his greatest work only foreshadow this aberration of the human intellect? With rulers whose policy is "Blood and Iron," with

statesmen whose maxims of government are intolerant and reactionary, with a philosophy sunk in godless materialism, with a literature abandoned to blasphemy and licentiousness, with false conceptions of fundamental truths rampant amongst the people, neither military power nor extended education can avert the dangers which threaten the whole fabric of society. The acceptance which these wild theories of Schopenhauer and Hartmann have met with in Germany is a marvellous and appalling sign of the times: for we cannot conceive it possible that a nation should imbibe large draughts of this poison, and live. The French Revolution was preceded, in the last century, by a gorgeous vision of the perfectibility of mankind: is Germany to be convulsed by the horrid dream of its annihilation, and by repudiating all that dignifies human existence?

There never was anything more hopeless than this struggle of the modern mind to banish the idea of an absolute or metaphysical order from human thought. Mr Sully points out how ontology has exhausted the whole round of human principles and feelings in its successive attempts to find a Source of Being. He shows clearly enough how there is no difference in method between such attempts of speculation in our day and the old interpretation of Nature "as tenanted and inspired by an integral conscious Mind." But he misses the chief lesson of his own statement. The multiplicity of such attempts seems to him only to argue the folly of the method. Does it not more truly argue the essential reasonableness both of the method and of the old conclusion, which is acknowledged to be its highest result? He is good enough

to say: "If we must pursue this method at all, would it not be somewhat more rational to go back to the hypothesis of Theism, and provide ourselves with a Reality which is a concrete and complete conception?" He offers "this suggestion, whatever its worth, to modern apologists of Theism." We overlook the sneer in the truth of the suggestion. Mr Sully's study of Pessimism should have taught him more than he has learned from it. No study could well demonstrate more thoroughly the hollowness of that Sensationalism of which he is an expositor and advocate. If such a philosophy could satisfy man, Pessimism would not merely be bad metaphysics; it would be an insane and monstrous dream. But so ineradicably does the human mind cleave to some theory of Being, and not merely of Experience, that it takes up with the sad dream of Pessimism rather than grovel for ever in the conclusions of sense. We have no doubt whatever that when the Modern spirit has exhausted its searches in all directions, and seen how hollow are the successive theories which it would place in the room of the Divine Idea which has been the strength and consolation of man in all generations, it will return to this belief, not in mere cynicism or "apology," but as the only true light of the world—the faith which is at once most rational in itself, and which throws the brightest illumination of reason around the mysteries of existence.

MORALITY WITHOUT METAPHYSIC

Problèmes de Morale Sociale. Par M. Caro, de l'Académie Française.

"La Morale Indépendante." "Les Théories contemporaines sur le Droit naturel." "Le Droit de Punir."—"Le Progrès social." "La Destinée Humaine, d'après les nouvelles écoles scientifiques." Paris: 1876.

MORALITY WITHOUT METAPHYSIC.

IT is not uncommon for practical men to despise the power of ideas. Novelties of thought are regarded as the imaginations of clever men rather than as new forces launched into the world. Yet nothing is more certain than that it is ideas which govern the world, and that any change in the higher tides of thought soon begins to tell upon the lines of practical life, and to mould them anew into changed forms. The ways of the world, and the old modes of morality and religion, seem fixed from the ordinary point of view—and happily there is a powerful conservatism in all social conventions—yet, in point of fact, the most practical relations of human existence are undergoing sure if fitful modification, as the scope of men's thoughts alter in the higher regions of philosophical inquiry. This is the revenge which philosophy takes for its neglect by the common mind. By-and-by it changes the common mind to its own likeness. Ideas at first received with suspicion or even derision gradually gain ascendancy, and gravitate downwards from the higher to the lower levels of thought, till they begin to direct

and colour all the currents of life. Opinions which seemed mere speculative abstractions in an abstruse guise are found moving the world in a new pathway, and often changing its most familiar habits. Mere eccentricity of opinion passes away; but the power of thought always tells in the end.

It can hardly be doubted by any that our own time is one in which not merely new fancies, but new thoughts, are very active. The former will vanish and be forgotten, but the latter are evidently graving themselves deeply into the consciousness of the time, and working changes of the utmost consequence to society. Especially are these changes conspicuous in the modern attitude towards religion. The old idea of religion was in the main that of authoritative dogma, elaborately defining the unseen world and its bearings upon the present world. Certain definite notions of God and of the Future, and of the infallible character of certain books, which announced or contained the revelation of these notions, were generally accepted and acted upon. And even those who disputed the validity of such notions, like the Deists of last century, taught or held for the most part certain definite notions of their own, which they were prepared to substitute for the established and commonly accepted religion. They proclaimed a religion so far resting on the same principles as that which they opposed, however abbreviated in its substance. If they denied the especial doctrines of Christianity, such as the Trinity, and the Atonement, and the Divine authority of the Biblical books, they yet believed in God as the Creator and Preserver of the world; and that the Divine will, as discovered in Nature and Providence, was a rule for

His intelligent creatures. In short, the fundamental ideas of a Divine Author of Nature and of a Divine Providence of man still survived; and Butler, as is well known, constructed his famous work, 'The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature,' on the recognition of these ideas and the argumentative consequences which he supposed that they involved in favour of Christianity.

But the modern spirit of negation has advanced far beyond the stage of last century. Characteristically it is a different spirit, — and the difference perhaps cannot be better expressed than by the use of the word which it has become common to apply to it— viz., *Agnosticism*. Beyond the sphere of the present life and its varied experiences, nothing is recognised as known or surely existing. The cluster of experiences which make up life in its higher as well as its lower moments, is taken as *fact*, or an accumulation of *facts*, to be analysed, classified, and co-ordinated; but the old inferences drawn from these facts of a higher sphere of existence, in relation to which the facts are supposed to be alone intelligible, are repudiated as unauthorised. Dogmas transcending experience, and aiming to define for us the unseen world, are represented as mere guesses or conjectures, plausible or otherwise, but wholly incapable of verification, in the well-known phrase of modern scientific nomenclature. This mode of thought is now so common that it is hardly necessary to give examples of it. It is, as it is said, "in the air." All that belongs to the order of *experience* is fully admitted. All beyond is rejected or ignored. If a religion can be made out of the facts of experience, good and well. Let it be ad-

mitted also. But no words of ridicule are too strong for a religion founded upon the old metaphysical ideas of a Personal God, or of soul as distinct from its manifestations in the present world. This is the general and most characteristic idea lying at the root of modern unbelief. But the idea takes many forms; some of them highly dogmatical in their negation. While what is called "experience" is the stand-point of all, some content themselves with simply announcing this and leave religion aside altogether. Others are not satisfied till they have turned their doctrines of experience into a new religion. And here, again, there is a marked distinction betwixt those who set out from a cosmical, and others who set out from a specially human basis of experience—betwixt those, in short, who specially call themselves Positivists, and those who, for want of a better name, may be called Moralists.

The purely scientific position which leaves religion alone seems the most consistent of these modern negations. There is, we are told, an ascertainable cosmical order verifiable by science; and our business is to be satisfied with this order. "Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? . . . With a view to our duty in this life, it is necessary to be possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events. Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally as often as we like to try."[1] This is the most direct, as it seems the most downright and

[1] Professor Huxley's Lay Sermon "On the Physical Basis of Life."

honest, attitude of the materialistic school. The laws of nature and of life are verifiable. It is our business to know them and to submit to them; and further, to realise that our own volition is one of the collective elements of nature, which it is our duty to make to tell on the right side, in the incessant play of cosmical law of which we are a part. This alone is genuine Positivism, unsatisfactory as it is to the advocates of what is known as the Positive Religion. It is, at the same time, the only genuine Agnosticism. If the *Agnostic* attitude has any force at all, it has an absolute force. It shuts up the door, if not of religious sentiment, yet of religious worship altogether. It is a mere impertinence of morbid intellectualism to tell man, on the one hand, that there is no Being superior to himself, and, on the other hand, that his highest instinct is that of worship. If we believe that there is no God, the honest thing is to say so, and to be done with the idea of worship altogether. Something bearing the name of *religion* may survive, but anything of the name of religious worship is a ghastly mockery, where the worshipper not only offers the incense, but is himself the object to whom he offers it.

The position of the ethical school of experience is more interesting, if not more consistent. Equally with the mere physicist and the Comtist, this school ignores and despises all metaphysic; but it is from the study of human life and conduct, rather than from the facts or laws of the cosmos, that it draws its code of experience. It advocates strongly the reality of moral phenomena and the value and beauty of all the higher aspects of life. It would be doing injustice to this school not to recognise how far it rises above mere

materialism. Like its congeners, it will have nothing to say to ultimate questions. But the facts of moral experience are to it greater than all other facts. Human life in all its sublimities of emotion and heroism of conduct is no less a part of the world than any of the lower mechanical laws that environ and control this life. These sublimities may be nothing more than wonderful transformations of mechanical law—probably they are nothing more; but here they are at least, and they are to be taken into account no less than lower facts. Nay, they are the distinctive facts of humanity; and religion—the only religion of which man is rationally capable—consists in their recognition. It is not a conclusion drawn from the facts; it is the knowledge of the facts themselves. Of God Himself, what He is, or whether He is at all, we can never know anything. But the Divine is revealed to us in these higher moments of life. The Ideal, all the Ideal we can ever know, consists in them. And the true atheist is not the man who denies the existence of God, but the reality of this moral Ideal revealed in experience. "Theologians with metaphysical heads" make this Ideal self-existent. God is with them a Supreme Person who claims and is worthy of adoration. But experience knows nothing of a Supreme Person or Great First Cause. "All these fancies come from an excessive turn for reasoning and a neglect of observing man's actual course of thinking and way of using words."[1] The only safety is in keeping close to experience. Metaphysic may be good or bad in its own place, but it has nothing to do with religion or

[1] Arnold's Literature and Dogma, p. 33.

morality. Religion is not even a "theory of life, but only a mode of directing it practically." "This can stand on its own feet—it has no need of theories which, after all, are not the parents of religion but its children, which have been invented to account for a thing that existed before them, and can quite well continue to exist without them. Reasoning (or 'metaphysical reflection') can do nothing to increase the reality and authority of the experiences from which religion springs; they are original, and suffice for themselves."[1]

Nothing, perhaps, is more curious amongst the diverse phases of modern unbelief than the appearance of this ethical school of experience, of which Matthew Arnold is the chief representative amongst ourselves, and which has been set forth with something of systematic completeness by a new school of divines in Holland. The watchword of both alike, as of the more purely scientific schools, is "religion and morality without metaphysic." The importance of religion is admitted; the value of morality strongly asserted. But metaphysic is mere moonshine, or at least is so vague, shadowy, and contradictory in its principles as to be beyond all practical bearing on human life. It contains no single proposition in which all philosophers agree, or which has even a manifest balance of authority in its favour.[2] Religious authority and moral unity must, therefore, be sought for in some other direction—and the only line in which any certainty has hitherto been found is in

[1] We quote this pointed statement from an account of the ethical theory of experience, 'De Ethische Richting,' of the modern Dutch school of divines, given in the Appendix to 'Lectures on the Christian Doctrine of Sin,' p. 208. Blackwood: 1876.

[2] "An Agnostic Apology"—Fortnightly Review, June 1, 1876.

that of the sciences of experience. We know what we can experimentally verify, and nothing else.

There is no one acquainted with the history of thought who can fail to realise how grave is the question which has thus again been raised on a deeper and wider basis than ever before. The authority of religion in almost every historic form has been the authority of an unseen Power—a Living Will—capable of rewarding the good and punishing the wicked. Moral unity has been sought in the acts of this Will made known in some definite law or revelation. It has been, in short, a Power above nature, or a metaphysical Power, ruling in the realms of the unseen as well as of the seen, which has formed the basis both of morals and religion. It has been the awe of this Power addressing the human spirit which has been the chief factor or moving spring of human conduct. It involves, therefore, nothing less than a revolution of thought to banish from knowledge the idea of such a Power, and to substitute for it any mere generalisation of experience, whether in the form of cosmical Law or of an ideal and glorified Humanity. We are aware that the religious Positivist professes so little to banish this idea, in his sense of it, that he makes it the pivot of his so-called religion. According to Comte himself, "Religion must, in the first instance, place the man under the influence of some external Power possessed of superiority so irresistible as to leave no sort of uncertainty about it."[1] But this is merely one of those tricks of devout nomenclature of which the positive religion furnishes so many examples—a piece

[1] Comte's Positive Polity, quoted by Mr Harrison, Contemporary Review, November 1875.

of the cast-off clothes of Catholicism, in which it delights to array itself, to the astonishment of all sane minds. The "Eternal Power" of Comte is merely, in his own peculiar language, "the full development of that primary notion of sound biology—the necessary subordination of every organism to the environment in which it is placed." It is the enthronement of Circumstance, in short, at the head of the universe —something as unlike the Supreme Will or Person of historical religion as anything can be. It is a mockery at once mournful and ludicrous to use the old language of religion to dignify such dreams of an insane materialism. If there is no living Intelligence above man, the Author of his being and the Guide of his life, then let the old language be banished, and let man realise that he is the creature of circumstance —of the adaptation of organism to environment, without playing, however eloquently, with the dead words of the ancient faith, and putting on for display its worn-out garments.

It is undeniable that the great basis both of religion and morals has hitherto been among historic nations the recognition of some conscious Intelligence at the head of the universe, whose mind and will, however made known, was the only true light of human thought and guide of human conduct. The idea of such an Intelligence is a metaphysical idea and nothing else. It presupposes a sphere beyond the physical — beyond all that is the mere product of natural causes of whatever kind. Verifiable or not, rational or not—this is the catholic idea of God, and it is a real abuse of sense and language to use the word in any other meaning.

It is the aim of our modern schools, one and all, to blot out this meaning, and to substitute for it some mere generalisation of facts around us or within us—a generalisation which, differing as it does in different schools, is in this respect the same in all, that it has not and cannot have any conscious personal relation to man. Religion, whatever be its particular form, is to be sought outside the region of personal communion of spirit with spirit; and morality is to be sought not in the recognition of a Higher Will controlling our wills, but in a consensus of experiences elaborated and organised by science. It is confessed that a scientific system of morals is still in its rudiments. "Exact definitions are not to be looked for." It is still only the day of small things in this difficult region of inquiry. But the principle that science in the same sense in which there is a science of chemistry or physiology must be our only guide also in morality, is laid down without any hesitation. No distinction of sphere is allowed in passing from the phenomena of nature to the phenomena of will. However refractory these latter phenomena, they can only be considered as the last transformation of the great natural forces of light, and heat, and electricity passing through the mysterious involvements of the human nervous system. Conscience merely makes the last step in the upward evolution. It has no independent reality, no distinct laws. It falls with all that depends upon it under the empire of force which rules all nature. Freewill vanishes as a dream, and the moral world in its true aspect is merely the last form and highest potency of the cosmical system.

According to M. Caro, from whom we summarise

these latter sentences, a slow but irresistible change is proceeding under the influence of these ideas. By a show of scientific arguments little to the purpose, the human conscience appears to him weakened, and yielding to a crisis the results of which no one can foresee. To this he attributes the source of so many paradoxes which by-and-by come to be assumed as acquired truths. Facts are elevated to the height of principles. Ideas of might outweigh those of right. Numbers are reckoned the final reason of things and only organ of justice. Moral responsibility is denied, and the right of punishment esteemed a social usurpation. Religious sanction is taken away from duty as the last idolatry, and progress reduced to a fatal system of evolution, interpreted in a purely industrial sense. Human destiny is only the amelioration of the species. No other or higher prospect awaits man emancipated from the chimera of an unseen world and a future spiritual existence.

It is the aim of M. Caro, in the volume prefixed, to study, as he says, this invading movement of physical science into the domain of the moral sciences, and especially of social morality; and we propose for a little space to follow M. Caro in his studies.

Our author first explains very clearly the pretensions of a science of "independent morality." In France, as with ourselves, these pretensions are loud-voiced. All novelties of thought in our time there, as here, are rapidly transferred from the schools to the world. The crudest guesses of scientific men, who in many of these guesses show anything but a scientific spirit, pass directly into the popular lecture-room and the *salons* of society, and so become fashionable.

Many who ventilate them really know nothing about them. But as it was once the fashion to be orthodox, so now it is the fashion to be heterodox and run into all sorts of extremes. To really thoughtful men there are few things more intolerable than this modern chatter of drawing-rooms over the audacities of an irreverent speculation. M. Caro has evidently suffered from this as many have done. Hundreds, he says, whose opinions are of no scientific value, have given a temporary vogue to the so-called scientific theory of morals. The programme of the theory is thus expounded by him in the mouths of its advocates. "What really divides men, they say, is the fury of dogmatising about objects which are really inaccessible and chimerical. It is morality which alone can unite men, but on one condition, that it be emancipated from all religious and metaphysical belief. This alone will give an immovable and catholic basis of morals—that its principles be sought not in systems, but in the natural conscience. Then Jew, Christian, and Mahomedan will cease to have each his own ideas of morality, and to stifle the voice of nature under a host of religious prejudices. Ethics separated from all foreign conceptions will become a science in the same sense as any of the exact or physical sciences. Once placed on the same foundations as geometry, it will attain to the same definiteness. A Positivist, an Atheist, a Spiritualist, notwithstanding the divergence of their philosophical notions, may have the same conception of right and duty as they have of number and space. Let this conception be fixed, and it will become the gage of peace amongst contending factions. Let the sphere of contradictions be abandoned, and a

neutral sphere of morality common to all be recognised. This will prove the inviolable sanctuary of conscience, the refuge of humanity weary of barren struggles, and eager for light and peace." [1]

The dream is a fair one. It is our business to inquire how far it is capable of realisation. Is it really possible to establish an ethical theory apart from all metaphysical preconception as to the origin and destiny of man? Is there any complete parallel between a science of ethics and a science of geometry? This is the task to which M. Caro addresses himself. But before entering upon it he interposes a digression, with the view of showing more clearly that the real novelty of this modern doctrine is not the proposed separation of morality from religion, but of morality as well as religion from metaphysic. In his own country, as he thinks, the popularity of the theory is greatly derived from its supposed anti-theological bias. Any attack upon the Church or the prevailing theology rapidly draws to itself numerous supporters; and it is this presumed bearing of the theory which gives it in France its chief element of popularity. But this is not really the original or most important element in the theory, as he shows at considerable length. The attempt to construct a system of moral philosophy apart from theology, so far from being a novelty, has been frequently made from the time of Socrates downwards. Even in the Middle Ages, when theology seemed to absorb the whole sphere of knowledge and to leave no place for the development of any independent science, it is by no means rare to meet with the most formal assertions of an innate and essential mor-

[1] Pp. 10, 11.

ality. In grand words, which recall the finest accents of Cicero, Thomas Aquinas celebrates that natural law of truth in which all men share. And since the commencement of the eighteenth century, ethics, or a theory of natural virtues and social relations, has taken a definite place amongst the philosophic sciences. None in the present day, save the most extreme theological bigots, would deny the validity of such a science. The essential novelty of the modern school does not consist, therefore, in the separation of morality and religion, but in the attempt "to separate moral science from the other philosophical sciences, and to make it a science by itself, abstracted from all metaphysic or any element derived from the pure reason — to make it, in short, a positive science like geometry or mechanics, and establish it on a basis of pure experience." This is the special note of the modern school. It proposes to have done with all philosophical no less than all religious dogmatism, and no more to find the idea of God at the summit than at the base of its moral doctrine. Every conception of a metaphysical order or of rational origin is to be proscribed. And this is not only to raise a question grave in itself, but to advance to a point without precedent in the history of philosophy.

M. Caro is at some pains to make good his point as to the absolute novelty of this position. It finds no precedent in the ethical stand-point of Aristotle, or of the Stoics, or of Kant, although all these names had been invoked in its behalf. "The ethics of Aristotle rests upon his psychology, and his psychology itself is intimately connected with his whole system of philosophy. His treatise on 'The Soul' is unintelligible to

those who have not penetrated to the general principles of his 'Physics' and 'Metaphysics.' Besides, who does not know that the 'end' is everything in the Aristotelian theory of ethics, that this 'end' is identical with the good, and that the good only completes itself in the act *par excellence* which achieves our likeness to God, and leads us back by different ways to the transcendent principle of the Platonic morals, the Ὁμοίωσις τῷ Θεῷ?" And so, in like manner, he has little difficulty in explaining that the stoical principle of *living according to nature* was really to live according to the Divine order exhibited in nature and revealed in reason. As to Kant, what moralist is more lofty in his aspiration or more severe in his principles—more rigorously scientific, and therefore more independent in the true sense of the word? And yet none is so opposed to the modern school, in his clear recognition of the moral law and the authority of reason. Whereas the principle of this school is entirely empirical, that of Kant is entirely rational. In the great systems of German philosophy which he initiated, the religious idea is everywhere the indispensable crown of morality. The conception of God, if it does not lie at the root of these systems, yet always stands at their summit. And in the ethics of Kant especially, this with the great cognate conceptions of Immortality and Law place the stand-point of this great moral philosopher at the very antipodes of that of the modern school, to whom the unknowableness of God and of the Future is the condition of all disinterested action. The only points they have in common are certain formulas about the respect due to the liberty and the rights of the individual. But both

in principles and in method they present a radical divergence.

The real founder of the modern school in France, according to our author, is M. Proudhon, in his famous book on 'Justice in the Revolution and in the Church.' Here the fundamental propositions of the school were laid down and worked out with the logical severity characteristic of the writer. The Church having failed in its great mission of founding a kingdom of righteousness, it belonged to the Revolution to accomplish this task; and for this purpose it commenced with the negation of the old ideas of religion and philosophy as worn out and useless. Metaphysic had proved itself the shameful accomplice of ecclesiastical lies. It was necessary, therefore, to establish the reality of a moral sense apart from the thought of God, natural or revealed. All notion of a "transcendental Protectorate" must be abandoned. Justice must lean upon itself as a fact—on nothing else. Nor is it enough merely to dismiss the idea of God, but every *à priori* idea must be discarded, and the human conscience liberated entirely from all trace of mystical servitude. The opposition betwixt the two theories may be very well expressed by the antithesis suggested in M. Proudhon's language of *immanence* and *transcendence*, the former of which places the principle of right in man himself, and the latter in God or the Universal Reason. The formal repudiation of a transcendental sphere of any kind—whether a mere idea or a God—and the attempt to found morality and the fact of liberty solely on an experimental basis, constitute the real originality and interest of the new school.

The development of the school is closely connected with the rise of the Positive philosophy. It is, in fact, merely a side development of the same tendency of thought. The prodigious fertility of the physical sciences in our time has prompted the ambition of extending their method over the whole domain of knowledge, and of bringing moral no less than material facts under its control. Just as Positivism takes the general facts of each science, co-ordinates and generalises them, and calls this *ensemble* of systematic results a philosophy, so Proudhon and his disciples, seizing upon the great fact of human liberty, and analysing it, profess to find in it an adequate theory of moral duty. In another respect also the resemblance is striking. It has been a boast of Positivism that it maintains an absolute neutrality amidst divers tendencies of thought. It knows neither materialism nor spiritualism as theories. So far from suppressing the exercise of imagination and faith, it gives free rein to both, only it draws a sharp line round the borders of science. All beyond the facts of experience are unknowable in the scientific sense. But what is this really but to identify the region of faith and imagination with the region of nonsense, and to banish it from the sphere of knowledge altogether? The professed neutrality of Positivism is therefore an illusion. If it recognises the spiritual side of human life, it is only as a subjective dream without any absolute reality or corresponding object. And in like manner the new school of ethics may profess neutrality amidst contending schools of thought, but its fundamental position already places it on the side of materialism. It is impossible to limit our view to the mere facts of con-

sciousness, and to deny all legitimate inferences from these facts in favour of a higher sphere without sinking into a secularism at variance with all the conclusions of the higher philosophy.

But it is necessary to examine the pretensions of this new ethical school more carefully. It professes to follow the method of the exact sciences, and to admit nothing into its creed which is not verifiable in the sense in which the truths of geometry or mechanics are verifiable. It is the bane of metaphysic that its principles admit of no verification. They are merely dreams of the individual thinker. They cannot be established on any universal basis of fact. But a true science of morals must rest on universally admitted facts and laws no less than the science of geometry. In geometry there are no questions of the nature of the will, of the nature of reason, or of the existence of God. It simply takes the idea of extension as found in the human mind—studies this idea, and reasons from it. It draws hence a science perfectly distinct and complete, with its own axioms and definitions. It is no matter whether *space* be conceived *à priori* according to Malebranche, or as a pure abstraction from the outward forms of things. The science is the same to all intelligences. It is neither idealistic nor sensualistic. It is itself—geometry. All true, M. Caro admits, as indeed every one must admit; but then the truth has no bearing upon the subject. There is really no parallel betwixt geometry and ethics. The one deals with an abstract conception, which can be entirely isolated and viewed by itself; the other deals with a complex and living reality—with man, and not merely with one of the forms of his thought arbitrarily

isolated from others. It is impossible, therefore, to separate ethics, like geometry, from other studies, and make it independent. The ethical relations of man run upwards and downwards into all the other relations of his being, and are obviously conditioned by the view taken of these relations.

It is so far, of course, impossible to deny this, and the new school admit the intimate connection betwixt psychology and ethics. It by no means excludes psychology—only metaphysic. Let all the facts of mind be examined, only do not go beyond these facts. But this is merely to disguise the character of the problem, and carry it a little farther back. The facts of mind are different according to our different conceptions of mind itself, of its essential character and origin. "Who does not know that there is a spiritual psychology and a materialistic psychology, radically distinct? The theory of reason, for example, which is a psychological theory—is it the same in Locke and Leibnitz? The theory of the passions—is it identical in the Positivist and in the theological schools?" The truth is, that the philosophical sciences are all intimately connected and all dominated by metaphysic—that ethics especially draws from all, touching every element of human nature, and neglecting none.

Moral science, therefore, differs entirely from geometry or any of the positive sciences by the quality of its object—viz., man in the totality of his activities as a social being, and not any mere isolated side of his thought and experience. Moral science is, in fact, "the science of human life in its concrete fulness idealised—the science in which all the complex elements of this life find their law, their end, and their harmony."

But ethics differs not only in the nature of its object, but in its kind of certitude. Its failure to verify its principles in the manner of the positive sciences, so far from being a defect, lies in its essential character. Its truths or laws are as sure of their kind as any other truths; but are neither demonstrable like those of geometry, nor capable of experimental verification like the laws of physical science. They always imply a personal element wanting in these cases. The simplest moral principles imply difficulties of application, and a possible complexity of circumstances, that leave them, not indeed in any doubt, but without the clear impersonal assurance which belongs to scientific demonstrations. They cannot be certified for all intellects in the same manner. M. Caro gives various illustrations of this difference, which we need not repeat. They are designed especially for his own intellectual and literary atmosphere. He urges the dilemmas in which the scientific moralists must find themselves in a conflict of duties, where conscience is divided betwixt two alternatives. "In such cases," he says, "do you pretend to impose your formal interpretation as alone right and true? The mere fact that the conscience hesitates implies the necessity of discussion. And this necessity is enough to distinguish moral science from any exact or positive science. It is science without doubt, but of another order, and its certitude is neither that of a theorem of Euclid nor a principle of Archimedes." Metaphysical questions as to *being* and *purpose* lie at the root of all science which deals with man as its object. And every moral theory is either found to imply the previous settlement of such questions, or to attempt their settlement.

Those which seem most to stand aloof from them are found really obeying their inspiration, and animated by some foregone metaphysical bias often of the most audacious kind. It is well to speak of independence, but in this region there can be no absolute independence—the roots of morality and reason are too closely intertwined in the human consciousness.

Our author is careful to point out that he does not mean to identify ethics with any special metaphysical theory—with the philosophy of Aristotle as to matter and form, or that of Leibnitz as to monads. He means merely that all moral problems lie upon a metaphysical basis. Psychology, logic, ethics, the circle of what he calls the philosophical sciences, presuppose primordial questions, which can neither be cut off from them nor left alone. Their shadow is constantly obtruding, and must be faced. He uses the word "metaphysic," he says, simply because there is no other scientific word that suits his purpose; but what he means is no special system of thought, but rather the collection of primitive beliefs which, transmitted from generation to generation, and mixing with the very life-blood of human thought, have so become a part of our intellectual being that we cannot detach ourselves from them without an effort of violence. The product partly of the most noble instincts of our nature, and partly of our finest religious thoughts and most elevated speculations, they have become the pervading spiritual atmosphere in which the human intelligence lives and moves. According to this "spontaneous metaphysic," as M. Caro calls it, the moral is distinguished from the physical order, and acts of the human will are quite different from mere mechanical

movements. Ultimate laws cannot be measured by generalisations of experience, nor right by might. An intelligent and moral cause lies behind all existence, and alone explains it. This background of "metaphysic" survives all attempts to remove it. The ridicule of science, the derision of criticism, and the decay of systems, alike leave it untouched.

Armed with this weapon, he enters upon a special polemic with the French school of independent moralists, Proudhon and his disciples, and has little difficulty in showing that they have really borrowed from the metaphysical armoury while professing to discard it. The mere conception of *personal liberty*, and still more the conception of personal inviolability or right, upon which they base their speculations, are plainly enough metaphysical. "The one implies a certain view of man as distinct from the rest of nature, and the other a rational law which no experience can explicate." On such assumptions our author has an easy victory. Neither of these conceptions can be consistently maintained on an anti-metaphysical basis, and neither, in fact, is allowed by the German materialistic school. It is an essential principle of this school to allow to man no other liberty in kind than that which belongs to other animals, to ignore any distinction of a moral and physical order, and to conceive of nature as one and absolute with all its diversity of development and activity. It is no reply for the Proudhonists to say that liberty *is* a fact. This is no reply from their point of view, because they have already shut the door through which such a fact can alone enter. The very idea of liberty implies a break in the order of nature or mechanical law. If man is

free, the life of the world cannot be summed up in the mere physical system of things. The chain of necessity is broken, and a new order inserted. Humanity is no longer dominated by the mechanical laws which it is the boast of the empirical school to apply universally. These laws are either universal or not. If universal, then it is true that metaphysic disappears; but so also does human liberty. Personality, however real an experience in the individual, can be nothing else than a subtle compound of physical sequences. Man, however he may feel himself free, can be no more really free than any other product of nature. He is the child of nature, and nothing else. But if, on the other hand, human personality is admitted to form a break in the order of nature, then not only does liberty come in, but metaphysic. The fact of liberty, if a fact at all, is a revelation of a higher order. It introduces a new and invisible region of causes. And so metaphysic, which was put out at the door, returns by the window. It lays hold of us when in thought we suppose ourselves denying and excluding it. As M. Caro says, "It is present not only in the abstract speculations of the reason, but in the laws of science and the facts of life. It mixes itself up with all the roots of our psychological existence." And the very school which boasts to have got rid of it, is found reasserting it in its fundamental proposition of freewill.

But the second proposition of the school no less implies a metaphysical basis; and M. Caro conducts his argument here, as it appears to us, with great force and ingenuity. This second proposition may be formulated as follows: "If I am free, others are also free, and personal rights are therefore mutual and

inviolable. What I feel due to myself, I am bound to extend to others, gifted with the same consciousness of freedom; or, at any rate, as others are no less capable of asserting their liberty than I am, the undue assertion of my freedom would necessarily encounter an antagonism which would compel me to respect the rights of others." This is the usual explanation of the idea of law given by the empirical school. It deserves to be carefully looked at.

Two supposed facts are implied in it—the fact of personality and the fact of conscience. We have seen how far the first fact carries us. Let us examine the second. Supposing personality admitted as a true element of experience and nothing else, it is clear that when we pass to what is due to this liberty in ourselves and others, or, in other words, to the idea of law, we pass into a new region of assertion. The two elements are distinct—the consciousness of personality, and the consciousness of right; and even should we grant the first to be a fact of experience, experience can never give the second. A fact can never be more than a fact. "So-and-so has always happened. In the same circumstances, the same thing will happen." This character of contingency belongs to all generalisations of experience. But the idea of *right* is of quite a different character. Whereas the empirical formula is simply, "This will always happen," the formula involved in the idea of right is, "This ought always to happen." Betwixt a law which expresses the mere result of a generalisation, and a law which expresses a moral necessity, there is a gap which no logical subtlety can leap over. No accumulation of contingencies can convert a fact into a principle of

authority. No amount of experience can warrant the assertion that *so it ought always to be.* Take away this principle of universal authority, and the idea of right disappears. Admit it, and by the admission you at once again transcend the region of experience. "In the one case the moral law descends from the sphere of principle to that of fact. But what is the authority of a fact? In the other case you introduce without perceiving it a rational element in flagrant contradiction to your method — an element which transfigures the fact and converts it into a principle of authority."

Betwixt the mere self-preserving instinct of liberty and the idea of liberty as a right, there is all the interval which separates man from the lower animals. The former springs from the root of our physical organisation, the latter is an idea; the former is the statement of a fact, the latter is the assertion of a principle which is true always and in its own nature. Respect for personal liberty as such, our own or another's, implies a law or authority above man, which no amount of experience could yield, which could only come to us from a higher source.

The materialistic genesis of the idea of right, according to M. Caro, is not only inadequate but contradictory. The idea is represented as only coming into full play in the face of opposition. There is first the feeling of respect for our own liberty, and then of respect for the liberty of others. But how is this latter feeling confessedly generated? Only by the fact of the resistance which the action of our own wills encounters by the action of other wills. The idea of *right*, in short, only emerges at the moment

that self meets self in mutual antagonism. "So long as the will encounters no opposition," he is quoting from the organ of the independent moralists,[1] "the sentiment of personal freedom and its inviolability is *unilateral*, but so soon as man finds one who resists him and claims the same respect as he demands for himself, he is ready to respond to this claim. Mutual force establishes an arbitrary agreement with the understanding—respect me if you wish me to respect you. This is the basis of social right and duty." But what is this really but to make *might* the source of *right*, and to carry back the most sacred principles of human order to an original antagonism of brute force? And what if the supposed equipoise of resistance be not encountered? If the respect for mutual rights only appears in the face of mutual resistance, does it not follow that in the absence of the latter the stronger must hold itself in possession of the right and occupy itself simply with the development of its own power? What is this but to consecrate at all hazards the principle of force?

"There are always two races in the world," says M. Caro, "those typified by Cain, and those typified by Abel. According to the above theory, when the weaker races, like Abel, resign themselves to death without resistance, the stronger destroying race need have no sense of crime. It ought to be to it a clear revelation that righteousness triumphs. What a manifest contradiction to all facts! Who does not know, on the contrary, that it is the very weakness of the subject-race which all the more marks the violence and brutality of the stronger? The resignation of

[1] La Morale Indépendante, année 1866-67, p. 45.

Abel only brings into bolder relief the murderous violence of his brother. Cain—the Cain of all time—is already condemned before doom is pronounced against him. His odious abuse of superior strength is all the more flagrant that it encounters no opposition. No; the idea of right can never be explained in this manner. It is something anterior to any imaginary stipulation arising out of balanced forces. It is a revelation within the human conscience—a sentiment so little associated, in the first instance, with any respect for mere force that it seems rather to spring out of a respect for weakness. It is in the face of weakness, and not in the face of force, that the sentiment attains any purity and strength."

The whole analysis of the materialistic school rests upon a false psychology. Mere will opposed to will could never generate mutual respect, and hence the idea of right. What one man respects in the will of another is not mere will or self-assertion. Brutal constraint generates the idea not of obligation but of fear. The former idea is alone born of an interior sense of duty lying behind the will, and quite independent of any conflict of force. Nothing can be more untrue to genuine psychological experience than the pretended analysis of prehistoric instincts rising gradually into a human consciousness. Such a theory is mere blind guessing in the dark, and only assumes any probability whatever by a whole series of assumptions far more extravagant than those of the most dogmatic theories on the other side.

It is the feeling of *obligation*, something entirely different from any mere correlation of facts, out of which the idea of *right* alone springs. No analysis of

external facts or their relation to one another can give us the feeling. It comes and can alone come from the revelation of an authority and law within us. And it is exactly this element which the greatest of all modern moralists has signalised by the well-known phrase of the *Categorical Imperative.* It says, "You ought," and man obeys. But it is not the acceptance of the authority by man which makes the law. It is there whether he obeys it or not. It pursues him with unmistakable evidence of its reality amidst all the blindness of his perversity. It corrects him by its authority even when he most resists and disobeys it. The distinction, in short, is that long ago drawn by Butler[1] "between *mere power* and *authority.*" So far the same, the ideas are not only not co-ordinate, they are contra-distinguished. The idea of *power* comes to man through every element of natural faculty, every avenue through which the external world addresses him. The idea of *authority* is the revelation of a special faculty essentially distinct in its nature.

"It is manifestly superior and chief without regard to strength. . . . To preside and govern from the very economy and constitution of man belongs to it. Had it strength as it had right, had it power as it had manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world. . . . And how often soever men violate and rebelliously refuse to submit to it for supposed interest which they cannot otherwise obtain, or for the sake of passion which they cannot otherwise gratify, this makes no alteration as to the *natural right* or *office* of conscience."

We rejoice in quoting these old and well-worn words,

[1] Sermon II.

not only for themselves (although their severe beauty is as fresh as when they were first written), but because they serve to recall that in this question, as in so many others, there are really only two well-marked sides of opinion—the side which identifies man with the other creatures of earth as merely a higher development of the animal series, and the side which connects him in his higher or moral nature "with the angels" or a higher order of being. According to the one side, morality can never be anything else than an idealisation of brute instincts, however its origin may be specially explained; according to the other side, it is the revelation within man of a spiritual sphere—a life above him. In the one case its organ is self-interest, in the other conscience. And this at least may be said, that any difficulties which the loftier spiritual view implies are more than equalled by the difficulties of the other view. Not only so, but great, confessedly, as has been the progress of materialistic psychology in our time, and unwearied and in some respects illuminative as have been its researches into the roots of all the higher human emotions, it is as far as ever from having reached any conceivable genesis of these emotions on the mere animal side. If Butler's line of argument is still substantially the same line along which the principles of a spiritual ethics must be defended, it is equally true that modern materialism has in point of substantial argument advanced little beyond the position of Hobbes. With far more pretence indeed, modern materialistic literature has far less manliness and incision of thought than the writings of the old cynic of Malmesbury. The wild hypotheses of the modern school, and the "leaps in the dark" by which

they bridge over their "genetic" demonstrations—the forced analogies and explanations which are merely a restatement of the facts without any *explanation* whatever—their mimetic theories and accumulation of resemblances mistaken for philosophy, would have provoked his laughter rather than his sympathy. His own naked assertion of men as naturally animals at war with one another, and only subordinated and controlled by the strong arm of the State, in other words, of the sword, is really a far more respectable and tenable theory than the pseudo-idealisations of modern Materialism with its professed idolatry of human rights and respect for their inviolability. Plainly, if man is merely a higher animal, the principle of authority can never come from within. It must come from without. The law must be laid upon him by some species of external force, however disguised; and in such a view the idea of right disappears except as a transmuted and idealised form of might. The supposed facts of personal liberty and of moral law vanish as dreams of the human consciousness conceived under the nightmare of positive religions no longer credible. All that is noblest in human experience and human life can at the utmost only excite regret as a romance of the past gilding too fondly the darkness of the future.

Is all this really more rational than to take the facts of human nature as we find them? I find within me a law which, by the very fact that it commands me, I have not made, which, so far from being the result of experience, judges with authority all the facts of my life, sits above them, and approves or condemns them. No mere fact, however general,—no induction,

however extended,—can have this authority. How can I explain it then? It not only exists, but it exists in harmony with my reason, fitted to comprehend it, and my will, formed to obey it. And this *constitution* of faculties within me, is it not in itself a significant fact —the final cause of the law revealed within me? The law explains the constitution or order—the order the law. There is nothing analogous to this in the mere spectacle of physical order.

You say that you have nothing to do save with facts. But it is the very nature of the facts here to carry us beyond themselves. They are only intelligible in the light of a higher sphere. You cannot remain neutral as to this higher sphere. You must either exclude it or admit it. But in the former case you take a side as much as in the latter, and a side which leaves the facts without any adequate explanation. For how can the eternal sense of duty within us be resolved into any process of self-calculation, or the moral law into any balance of chances? You are really metaphysical in trying to exclude metaphysic; and your metaphysic, moreover, is of a bad and false kind.

We have hitherto followed M. Caro's argument somewhat closely, summarising and interpreting it rather than translating it. Well and decisively as he argues, it must be confessed that his language, like most of the philosophical argumentation of his countrymen, admits of condensation. He returns frequently to the same line of thought, and reinforces his reasoning from new points of view without much enlarging its substance. There is a tendency at times to sink into rhetoric, and to mistake diffusion for advance. But he always writes with interest, and a vein of

moral enthusiasm inspires and animates his style even when it runs into desultoriness and vagueness.

It has been the great aim of his argument so far to show how impossible it is to separate morality from metaphysic according to the principles on which the French school of independent moralists proceed. These principles, the simplest of them, already involve metaphysic. They involve, that is to say, a break in the physical order. Without such a break the fact of personal liberty can never be sighted, and still less the fact that this liberty is inviolable in ourselves and in others, from which the school deduce their idea of right. The inviolability of personal freedom is, indeed, as he plainly shows, not a fact at all, but a principle,—something which reason has added on to the fact. And even supposing, therefore, that the prior fact was granted — an hypothesis which no genuine materialist can grant, because inconsistent with his fundamental principle of a universal mechanical order —the fact becomes entirely barren without the further metaphysical dictum, that freedom is to be always respected in ourselves and others. The transformation of the fact into this rational principle is a pure metaphysical process. For why is personality always to be respected? Why, in other words, does the idea of law arise from the relation of personalities? Supposing this relation to be purely empirical, why should it be more to us than any physical relation which claims from us and receives from us no respect? The materialistic theory, therefore, entirely fails to account for the great ideas of *law* and *right* which preside over personal relations. These ideas only emerge from a higher metaphysical sphere.

It is of great importance, our author holds, to distinguish betwixt the two conceptions of law which are necessarily confounded by the materialistic school. A physical law is nothing but a shorthand affirmation of the facts. It is contained in the facts whose co-ordination it expresses. It is quite different with moral law, or the idea of law applicable to human conduct. Here it is not the simple co-ordination of facts at all —mere antecedence and consequence — that is expressed, but something *sui generis*. When we speak of human conduct, we do not say, "In such circumstances such things will always happen." But we say, on the contrary, that "such conduct ought always to be." "In place of obeying facts, the moralist commands them." He rules them in advance; he does not wait for their repetition, and then say this is their rule. Repetition, however universal in the case of human acts, not only does not establish any law, but the moralist, on the face of it, has the right of saying, not this but something—it may be the very opposite—is the true law.

And whence this right—this categorical imperative —which lies at the root of all morality, and apart from which morality is inconceivable? Certainly not from experience. The necessity of the idea alone proves this. Moreover, the course of human conduct, or, in other words, human history, so far from guaranteeing any such idea, is in flagrant contradiction to it. History is filled with the triumphs of violence, and darkened by the prevalence of wrong. No accumulation of historical facts could yield us the idea. That it is so frequently in the face of these facts, the judge, and not the result of experience, is one of the strongest evidences of its higher origin.

Having shown in this incontestable manner how impossible it is to get quit of metaphysic even on the professed principles of the independent school so far as a theory of right is concerned, M. Caro pursues his argument into the higher departments of morals, or the departments of virtue and self-devotion. It will not be necessary to do more than rapidly indicate his line of thought in these higher relations of the subject.

The *theory of right*, our author admits, is a great part of morals—no other part can do without it; and its realisation would constitute an enormous step in the progress of the world. But a complete ethical doctrine involves much more than a theory of right. It involves not merely respect for law, but the cultivation of virtue. To enlarge our intelligence, purify our sensibilities, to strengthen our good will, and increase our good work for others no less than ourselves, so as to eliminate the amount of intellectual and moral misery in the world—all this is a part of ethics. This is admitted by M. Caro's opponents no less than by himself. It follows directly upon his principles. But how is the same conclusion reached by the experience school? They equally assert that the juridical element, or the element of law, is not the full complement of morality. How do they get beyond it? By adding on to it the "obligation of transforming oneself and all around oneself." An admirable principle. But who does not see that this implies an entirely new thought? The most subtle logic cannot pass from the one to the other by way of identity. To respect the liberty of others in exchange for the respect accorded to our own is a strict and positive duty exigible by

the mutual constraint which the law imposes. But to labour for self-improvement and the improvement of others, for the amelioration of the social state—here is an entirely new line of duty, clear when seen in the light of reason and of a higher ideal everywhere encompassing human life, but no longer capable of being exacted or calculated. No mere analysis of the fact of liberty (supposing the fact granted) will yield this higher doctrine—no mere respect for law stimulate it. It must come, it can only come, from the vision of a spiritual ideal within the soul.

But there is something even above virtue in human life for which a comprehensive ethics should account —call it heroism, or love, or self-sacrifice. How are we to explain this supreme element, which is universally admitted to crown the moral fabric? The negative school of moralists have not shrunk from facing even this question. They profess but little admiration indeed for what they call *instinctive* forms of self-sacrifice, such as a mother exhibits for her children, supposing such acts sufficiently accounted for by the mere responsive sensibility many animals show for their offspring. It is only self-sacrifice animated and approved by reason that they recognise. And this is explained as merely another form of justice, the highest and rarest form, but sufficiently accounted for by the impulsion of this principle. But this is surely, as M. Caro says, to play with words. If self-devotion be merely justice, or the rendering of what is due to others, it is no longer devotion. If it is duty, it is no longer sacrifice. The essence of this highest moral act is its entire freedom. Take away this, and you take away its distinctive quality. Leave it, and the

act passes far beyond the sphere of mere law or duty into that of pure goodness, the response of a beautiful soul to a ravishing ideal. What but the revelation of such an ideal as a fact in reason and conscience can account for the heroisms of human life and history, those lights shining in the darkness even when the darkness failed to comprehend them?

And so the insufficiency of an independent morality is proved at all points. "In its abhorrence of metaphysic it strives at all hazards to extract the whole of morality from facts, and facts alone. But facts yield only regular associations and constant successions. They neither contain nor reveal the moral law in its august and sacred character. The authority of this law is derived from another source. The feeling of obligation and respect which cleaves to it indicates its higher origin. Whether we give to this origin the name of *conscience, intuition, pure reason,* or permanent and natural *revelation,* is of no consequence. These several names merely point to the higher source of the law imposed upon free wills—a law which at once rules them, secures by its righteous force their reciprocal respect, and by its dictates stimulates their most splendid developments. They will tell us that this is metaphysic. Let it be so, if metaphysic consist in giving an objective reality and a loftier origin than experience to certain conceptions which the mere facts do not contain, and which at the utmost they can only give occasion to without ever explaining. It must be so, if we allow that facts, however generalised, can never constitute either a mathematical or a logical necessity —above all, that special form of necessity which

emerges with the new order of moral phenomena, addresses us as personal beings, and is known as *obligation* or duty." [1]

In his polemic with the independent moralists, M. Caro has sought, he says, up to this point to keep clear of an appeal to sentiment, and to combat the empirical school as far as possible on their own chosen ground of fact. Granting the facts, this school, according to him, fails to explain their true meaning. The facts do not yield the moral ideas attributed to them. These ideas are really introduced from a rational sphere which transcends experience. In order to get a foundation for morality at all, we must get beyond the mere facts of experience. But although he has excluded from his argument hitherto the question of sanction and rewards, he maintains rightly that an ethics which ignores this question is incomplete as well from the scientific as the practical point of view. And here, as in many other points, he falls back upon the authority of Kant, whose ethical doctrine included the ideas of God and Immortality, no less than of sovereign Good. The last idea irresistibly led to the others as necessary to its development and consummation. "Commonplaces!" exclaim the disciples of the empirical school.

"Yes," says M. Caro, "but 'commonplaces' consecrated alike by Plato and Kant. Moreover, if this contempt of vulgar thought be legitimate in art, it has no value in morals. All men are here on a level. All share the same moral life, and are fitted to comprehend the same moral ideal. Art may have its *élite*. Ethics has no select circle. It appeals to humanity at large.

[1] Pp. 85, 86.

Duty knows no privileged classes. Commonplaces here are the utterance of the universal conscience."[1]

But morality, say the modern school, is degraded by any thought of ulterior consequences. Virtue is its own reward. There is a sense in which this—the old principle of the Stoics—is true. No one has insisted upon it more strongly than Kant. He pushed it to such extreme as to provoke the well-known epigram of Schiller, "It pains me that I should have pleasure in doing my duty." In truth, the principle may be easily exaggerated. The highest motive of goodness must be the love of goodness; virtue can have no higher sanction than its own advance towards perfection. But the ideas of reward and punishment are not, therefore, false and useless. They are deeply embedded in the moral consciousness, and could not be relaxed or still more eliminated without serious detriment to human society. Like all other facts of that consciousness, they point to outward and objective realities in which alone they fully verify themselves. If they were merely dreams, they are not without their social value. But this would be no adequate reason for defending them. Let them be proved to be lies; then let them vanish with all other lies. But their very universality witnesses to their reality. They are the gleams within us of an ideal righteousness which is not yet made perfect, but which will ultimately realise itself from amidst all the defects and confusions of the present life.

"Moral philosophy may start without the idea of God, but it must ascend to this idea. It is a quest, a science setting out from man, but mounting to God.

[1] P. 88.

It finds its initial principle inscribed in conscience, but this principle carries it above. The idea of law enclosing the successive ideas of duty, sanction, end, leads directly to God. It asks to have the authority which commands without constraining, and ordains without humiliating, and whose special and noble prerogative it is that service to it glorifies the servant will. It is at this lofty point of the inner life that religion mingles with morality, not changing, but transfiguring it. The law passes from a pure rational necessity into a Divine commandment. The love of God is added to the love of duty, lending it grace and efficacy without weakening or corrupting it. This is the highest reach of science, and a true process of reason. It is not because I believe in God that I am led to believe in duty; it is because I believe in duty that I am logically led to believe in God—a God who is at once Supreme Justice and Supreme Goodness, at once Law and Love. Morality thus understood, and completing itself in an act of rational adoration, so far from humbling man, aggrandises and elevates him. Obedience to law becomes a free co-operation with the Divine order, with that Supreme Providence which is the final and only explanation of man and of the world."[1]

There is much besides the argument we have summarised in M. Caro's volume. We have advanced, indeed, but a small way into its table of contents, which diverges from the fourth chapter through upwards of three hundred additional pages into a variety of subordinate discussions. All, however, either expand or lead back to the principles of his special

[1] P. 99.

polemic with the empirical school of morals, of which we have endeavoured to give our readers some account. Our space will only permit us further to advert to his fifth chapter, in which he gives a rapid and interesting sketch of the different theories of modern empiricism from the blank Materialism of the German school of Moleschott and Büchner to the revived Utilitarianism of John S. Mill.

The German school, differing from the special type of French empiricism against which our author has directed his argument in preceding chapters, takes up with our own scientific materialism the position of the essential identity of all forces—physical, mental, and moral. It denies all idea of cause whether primary or final. There is only one order, that of external nature. All force is equivalent and correlated, passing through endless transformations and assuming the most diverse expressions—now as the efflorescence of the crystal and the tree, and now as the works of human thought and human life. Morality is a mere product of organism, a variety of the physiological necessities which bind human beings together. It is first a family, then a tribal, and then a national instinct, growing from its root in the aboriginal soil from which man has come, but without any higher meaning. This is the most genuine school of empiricism, which boldly makes man a mere animated machine, and recognises nothing in the world, whatever grandeur of intellectual and moral dignity it may assume, but changes of mechanical force.

The "organic" theory of M. Littré, the distinguished leader of French Positivism, differs only in special elaboration from the grosser materialism of Germany

and Britain. He endeavours to explain all moral phenomena as the growth of the two radical instincts of nutrition and propagation. The brain, working upon the materials supplied by these instincts, elaborates on the one hand egoism, and on the other hand altruism. In childhood the egoistic sentiments predominate, in riper age the altruistic. As the child grows and develops, "his organisation, both visceral and cerebral, fitly disposed for sexuality, prepares by degrees for the altruistic life." Under the term sexuality, M. Littré, of whose own words the above clause is a translation, includes all the impulses, not merely of personal and family affection, but of patriotism and humanity. Egoism is, in short, the sentiment of individual instinct, and altruism that of social instinct. And to the natural question, What is the principle of adjustment betwixt these leading and rival powers? he replies, that in biology the simpler and more primitive functions are always subordinated to the more elaborate and more highly developed. And so the sexual principle, involving always at least two terms, is naturally the superior of the twin tendencies out of which all the complexities of moral life arise. The varying relations of these tendencies is, in fact, an index of the different degrees of civilisation. "In proportion as the idea of humanity asserts itself, egoism retires and altruism expands and enlarges its influence."

But, we may well ask with M. Caro, what is there distinctively moral, in all this physiological analysis? The instincts of nutrition and propagation are in their nature mere organic impulses. They furnish materials for morality, but they have themselves no moral char-

acter. They imply no idea of responsibility, right, or duty. And what is morality apart from such ideas? To suppose that any ingenuity of analysis can transmute mere animal affections into moral acts, is to tamper with language in a manner at once contrary to fact and philosophy.

With our author's criticism of Mr J. S. Mill's special theory of utilitarianism, it is unnecessary that we should concern ourselves. It presents no novelty. But it may be interesting to some of our readers to see how he disposes of Mr Darwin's ethical speculations, which he identifies substantially with those of Mr Spencer in his 'Study of Sociology.' No part of his volume appears to us upon the whole more fair or more acute in its penetration.

"Mr Darwin," he says, "is distinguished by the frankness of his method. He sets forth the ethical problem exclusively from the natural history point of view. Having encountered it in the course of his studies, he faces it with imperturbable candour, and resolutely attempts its solution by his ordinary methods. It is for him merely a phase of physiology attaching itself to the general question—'What light the study of the inferior animals is capable of throwing upon the higher psychical qualities of man?'"

To answer this question is the object of several chapters of his book upon the 'Descent of Man, and Selection in relation to Sex.' In this book he espouses definitely the hypothesis of the animal origin of man postponed or declined in his preceding books. Speaking of man's place in time and in the animal series, he says, "The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the new world and the old world monkeys; and

from the latter at a remote period man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded."[1]

"According to this new history of creation the moral sense is only the most elevated form of the social instinct in animals. The idea of justice is only a complex idea which resolves itself into a multitude of associated impressions—sensations originally bound together, instincts successively acquired and transmitted. The chief factors in the growth of the idea are the transformations always in operation under the influence of heredity, habit, and finally language, which conserves each new acquisition in the community, and transmits it from one generation to another. This theory appears to Mr Darwin to approach as near as possible to certainty, and in dismissing all metaphysical illusion to furnish with the utmost *vraisemblance* the origin of all the higher faculties of man, and especially of the juridical faculty which asserts the idea of right. The theory obviously implies certain others, such as that there are to be found in the lower animals the rudiments of all which constitutes humanity, that nature presents a continuous development, and that the moral and intellectual qualities of the inferior races of mankind have been greatly overvalued, while the faculties of the higher animals have been intentionally depreciated.

"So far as the question is one of analogy betwixt the bodily structure of man and the anthropomorphic ape, of the gradation of organic forms, of anatomical differences explained by variations of circumstances and means, by the supple and fertile principle of natural selection, or the more capricious and arbitrary

[1] The passage is at p. 213, vol. i., of the 'Descent of Man,' 1871.

law of sexual selection—in fine, by heredity—it is beyond the province of the moralist, and must be left to the judgment of naturalists, some of whom of the highest merit and intelligence see in the theory, even so far, merely an ingenious hypothesis inflated out of all proportion to the facts. But in so far as the question invades the intellectual and the moral sphere, we ourselves become judges and witnesses. And if the theory remains as yet quite an open one in natural history—an hypothesis, that is to say, without any serious verification—we have no hesitation in declaring it to be absolutely chimerical in psychology. . . .

"Let us run over the various steps by which it advances to its conclusion. Sociability exists amongst several species of animals as well as men. . . . *Suppose* now (what hinders you?) that the intellectual faculties of the sociable animal are indefinitely developed, that his brain is incessantly traversed by images of his past actions and the causes of those actions—a comparison is then established betwixt those actions which have as their motive the social instinct always prevalent, and those which have for their motive some other instinct stronger for the time, but not permanent, like hunger, thirst, sexual appetite, or any other individual instinct. From this comparison there arises in the animal a feeling of discontent which survives the indulgence of the individual or egoistic at the expense of the higher or more permanent instinct. This sentiment will be as durable as the latter instinct itself; and hence arise *regret* and even *remorse* under a new succession of influences. Hence the origin and *début* of morality, which resolves itself—just as in other materialistic theories—into a struggle betwixt

egoistic and social or *altruistic* instincts. . . . But this is only the commencement of the vast construction of hypotheses at the top of which Mr Darwin finds his ideas of right or justice. . . . *Suppose* further that the animal in question, already prepared by the activity of his brain, acquires some day the faculty of language. There is nothing improbable in this supposition to Mr Darwin, as many animals have the germs of a language in the aptitude with which they express their sensations and wants. Some new *variation*, some superiority in the exercise of the voice and the development of the vocal organs acquired by a happy accident and transmitted by heredity, will suffice to account for language. . . . . Thanks to the power of abstraction thus acquired, both reason and morality are gradually developed. A public opinion is formed, the opinion of a race, of a tribe, of a social group, which perpetuates itself, and becomes more and more the chief model of feeling and the most powerful motive of action. Habit then lends its influence in filling up gaps, consolidating association, and fortifying instinct, till they issue in intellectual and moral phenomena."

M. Caro contents himself in the main with exposing the endless series of suppositions which the Darwinian theory of morals involves—suppositions "so arbitrary as to baffle the exposure of logic." In its general character, he maintains there is no originality. It falls back necessarily, like every other materialistic explanation, upon a struggle of primitive instincts. Its only novelty consists in the means by which it traces these instincts through a long succession of influences operating upon the race, and transforming

them gradually from generation to generation. No transformation, however, is able to change their radical character, or to convert any accumulation of experiences into absolute and authoritative principles which are to him the only notes of morality. The very idea of explaining the rise of moral phenomena after such a fashion takes away, according to him, the essential character of the phenomena. All along the line of the supposed development nothing is seen but instinct, or reflection upon instinct. At no point is a distinctive moral element seen to emerge. "Is it," he asks, "the initial impulse towards sociability, at first wholly unreflective, which contains morality? Certainly not. Does reflection add it? By no means. Does language, tradition, or public opinion? Not at all. The element of authority, which is its essential characteristic, cannot be explained. It remains a mystery. It is its mystery which makes it sacred. If its natural sources could be traced, its prestige would be destroyed. If man were its author, its authority would vanish; for there is, and can be, nothing in man himself entitled to command man."

The absence of the element of *authority*, of any true basis for it, is to M. Caro the fundamental vice of all these materialistic theories—as it appears to him, their greatest danger. It is impossible in his view to overestimate the gravity of the consequences which they involve. The world has grown to what it is upon the old ideas of morality. To what may it not grow from the general acceptance of such propositions as the following?—"There is no higher law entitled to impose itself as a Divine or transcendental authority upon human conduct. Moral authority is nothing

but the force of habit, of imitation, of the evidence of social utility. Any other conception of it is at variance with true scientific methods. What has been called the moral sense is not, as it was long supposed, anything innate, but a purely empirical taste, the transformation of animal instincts established by heredity and varying according to the exigencies of race and circumstance. In fine, in morals, as elsewhere, there is no other rule than the rule of facts. What have been so long respected under the name of *moral laws* are nothing but an extension of those natural or physical laws which alone exist."

The revolution thus implied is doubtless a grave one, and deserves to be gravely considered. It is really the rise of a new dogmatism, and in no sense a result, although it is often supposed to be so, of a genuine spirit of scientific inquiry and criticism. It is put forth in the name of science; but science, strictly speaking, has nothing to say to the assumption which lies under all these theories—the assumption, namely, that there is no spiritual order. This question is truly beyond all the researches of physical science, and remains untouched by them. We have no confidence in recent speculations, however able, which have gone in quest of the spiritual in the laws of the material world. The "unseen universe" is not to be traced along that line. But the sciences of observation, if they can never yield us the spiritual, cannot, if true to their province, have anything to say against it—for the simple reason that it is beyond their ken, beyond the region of facts capable of being touched and objectively verified. To intrude negation, therefore, into a sphere which, if it exist at all, is by the mere fact of

its existence beyond objective experiment—is unscientific. It is an impertinence, as unwarranted as that of the old metaphysic which did not hesitate to claim the whole field of knowledge. Such ambitions prove their own failure, and we cannot doubt that the very progress of science will destroy the presumption of an abusive scientific spirit which, in losing its soberness and modesty, has lost all its claim to respect.

It would be strange, indeed, if the progress of humanity were only through the ruins of the past, and men were to become wise and good by unlearning all the highest thoughts of their forefathers, and fixing their gaze downwards on the earth instead of upwards on the heavens. It is an obvious necessity of progress that old opinions be subjected to criticism, and that many dogmas of ages gone by should be seen in their true light as merely "guesses after truth." A higher scholarship, a broader and better historical method able to distinguish more accurately betwixt the facts and the imaginations of the past, a more enlightened and tolerant comprehension of human character, and of the forces at work in all great social and religious changes, must modify powerfully our conceptions both of morality and religion. This is a progress which can never be stayed, and the consequences of which we must bear, however it may carry away with it many cherished prejudices which we have held as part of the Divine Truth which has come to us from former generations. But this is something entirely different from the course to which our modern materialistic schools invite us. With them it is not merely the form but the substance of past beliefs which must be abandoned. We must not merely change the dwell-

ing of our highest thoughts, but we must disown them altogether. We must unclothe ourselves of our spiritual heritage, and turn into the bleak open tracts of nature with no future before us and only superstition behind us. As the prospect is miserable, the necessity is unreasonable. There can be no true progress in cutting ourselves adrift from the highest results of former progress. For as a great if sometimes erratic writer of our own time has well said in a recent volume—"The knowledge of mankind, though continually increasing, is built pinnacle after pinnacle on the foundation of those adamant stories of ancient soul" —the scriptures of past ages. "It is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air, but in the already high-storied temple of the thoughts of our ancestors: in the crannies and under the eaves we are meant for the most part to nest ourselves like swallows, though the stronger of us sometimes may bring for increase of height some small white stone, and on the stone a new name written, which is, indeed, done by those ordered to such masonry, but never without modest submission to the Eternal Wisdom; nor ever in any great degree except by persons *trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past.*"[1]

[1] Ruskin's Bibliotheca Pastorum, vol. i., Economist of Xenophon, Editor's Preface, pp. x, xi.

RELIGION WITHOUT METAPHYSIC;
OR, THE MODERN RELIGION OF EXPERIENCE

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RELIGION WITHOUT METAPHYSIC; OR, THE MODERN RELIGION OF EXPERIENCE.

THE modern religion of experience has repeatedly come before us in these papers. Religion is not denied, nor morality, but only the spiritual or metaphysical ground on which they have rested during the past course of religious thought. We have looked at the moral question in the light of the new theory. Let us look at the religious question in the same light. And we cannot do this better than in connection with the writings of Mr Matthew Arnold, especially with what he considers his "most important" book, a popular edition of which has lately been issued. Mr Arnold is so significant a figure in our modern literature, and has treated religion on the basis of experience at such length, and with such emphasis, that he may well claim a paper to himself. It must be conceded to him that he has always professed to write in the interest of religion. He has recognised how great a subject religion is, how largely it touches life, and how poor human civilisation would be apart from

it. However deeply one may differ from him, it is due to him to own that it has not been his aim to destroy religion from his own point of view, but rather to purify or elevate it, and place it, as he supposes, on a more secure footing.

The same thing may be said of the contemporary school of Divines in Holland, who strangely have formulated, it might seem at times almost in the same words, the same theory as Mr Arnold. The leaders of this school are Dr Hooykaas, one of the compilers of the 'Bible for Young People' (which has been translated into English), and an able young theologian of the name of Van Hamel. They are spoken of in their own country as "De Modernen." They represent the extreme left of the Leyden School, of which Dr Kuenen is so distinguished an ornament; and it is their special boast, as it is Mr Arnold's, to rescue religion from metaphysics, and to plant it on the tangible and felt basis of moral experience. "The moral power acts," Dr Hooykaas says. "We know that to be good is better than to be bad. To him who is seeking earnestly to be good, the *consciousness of the reality of the moral law* becomes so strong that he will rather doubt the existence of the sensible than the moral world. Belief in the reality of moral ideas is the very essence of religion." "The moral power is not a conclusion drawn from certain facts; it is the fact itself. . . . The conception of God matters very little; what is important is to have God Himself. There is no religion without God; but there is religion without any conception of God. We point to ourselves as examples of that fact." Dr Hooykaas argues at length that he has a right to retain the name of God and the word

religion for their position, although these terms have hitherto borne a very different significance.

Van Hamel, if possible, makes his position still more clear in an essay, expressly entitled 'Religion without Metaphysic.' He points out that he and those who agree with him have been turning more and more away from the metaphysical element of religion, and seeking to deduce its claims and nature from moral phenomena. "Some," he says, "have followed that road to the very end, and are now minded to detach religion from metaphysic altogether—to consider it to be, not a view of the world, but a view of life described as moral idealism." Religion, according to this writer, is only secondarily a philosophy or theory of the world. Primarily and essentially it is "a view of life and its phenomena." "Supernaturalism is not religion. The main element in religion is not the supernatural theory of the world—that is, merely the formal side of it; the main thing is the peculiar conception of life—the peculiar direction of wishes and expectations: these are what confer on religion a distinctive character. Thus, when life is little more than material and sensuous, the gods will be mere natural phenomena. As society is developed, and the social instincts gain in power, the gods of the family, of the tribe, of the race appear. Jehovah is, first of all, the reflection of the national sentiment of Israel. As moral life is developed, moral gods appear; or those already in existence receive a more distinctly moral character. . . . Monotheism is the reflection of an impulse towards harmony—oneness in life. . . . If this be a true account of the nature of religion, then Christianity may properly be called Moral Idealism. It is a reli-

gion in which neither sensuous life, nor national life, nor social life, nor ecclesiastical life, but purely moral life, is elevated to the ideal power—the highest element—which is most worthy of God. Jesus is conscious of a power which carries Him irresistibly forward, is practically absolute, makes Him the champion of all right against all wrong, and which is ever close to Him, and fills Him with unspeakable happiness. He loves this power, and calls it the Father in heaven." . . . So long as men are supernaturalists they instinctively elevate their ideals to the throne of the universe. But all idea of supernaturalism may be abstracted, "not only the older mechanical forms of it, but the notion of a providence ruling the world in the interest of the good,—as much a form of supernaturalism as the belief in miracles;" and all idea of a purpose or end may also be abstracted; design is an unscientific notion. And yet the essence of Christianity may survive; because Christianity is not a cosmic theory, or "a theory of the course of affairs. Let us acknowledge that nature goes her own way, and cares nothing for our wants, and would not be nature at all if she did otherwise. Then is religion abolished? By no means. You have still what is the essence of Christianity, though you have lost the form,—the view of life, the attitude in the practical world which Jesus introduced. We have still our moral ideals. These are the only sources from which religion springs, these alone give any religion at this stage in the world's history,—its substance and authority."

It is needless to point out the close analogy between these fragments of Dutch exposition and much in Mr Arnold's religious writings. It is a singular coinci-

dence that views of the very same import, and resting on arguments of the same kind, pointed by a similar reiterated antagonism to Metaphysic and the Supernatural, should have appeared simultaneously in Holland and in England. There is even more than this in the coincidence. For it is evident, from such brief quotations as we have given, not merely that the line of thought is the same, but that there is much identity in the manner in which it is handled. The Dutch writers are not so much theologians in the old sense as essayists like Mr Arnold. Their style is literary and not scientific. They touch the subject and pass on rather than exhaust it by argument. They write with a light hand, and in clear, facile, and graphic sentences. They condense trains of reasoning, which might occupy many pages, into pithy phrases. They not only eschew metaphysic, but the metaphysical style, and carry on their exposition rather by felicitous audacity of assertion than by well weighed reasoning. There is a common likeness, therefore, between our Dutch essayists and Mr Arnold. We do not suppose that the one has in any degree borrowed from the other, but they both are alike literary rather than scientific theologians. The professional character of the former might give them a claim to our special consideration; but Mr Arnold is not only a more familiar and larger name in European literature, but he has treated the subject more systematically, so to speak, in so far as system can be said to be a feature of the school at all.

The light-handed treatment characteristic of these writers has its advantages. It wins attention. Mr Arnold's exposition, whatever grave faults it may

have, is always interesting and perspicuous. It carries the reader along. Few minds, we fancy, have not felt the exhilaration of his writing — its cheerful buoyancy and self-confidence—the distinction with which the writer bears himself amid difficult problems, touching them with the tip of his graceful pen, if not getting to their heart, and the crisp lucidity and beauty of his style everywhere. His deft and skilful manner never fails him even when higher things fail,—when reverence and knowledge, and the insight which comes from awe in the face of the Divine, are lacking. There is no reason why religion should not become a theme of the *belles-lettres*. There is nothing in it repellant to the literary spirit, if it needs deeper qualities to search its depths. And a theory of religion which not only professes to discard metaphysic, but at every step turns it out of the Temple with playful and incessant ridicule, lends itself happily to a literary method of treatment.

It is something, also, that religion should arrest thinkers of this kind, and occupy their pens so much. It has been supposed that with the advance of the scientific spirit, and the growing love of purely humane studies, men's devotion to religion would grow cold and disappear. "Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing."[1] So says Professor Huxley, with plain allusion to religious truths. Better far turn our thoughts, wearied with the controversies of centuries, to "matters of fact," and leave religious problems alone. But even where the instinct towards "matters of fact" is strongest, it is clear that higher

[1] Lay Sermons, p. 150.

things have also a powerful attraction. There is a tendency to linger around the old haunts even when we refuse to enter their precincts. We may bar the door of metaphysic, but we are found hankering after its secrets, and uneasy on the outside. Men cannot get on without some sort of religion, or without some inner basis for convictions, out of which, since the world began, all dignity of duty and nobleness of life have come. On the other hand, it is not to be supposed that modern criticism has not something to say to old forms of religious belief. Our higher methods of research, our range of scientific discovery, the very clearness and breadth of our literary culture, must have some definite bearing on the enlargement of the Christian reason, and the widening of men's thought and faith.

But our literary theologians have not been content with sober advances or new methods. They have espoused naturalistic theories as beyond question, and, while wishing to save religion, they enunciate principles subversive of all that has hitherto been supposed essential in religion. The very substructure of all Christian thought is not so much questioned as set aside. The idea of the Supernatural is scouted. It is disposed of not by argument but by apothegm. There are many splendid specimens of this sort of thing in Mr Arnold's writings which will afterwards come under our notice; but there is one, so fresh and audacious, in the close of the new preface to the popular edition of 'Literature and Dogma,' that we must quote it as an example of what we mean. It is hardly necessary to remark that the common view of the origin of Christianity involves

the idea of the supernatural or the possibility of miracle. It is not only the 'Guardian' but it is Christendom that speaks of "the miracle of the Incarnation." "Our popular religion," Mr Arnold says, "is brimful of miracle; *and miracles,*" he adds; "*do not happen.*" The italics are the author's, and apparently help to settle the question.

This is not a very promising beginning of a grave subject. It claims attention, not so much in itself as a feature of the school of literary divines. There is certainly a tendency nowadays to look upon theology as a sort of open pasture-ground, where the lightest minds may disport themselves and whet their appetite for speculation and culture. The sport may be interesting, but it is hardly useful or edifying. It would be curious to inquire how it is that theology, of all branches of knowledge, has thus come, in our time, to be a special field for amateurs (a "feminine pastime," as Lord Lytton says in 'Kenelm Chillingly'). It cannot certainly be because it is less difficult as a branch of knowledge than some others, or that it needs less patience and capacity to master its great ideas. On the contrary, whatever be the real value of the study, there is none which demands more knowledge, or more patience and largeness of mind. But its subjects lie near to human life at every point, and touch multiplied social interests. New ideas come readily to the front; and every man who shares them is apt to fancy that he also understands and can refute the old. Theology can, of course, claim no exemption from the laws of movement that rule all other branches of knowledge. This would be to set up a pretension for it which, in its very extra-

vagance, would invalidate its title to be a true branch of knowledge at all. There must be progress in theology as in other things, and the old phrases and forms of doctrine cannot be expected to hold their place permanently. But true advance is not to be sought in any branch of knowledge by merely turning our back on what is old and welcoming all manner of novelties. We may have to unlearn much that our forefathers believed; but it is only a shallow way of thinking that does not recognise what was true and good, as well as defective and false, in the ancient grounds of belief. With all our increased knowledge and more exact canons of verification, the capacity of human thought varies but slightly from age to age. It may be fairly questioned whether the old power of religious insight grows with the wider diffusion of intellectual culture. The attitude of the student, therefore, towards past forms of opinion, ought always to be an attitude of respectful criticism. If no doctrines, however venerable, are entitled to acceptance merely because they are old, it is yet the business of the student to trace and acknowledge the true conditions of thought or faith out of which they grew, and the genuine elements of knowledge which they embrace, or were supposed to embrace, against the errors of their time. The study of dogma, pursued in this manner, becomes a study which at once illuminates the past and guides the present. It is the best corrective of extravagant theory and self-confidence. The student learns how varied, subtle, and multiplied have been the relations of religious thought in all ages of intellectual excitement—how constantly these relations repeat themselves under modified forms—and how

little essential novelty there frequently is in the most "modern" theories. He acquires an instinct of appreciation and balance of judgment that enables him to estimate the real constituents of progress in any movement, and to guide possibly the course of the movement in a useful or beneficial direction.

It is a serious objection to Mr Arnold's writings, that while dealing so largely with religious truth, and touching it sometimes with light, he yet apprehends so imperfectly its full import. He is more than a mere amateur theologian, yet he has nowhere brought sufficient knowledge to his subject, nor surveyed with a full intelligence the development of Christian thought. He has made a special study of portions of Scripture, and said many fine things about the Bible. In his volume on 'St Paul and Protestantism,' he has presented, in some respects, a singularly lucid and vivid exposition of Pauline thought. We do not agree with much of his polemic against Puritan, any more than against Catholic theology. If he had been more of a student of dogma than he has been, he could have realised more than he has done the vital affinities of Puritanism and Paulinism. Even the scholastic subtleties of Predestination and Solefidianism (as he calls the doctrine of justification by faith alone) have far more Biblical root than he imagines. Mere verbal subtleties as they now are to him—excrescences rather than true growths—they were once living faiths. They still represent the potency of spiritual struggle, out of which they came. Here, as often, he fails, because he does not go deep enough, or write from an adequate background of knowledge. Yet nothing can be better than the manner in which he empha-

sises the moral and practical side of religion which Puritanism sometimes puts out of sight. Nothing can be truer than parts of his analysis of the order of St Paul's ideas and their ground in the apostle's experience. There are passages here and there so admirably expressed, and even lines of thought so admirably worked out, that we feel ourselves in face of a genuine religious teacher. Failing to do justice to the Puritan theology, or to feel the glowing heart kindled at the Pauline hearth out of which it once sprung, yet—just because he stands so much out of range of Puritan ideas—he has been able to show how much broader is St Paul's range of thought than that of Puritanism, and how frequently the latter has emphasised what St Paul has minimised, and theorised where St Paul was merely using rhetoric or giving vent to his emotion. This essay, with all its disfiguration of personal retort, was a real contribution to the study of St Paul —in a far higher degree than the elaborate volume mentioned in its opening sentences. M. Renan's investigations into early Christian history have sometimes a rare touch; they open shafts of light here and there unperceived before. But M. Renan does not understand St Paul. He has no affinity whatever with his deeper qualities, whereas Mr Arnold, while he too misses much, has yet, in virtue of his serious Protestant training, a real affinity with certain sides of St Paul's meaning. Notwithstanding his own estimate, we are inclined to think 'St Paul and Protestantism' his best Biblical study.

'Literature and Dogma' is no doubt a larger and, in one sense, more "important" work. It carries his familiar ideas into the whole region of theology,

and lays down more definitely the lines of his "religion of experience" in opposition to the religion of the Churches. But all the more on this account the vices of his manner of treatment, which reappear even in an aggravated form, become conspicuous. The volume on St Paul was, after all, little more than a pamphlet. It had a semi-political as well as religious object. Its personalities, therefore, if not justified, might be held to be provoked. When men mix politics with sacred subjects, or identify their own theological sectarianisms with the Gospel, they must be prepared to face the sharpshooting of those who disagree with them alike in politics and religion. But on approaching the graver subject of Catholic dogma, Mr Arnold should have laid aside this manner on his own principles. Religion and "the better apprehension of the Bible" belong to that serene atmosphere to which all higher thought and literature belongs. Catholic dogma is the common possession of Christendom. It is, if nothing else, the heirloom of the Church through more than a thousand centuries. It was surely undesirable to mix up with such a subject any grievances the author may have with the Bishops of Gloucester or Winchester, or the Archbishop of York, or the Dean of Norwich. Evidently these ecclesiastical authorities have not judged highly of Mr Arnold's efforts to expound St Paul or to minimise religious dogma. It was not to be expected that they would. But this is no reason why they should be made to play the part—not of chorus, but, we might say, of scullion in his later volume. Appearing in the introduction as the representatives of dogmatic theology, they reappear in the background

of his argument, whenever it is convenient for him to discharge some of that irrepressible scorn with which his style is constantly mantling. There may be, to certain readers, something of entertainment in their first or second appearance, and the "chaff" which he levels at them; but even the reader in search of amusement gets heartily tired of them. The "chaff" becomes rather dreary, and we gladly pass it by.

This manner was sufficiently trying in 'St Paul and Protestantism.' The reader grew wearied with Mr Miall and Mr Mill, "Mialism" and "Millism," the Rev. G. W. Conder, and Mr Winterbotham, with his "spirit of watchful jealousy." Even in what was little more than a *brochure* on a grave subject, it was felt that the effect was not promoted, but impaired, by such headlong personalities. Only the author's lightness of touch, and the deftness with which his satirical shafts were pointed, rendered them tolerable. In the more elaborate volume they become harsh and intolerable. They wound our taste and sense of fairness without advancing the argument, or raising any responsive smile of well-bred contempt in the reader, or at least in any reader who is not a facsimile of Mr Arnold himself. They are, in short, little but impertinences. In any circumstances they would be so; but as by-play in an argument "towards a better apprehension of the Bible," they are serious literary blemishes, at variance with that very culture of which Mr Arnold has proclaimed himself the peculiar apostle. He would do well to remember that there may be a Philistinism other than he has painted, and that the true British character of that name may appear very offensively under the guise of correcting others. It is a deeper

outrage to drag the sacred thoughts of your fellow-creatures into that aspect of caricature to which the highest subjects often lend themselves most easily, than to cherish honestly even the most imperfect and debased notions of such subjects. It cannot advance the conception of religion to have any of its received doctrines—the meditation of many devout minds—presented under images of ludicrous inaptitude.

It is due to Mr Arnold to state that he has, in the popular edition of his work, withdrawn what he allows was, to many people, "an abominable illustration." It is well that he has done so; but it would have been better if he had made the withdrawal on higher grounds. The original offence of the illustration was not so much the use of Lord Shaftesbury's name, or the use of any name, to illustrate a confessedly mysterious dogma. The allusion necessarily gave pain to Lord Shaftesbury; but his pain, as well as the pain felt by every Christian mind, at the profanity, was not a personal feeling, to be atoned for by personal compliment or deference due to "one of the purest careers and noblest characters of our time." That Mr Arnold should for a moment think so, indicates a curious view of that higher feeling, the necessity of which, in any literary judgment, he would be the first to emphasise. The illustration was an offence not only against good taste, and the respect due to a beneficent name, but against Christian feeling and the gravity due to the subject; and it would have been better if Mr Arnold had withdrawn it on these grounds, and acknowledged frankly that he saw, on reflection, as he had not seen before, how unwarrantable it was, even with the view of exposing "that extreme license of

affirmation about God which prevails in our popular religion."

'"Literature and Dogma' is an elaborate exposition of the theory that religion rests on certain supposed facts of moral experience, and on these alone. The theory is more or less assumed by Mr Arnold; nor does he anywhere enter upon a careful analysis of the ethical facts in the recognition and claims of which he makes religion to consist. We are obliged, therefore, in defining the object of the book, to use the expression "supposed facts," because, as will afterwards appear, it is one of the essential weaknesses of Mr Arnold's argument, that the chief "fact" of all with which he plays throughout the book, and to which he returns without ceasing, is one which mere naturalistic experience could never give him.

In contrast with experience, and the religion based upon it, he places "dogma" or "dogmatic theology." "Religion," he says, "means simply either a binding to righteousness, or else a serious attending to righteousness and dwelling upon it: which of these two it most nearly means, depends upon the views we take of the word's derivation; but it means one of them, and they are really much the same."[1] "Dogma," on the other hand, according to him, means such theoretical or metaphysical views as are held by the Bishop of Winchester and Gloucester, the Dean of Norwich, the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and others. Such ideas as that "God is an infinite and eternal Substance, and at the same time a Person—the great First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the

[1] P. 20. The references are to the first edition.

universe; Jesus Christ consubstantial with Him; and the Holy Ghost, a person proceeding from the other two."[1]

The following is the manner in which Mr Arnold places his subject before the reader: "The distinguished Chancellor of the University of Oxford thought it needful to tell us on a public occasion lately, that 'religion is no more to be severed from dogma than light from the sun.'[2] Every one, again, remembers the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester making, in convocation the other day, their remarkable effort 'to do something,' as they said, 'for the honour of our Lord's Godhead,' and to mark their sense of 'that infinite separation for time and for eternity, which is involved in rejecting the Godhead of the eternal Son.' In the same way: 'To no teaching,' says one champion of dogma, 'can the appellation of Christian be truly given which does not involve the idea of a personal God;'[3] another lays like stress on correct ideas about the personality of the Holy Ghost. 'Our Lord unquestionably,' says a third, 'annexes eternal life to a right knowledge of the Godhead'—that is, to a right speculative dogmatic knowledge of it."[4]

But in truth all these things, and not least "the idea of a personal God," are, in Mr Arnold's opinion, of the nature of "abstruse reasonings" or metaphysics, with which religion has nothing to do. The word "God" is an unscientific term—"a term thrown out, so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness—a literary term, in short; and mankind mean different things by it as their consciousness differs. . . . Strictly and formally, the

[1] P. 13. [2] P. 4. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

word 'God,' so some philologists tell us, means, like its kindred Aryan words *Theos*, *Deus*, and *Deva*, simply *shining* or *brilliant*. In a certain narrow way, therefore, this would be one exact and scientific sense of the word. It was long thought to mean *good*, and so Luther took it to mean the *best that man knows or can know;* and in this sense, as a matter of fact and history, mankind constantly use the word."[1] The theological sense of the word—the sense in which it is used by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester—is, according to Dr Arnold, quite another thing. This is "deduced from the ideas of substance, identity, causation, design, and so on."[2] And all this has nothing to do with religion. For surely "if there be anything with which metaphysics have nothing to do, and where a plain man without skill to walk in the arduous paths of abstruse reasoning may yet find himself at home, it is religion. For the object of religion is *conduct;* and conduct is really, however men may overlay it with philosophical disquisitions, the simplest thing in the world—that is to say, it is the simplest thing in the world so far as *understanding* is concerned; as regards *doing*, it is the hardest thing in the world."[3]

Again and again, after his manner, the author reiterates, "Religion is conduct; and conduct is three-fourths of human life." "When we are asked, what is the object of religion? let us reply, *conduct*. And when we are asked further, what is conduct? let us answer, *three-fourths of life*."[4]

Now of course it is needless to say, and it was hardly necessary for Mr Arnold to announce with such

[1] P. 13. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] P. 18.

repetitory emphasis, that there is a distinction betwixt religion and dogma. The distinction lies obviously in the respective nature of the things. "Religion is conduct," as the author says, or touches conduct. It is practical, and may and frequently does exist where there is little or no knowledge of dogma. Dogma, again, is in form at least intellectual. It represents our conception of religious truth, and, like all other intellectual products, it may be clearly apprehended without any practical result. But surely the fact that opinion does not necessarily influence conduct, by no means destroys the value of right opinions in religion any more than in other things. Because dogma is something quite distinct from conduct, and the one may exist without the other, this is no reason for disparaging dogma, or for putting it aside as of no account. For what are dogmas, after all, but men's highest thoughts about religion—the thoughts of the Church formulated and set down in order respecting those Divine relations out of which all religion comes, and into which, when we make it a subject of reflection, it always runs? Not only so. But all dogmas, however abstract, were once living powers. Dr Newman, whom he quotes with approval on the subject of the development of Christian doctrine, might have kept him right here. "Development," Dr Newman says, "is not an effect of wishing and resolving, or of forced enthusiasm, or of any mechanism of reasoning, or of any subtlety of intellect; but comes of its own innate power of expansion within the mind in its season." Even the most abstruse doctrines are in no sense private inventions of men with heads given to abstract reasoning. They are growths within the Chris-

tian consciousness; they come of a living movement of Christian thought and experience. Man, as our author quotes, "is a being of a large discourse, looking before and after," and he cannot help spontaneously *thinking out* what appears to him the conditions of religion. It is of the essence of these conditions that they are felt largely to be beyond ourselves. Of this very fact Mr Arnold makes much. "The *not ourselves*," which is in us and around us, and exercises constantly so much influence over us, is his own phrase to express the religious side of life. Or again, more definitely, "The *not ourselves which makes for righteousness*;"[1] or, more definitely still, "the *enduring power not ourselves which makes for righteousness*."[2] These are the forms under which he conceives the Divine, or that which is more than we are, and in conformity with which religion arises. Even he cannot get quit of dogma so far. God is for him—not a person or a cause (this is to anthropomorphise)—but the "Eternal," or "enduring Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." To talk of God as a person, still more as a "personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe," is to talk what appears to him unverifiable nonsense. But to talk of God as "the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being," or as the "Eternal"—the "enduring Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness"—this is to talk in one case the language of science, and in the other case the language of religious experience. We say nothing in the meantime of the value of these definitions, or whether they have any claim to stand for

[1] P. 51. [2] Ibid., pp. 57, 61.

what their author makes them stand; we point merely to the obvious fact that in both cases they are generalisations of the nature of dogma. They are the intellectual forms in which the Divine seems true to him, or the opinions regarding it which he would wish us to receive for our mental peace and our practical good.

But to most minds—may we not say to a catholic *consensus* of minds?—the Divine is far more truly conceived as a "great intelligent First Cause, or moral Governor of the universe." Does Mr Arnold suppose that the Bishops of Winchester or Gloucester, or even the Archbishop of York, have invented "the idea of God as a person,"—that this idea is a mere product of their metaphysics, or of anybody's metaphysics? Even the more formal Christian dogmas are in no sense mere inventions or products of abstract reasoning. Who has invented them or given them their dominance in the sphere of religion? Powerful as bishops and archbishops are, they are hardly equal to any such task as this. Surely dogmas, even the most abstruse, only exist because, as we have already said, they were in their day real growths of Christian thought and experience—as real as any products of modern thought, to say the least of it. If Christian theology teaches that "God is a person," it is not because any bishops have thought or reasoned so, but because all the revelations of the Divine, "the not ourselves," in history and in human life, have pointed towards this conclusion. When men were athirst for the Divine, and could not find it in such mere stoical conceptions of order and righteous power as Mr Arnold once more tenders for our acceptance, then Prophet and Psalmist revealed to them a living Father—not merely a Power

making for righteousness, but a divine Person loving righteousness and hating evil.

Mr Arnold does not profess to doubt that this element of personality enters into the Biblical conception of God. But he casts it aside as a mere poetic accretion of the main idea, which, according to him, was "the Eternal." "The Eternal" was that special conception of the Divine which the Hebrew mind meant to designate by the name "which we wrongly convey either without translation by *Jehovah*—which gives us the notion of a mere mythological deity—or by a wrong translation, *Lord*, which gives us the notion of a magnified and non-natural man.[1] . . . In Israel's earliest history and earliest literature under the name of Eloah, Elohim, *the Mighty*, there may have lain and matured, there did lie and mature, ideas of God more as a moral power, more as a power connected above everything with conduct and righteousness, than were entertained by other races. Not only can we judge by the result that this must have been so, but we can see that it was so. Still their name, *the Mighty*, does not in itself involve any true and deep religious ideas, any more than our name *the Brilliant*. With *the Eternal* it is otherwise. For what did they mean by the Eternal? the Eternal *what?* the Eternal *cause?* Alas! these poor people were not Archbishops of York. They meant the Eternal righteous, who loveth *righteousness.*"[2] This is admitted to have been the idea which Israel had of the Divine. He personified his Eternal, "for he was strongly moved, and an orator and a poet," —and "*man never knows how anthropomorphic he is,*"[3] according to the saying of Goethe. Therefore "Israel

[1] P. 30. [2] Pp. 31, 32. [3] P. 33.

called God the maker of all things, who gives drink to all out of his pleasure, as out of a river; but he was led to this by no theory of a first cause. The grandeur of the spectacle given by the world, the grandeur of the cause of its all being *not ourselves*, being above and beyond ourselves, and immeasurably dwarfing us, a man of imagination instinctively personifies as a single mighty, loving, and productive power."[1] The language of Scripture is no doubt everywhere of the same character, but so far it is a mere poetical adaptation. "God is a father, because the power in and around us which makes for righteousness is indeed best described by the name of this authoritative but yet tender and protecting relation."[2]

This and nothing else was the sense in which Jesus used the name of Father. He gave no "new or more precise definition of God, but took up this term just as Israel used it to stand for *the Eternal that loveth righteousness*. If, therefore, this term was, in Israel's use of it, not a term of science, but, as we say, a term of common speech, of poetry and eloquence *thrown out* at a vast object of consciousness not fully owned by it, so it was in Christ's use of it also. And if the substratum of scientific affirmation in the term was not the affirmation of 'a great personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe,' but the affirmation of 'an enduring Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness,' so it remained with Christ likewise. . . . Instead of proclaiming what the Bishop of Gloucester calls 'the blessed truth that the God of the universe is a person,' Jesus uttered a warning for all time against this unprofitable jargon

[1] Pp. 33, 34. [2] P. 35.

by saying, 'God is an *influence* (a Spirit), and those who would serve Him must serve Him not by any form of words or rites, but by inward motion and in reality.' "[1]

It is difficult to criticise statements of this kind, in which the language of Scripture is used so confidently, and yet in a sense so different from what is customary. If we are to take the language of Scripture as expressive of religious truth at all, on what ground can we accept its witness to the Divine righteousness and exclude its witness to the Divine personality? The "idea of God as a person" may seem ridiculous to Mr Arnold, but it was plainly a very real and true idea, and no mere poetical imagination, to the mind of Hebrew Psalmist and Prophet. "*Jehovah is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.*[2] . . . *O God* (*Elohim*), *thou art my God: early will I seek Thee. My soul thirsteth for Thee.*[3] . . . *O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.*"[4] It is surely unnecessary to quote passages to show how pervading this personal strain is everywhere in the Old Testament, heart crying unto heart—the conscious self, ignorant and astray, appealing for light and help to an almighty conscious Being, who "knoweth our frame," and "like as a father pitieth his children," pitieth them that fear Him. Is not this the deepest strain of psalm and prophecy to which the other strain of righteousness is added, rather than that to this? Eliminate this strain, or turn it into a mere figure, and

[1] Pp. 191, 192, 198, 199.
[2] Psalm xxiii., verses 1, 2, 3.
[3] Psalm xliii. 1.
[4] Psalm xlv. 2.

the Bible becomes unintelligible. It loses all reality of meaning. The idea of a personal Being who thinks and loves and reigns,—is not this the primary idea of the Divine to Abraham, who was the *friend of God*—to David, who *was His servant*—and to Isaiah, whose eyes had seen in vision *the King, the Lord of Hosts?* The idea of *righteousness* was no doubt a very vital and fruitful growth of the Hebrew mind, but it was of later, and, at the end, of more imperfect development than the idea of personality. God was a conscious Will or Providence—a personal Power to help and guide and punish, before He was seen to be in all things a righteous Power, demanding not merely sacrifice and burnt-offering, but clean hands and a pure heart. Looking, therefore, merely at the religious consciousness of the Hebrew, how can we reject its primary and accept its secondary revelation? on what principle can we pronounce the one to be poetry and the other experience or fact. Certainly Israel felt Jehovah to be especially a person—one who cared for, and loved, and protected them. First of all, and before all, He was to them a living personal Being.[1]

"There is not a particle of metaphysics," says Mr Arnold, "in the Hebrew use of the name of God." This is one of his authoritative statements, but it breaks down, like others, in the face of facts. For, allowing all force to the natural figurative growth of language, it is impossible to empty the Biblical statements about God of metaphysical meaning. A God enclosed within Nature, or a mere Personification of

[1] "That God is a real living Person with whom I may converse—such the Bible holds Him forth to me at every line."—Maurice's Life and Letters, vol. ii. p. 329.

Nature-force, is quite inconsistent with the Divine Name enunciated by psalmist and prophet.[1] The Hebrew idea of the Divine, in later revelation at least, was eminently a transcending or metaphysical idea. Again, what is Righteousness apart from metaphysic, or a true spiritual sphere? Nay, what is it apart from Personality? For, as Robertson of Brighton has pointed out with his usual felicity, Personality is only a single expression for the three supersensual qualities of "consciousness, will, and character."[2] Why, even Mr Arnold has to slip in all three, in his unavoidable use of the pronoun "who" in referring to the "Eternal righteous" — "the Eternal righteous, who loveth righteousness." Conduct is righteous or the reverse as the act of a personal being. It is literally without meaning apart from will. A *thing* in itself has no colour of morality, but only as it expresses character, will. And the whole framework of Hebraism, according to his own earlier definition of it, would collapse apart from "personality." "The governing idea of Hellenism," he said, "is *spontaneity of consciousness;* that of Hebraism, *strictness of conscience,*—the following not our individual will, but the *will of God—obedience.*"[3] On this, the only tenable view, is it not plain that righteousness is quite as much a super-sensual or metaphysical idea as personality? Righteousness lies within the folds of experience, no doubt, but only of personal experience. It has no meaning outside of this sphere—in the mere region of natural cause and effect. And

[1] Especially Exod. iii. 14; Isaiah xliv. 6; Psalms, *passim.*
[2] Lectures and Addresses, Preface, xvi.
[3] Culture and Anarchy, p. 147.

is not personality as much an element of experience in this higher ethical sense? Do we not "feel" personality equally as we "feel" righteousness? It may please Mr Arnold to make an abstraction of the one idea and to base the other on "conduct" as a concrete experience. But what, after all, is "conduct"? It is not merely a right line in space; it is the right way of a man who might have gone a wrong way, and behind whose action, therefore, there was a "will" to choose the good or the evil. It is a hopeless task, therefore, to divorce righteousness from personality, as it is, if possible, still more hopeless to endeavour to eliminate personality from the idea of God in the Bible. On the basis of mere nature-experience, neither can be found; on the enlarged and higher basis of human experience, which is Mr Arnold's sense of the word, both lie folded together and inseparable. And this was their position in the Hebrew mind, as expressed in psalm and prophecy. It was just the special business of Hebrew prophecy to clothe the bare idea of personality—of the will of Jehovah—with an ever richer colour of righteousness. The one conception, no less than the other, came out of the fulness of prophetic thought or life; but the idea of "will" struck the deepest root, while the other grew to it with an ever expanding richness.

And is not all this still more conspicuously true of the New Testament conception of God? The element of personality, sublimed into the perfect conception of fatherhood, is the conception of God which is everywhere present to the mind of Jesus. "*I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast*

revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight. All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him."[1] What need to multiply quotations? Do not we feel everywhere in the life of Christ, and at last in His passion and death, that it was the sense of personal relationship to God which sustained and blessed Him more than all else? God was to Him a Father. He was His Father with whom He daily dwelt in blessed communion, whose conscious presence cheered Him, whose absence for a moment bewildered and terrified Him. Can we believe that all that Christ *verified* of God was "*a power not himself making for righteousness;*" that He had no conscious intercourse with a Divine mind; that the will of God which He declared was not a conscious purpose? God as a *power not ourselves making for righteousness,* is not only something less, as indeed Mr Arnold admits, than the "God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," but something else—something outside the genuine Christian conception, and quite different from it. Not that there is any question of righteousness being an element of this conception. It is so invariably. The very glory of the Christian idea of God is that it blends in undistinguishable union the elements of righteousness and fatherhood or personality. God is a righteous Father. The laws of His family and kingdom are laws of righteousness. His will is ever a righteous will. He is, as Mr Arnold so often repeats, "the Eternal that loveth righteousness."

[1] St Matthew xi. 20, 25, 26, 27.

There is no doubt of all this, and the verity of this idea of God is one of the blessings of the Christian revelation. Yet, withal, this is not the *inner side* of the Christian idea. Righteousness is everywhere present in it, but fatherhood is the core and centre of the idea, or, we should rather say, the fact. Primarily, God was to Christ His Father, and to all who know the *method* of Christ, that very method of *inwardness* of which Mr Arnold says so much, God is primarily "Our Father which art in heaven." It is the personal relation that is the deepest relation in the Christian consciousness of God. Nay, it is that which takes the place of all other thoughts of God, and to which all others gather, as its living centre. Father—*my* God and Father—is what the Christian heart means by God —what it knows as God—what it has verified to be God, although not in Mr Arnold's sense of verification.

It is surprising that Mr Arnold did not feel that his own notion of verification takes him quite outside the Christian, or indeed the religious, sphere. The difference betwixt God as described by him, and God as "a great personal First Cause who thinks and loves," is that the one, as he supposes, can be *verified*, and the other cannot. Nobody can ever know, he says, or be *sure* that God is a person. And what people wish nowadays, and especially our hard-headed "masses," is to be *sure* of what they are called upon to hold or accept. "The masses, with their rude practical instinct, go straight to the heart of the matter. They are told there is a great personal First Cause who thinks and loves, the moral and intelligent Author and Governor of the universe; and that the Bible and Bible-righteousness come from Him. Now they do

not begin by asking with the intelligent Socinian, whether the doctrine of the Atonement is worthy of this moral and intelligent Ruler; they begin by asking what proof we have of Him at all. Moreover, they require plain experimental proof, such as that fire burns them if they touch it." This is the sort of proof, he thinks, that can be given of God as "*the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness.*" He would say to the working man who rejects God and religion altogether, "Try it. You *can* try it." That there is such a Power *not ourselves* you can verify by the very same process as you verify that fire burns—by experience! "Every case of conduct, of that which is more than three-fourths of your own life, and of the life of all mankind, will prove it to you. Disbelieve it, and you will find out your mistake; as sure as if you disbelieve that fire burns, and put your hand into the fire, you will find out your mistake. Believe it, and you will find the benefit of it."

Now, if Mr Arnold means by this (and if he does not mean so much, the illustration will not serve his purpose), that religious truth is to be tested by experiments of the same nature as that by which we prove that fire burns, and that no religion has claim upon us which cannot stand this test—it is surely evident, first of all, that this is not the order of religious certitude. Men do not *find* religion in this way. It finds them. It seizes them not as a law of being, or conduct, to which they must conform, but as a living awe, a conscious presence haunting them. God is not a power outside of them which they seek to verify after Mr Arnold's manner, but a power within them which their whole life con-

fesses. He *is*, they feel: and their spirits witness with His Spirit the *fact*. God, in short, is a revelation to the human heart and conscience, and not a mere law or order attesting itself like some natural substance by its results. All Christian thinkers, no less than Mr Arnold, hold that righteousness is the only law of happiness in individuals or states, and that the course of every life and of every national history more or less proves this. Nothing can be finer or truer than much that he says on this subject. But the sphere of experimental verification in individual conduct—in history—is not the inner religious sphere. This is within the spirit alone. It is the life of the soul abiding in God; and finding all its strength and righteousness and rest in Him. To such a spirit and life there is no doubt of God; and of God as a Father, and not merely a Power—as a personal Love dealing with us, and not a mere Force binding us.

Plainly this was the side on which Christ approached men, and the special aspect in which he set God before them. God is your Father. He is willing to save you. For this end have I come into the world, to make known to you His loving will for your good. "*I came forth from the Father. Again I leave the world, and go to the Father. . . . God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.*" It is easy for Mr Arnold to call this mere language of accommodation adapted to the common beliefs of the Jews, and necessary to be used if Christ was to address them intelligibly at all. We quote it in illustration of His essential method, as of the method of all great religious teachers, whose first and last aim is

not with conduct, or even with righteousness, all important as these are, but with God as a living authority, and with man as a creature of God. "Repent," no doubt such teachers have always said. "Be changed in your whole inner man." "Renounce thyself," they have also said. But primarily they have always said, or at least all who have "learned of Christ" have said, "God is your Father—He has claims upon you. He has sent His Son into the world to save you." And this thought of God as a living Being "who thinks and loves," whose we are, and yet against whom we have sinned—this thought of God it is which has been the wellspring of religious life in Christendom, which pours itself forth in all the prayers of the Christian Church, and which those beautiful natures, with what Mr Arnold calls a genius for religion—like his own Eugénie de Guérin—have especially cherished. They have never thought of verifying God as he would have us to do. They have never thought of the results of conduct as tests of religious truth. God is *within* them. Religious truth is for them the experience of the heart and conscience—its own light lightening the heart, and sending its verifying radiance down upon all the lower levels of conduct.

If this is not the "experiment" of the nature desiderated by Mr Arnold, it is nevertheless the sort of experiment which has been first of all and last of all satisfactory to the religious nature. It is such an inner consciousness of God to which the saintly and good in all ages have clung, when they had nothing else to which to cling—when no way of righteousness was plain to them, and the course of their own lives

and the course of the world seemed to lie in darkness. "Righteousness is no doubt salvation," but the consciousness of this has not been always present to the Church, or at any rate this has not been the primary spring of the most powerful religious movements. No thought of conduct, nor even passion for righteousness —but the subduing consciousness of God, and of the living, personal, responsible relation of all to Him, as children to a father, as subjects to a lord;—this has been the special inspiration of religious hearts in all ages. And if this relation is unverifiable according to Mr Arnold's illustration, it is only because his illustration is inapplicable to the case. Religious facts are not facts of the same nature as the properties of fire or water, and you cannot certify them in the same manner. Fire always burns, and if any one doubts the fact let him try it. But spiritual facts require spiritual conditions. It is of the very nature of religion to appeal to a religious sense—as of poetry to a poetic sense, as Mr Arnold himself confesses, or music to a harmonic sense. The laws or truths of both poetry and music are unverifiable to those who have no taste or capacity for either. They cannot be tested as you test the facts of nature. They are none the less true on this account. They yield an experience of their own which is their sufficient evidence. And taking religious experience as our guide, can there be any doubt that the personality of God is a fact to it as sure as the fact that fire burns, although not after the same manner sure? It *proves itself within* the spiritual sphere; it is the root-relation of all religious affection and aspiration; it is the life and strength of all religious effort; it is the joy of

Christian song, and the breath of Christian prayer. "O God, Thou art my God: early will I seek Thee."

Is all the accumulated experience of the Christian ages to pass for nothing, or less than nothing—"a huge mistake," "an enormous blunder"? With so much talk of experience, is nothing to be allowed for what Christian men have felt and thought from the beginning? It is surely an egregious misreading of human history—to say nothing else—to suppose that the deepest and most sacred convictions of the human heart have been nothing but misapplied metaphysics. Nor is it less an astounding affectation to suppose that it has remained to Mr Arnold to point out this, and to recall men from the region of "abstruse reasoning" to the region of "fact and experience" in religion. It is not he indeed, but the "Zeit-Geist"—he says, in a concluding passage of banter—that has discovered this. But the "Zeit-Geist," powerful as it is, is nothing but a transitory phase in the evolution of human experience. It will take its place and leave its result in the onward course of history. It has no claims to do anything more, and least of all to dispossess us of our old treasures, till it has provided for us something better than "a Power not ourselves making for righteousness." Moreover, it has other prophets than Mr Arnold, some of whom will not even allow us so much as this—will have nothing to do with righteousness, or with the Bible as the great lesson-book of righteousness.

This is the second point of weakness, as it appears to us, in our author's plan of verification. Try conduct, he says, and you will find that *righteousness is*

salvation, life, happiness. So far Mr Arnold is at one with the ordinary Christian; and there are some of those organs of opinion, which report to us every advance of the "Zeit-Geist" in religion, and in other things, who are full of gratitude to our author for this acknowledgment as to righteousness. Almost, they feel and say, he is persuaded to be a Christian; and although they cannot approve of his flippancies towards the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, and "the Council of Nicæa," they are disposed to pardon them for the sake of this admission. But there are many others, we need not say, who look upon Mr Arnold as unfaithful to the "Zeit-Geist" just in so far as he is weak enough to talk about *righteousness* at all—or a *Power not ourselves making for righteousness.* And these are the "men of science," *par excellence,* in our day—the men who are given to verification, and will allow of nothing that we cannot verify, as we verify the fact that fire burns. Righteousness, they will say,—what has science to do with righteousness? Such an idea is just as much a product of metaphysics as personality—the one as untangible, as unverifiable as the other. All that science has to do with is Nature and its laws—and these laws operate in a purely mechanical manner. We know nothing of the nature of any *power* behind them, and least of all of a righteous power. We know merely that our lives must be ordered into obedience to these laws, and that if we violate them no allowance is made for our ignorance and mistake. And this is really the simpler view of the matter, if we must have scientific verification for everything. Facts, and the order in which these facts recur, are all that science can know in a

strictly scientific manner. We have really no right to interpret nature or life so far as to include in them the idea of any moral power, or of a Power making for righteousness. How can we tell, looking merely at the outside of things? There are many things, evidently, that do not make for righteousness, *so far as we can see.* The wicked are seen to flourish "like a green bay-tree," and the pure and humble and good to live and die in misery. If there is a rapture in righteousness, this does not come from any outside view of its effects, or because righteousness (as Mr Arnold so often quotes) "tendeth to life," but from the undying faith *within* that there is a living Power above us that loveth righteousness, and will make it triumph in the end. It is, in short, that very faith in a personal God, which Mr Arnold ridicules, which alone sustains the idea of righteousness, and makes it a passion to any poor, weak, human soul. This is the living root from which the flower of righteousness, and every virtue of conduct, most surely and strongly springs. Cut it away, and the passion for this, or any other form of goodness, would die out of the human heart. How should it live, if all we can ever know are the mere movements on the chess-board,—if there is nothing behind the changing phenomena of which we are a part? It would still be our business, indeed, to learn the game of life as well as we could. But how many are there who would never learn it! How many have never a chance of weighing the calculations which it involves, or testing the rules of conduct! To such, righteousness is a mere name. They see it nowhere. Nor indeed do any of us see it, or know it, apart from the belief of something more than we

can see and feel. Without some such belief life has no plan,—no ideal.

And so, as it appears to us, Mr Arnold's verifying test returns upon himself. We cannot verify righteousness, still less that there *is a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness*, as we verify the fact that fire burns. All that he or we can verify in this manner is the recurrence of certain outward conditions to which he chooses to give this name, and behind which he supposes that there is a power working or making for them. This is the measure of *his* faith; but beyond question it *is faith* and not science which so far utters itself in Mr Arnold's creed—scanty as it is—no less than in all other creeds. The idea of righteousness is as truly a product of conscience, or what he calls metaphysic, as the idea of personality—born within, and not gathered from without. Nay, they are twin ideas—the one lying within the other in the common, as in the old Hebrew, conscience everywhere—a law or order of conduct (righteousness), and a lawgiver or personal authority from whom the law comes. This is the voice of *experience*, not in Mr Arnold's sense, but in a higher and truer sense—the voice of the righteous heart and religious life everywhere—the voice of Psalmist, and Prophet, and Apostle, and Fathers, and Saint in all ages. Always they have felt and realised not only a law of righteousness, but a living source of righteousness—a power *not* indeed *themselves*, but conscious, intelligent, *like themselves*,—holding them not merely by blind force, but loving, guiding, and educating them as their Guide and Father—"the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls."

And this brings us back to the initial and pervading mistake of Mr Arnold's volume—his conception of dogma as a mere excrescence or disease of religion. All the creeds are to him mere mistakes; all Christian theology a mere illusion of metaphysics, or jumble of abstract reasonings. They have come out of a misdirected criticism of the Bible, and must perish with all other products of misdirected criticism. "As were the geography, physiology, cosmology of the men who developed dogma, so was also their faculty for a scientific Bible criticism, such as dogma pretends to be. Now we know what their geography, history, physiology, cosmology were." "The Church has never yet had the right conditions for developing scientific dogma."[1] Here is the "Zeit-Geist" with a vengeance, sweeping away at one brush all the results of Christian thought! The Apostles' Creed, we are told, is "*the popular science* of Christianity;" the so-called Nicene Creed, "the learned science of the same; and the so-called Athanasian Creed, also "learned science like the Nicene Creed, but learned science which has fought and got ruffled by fighting, and is fiercely dictatorial now that it has won;—*learned science with a strong dash of violent and vindictive temper.*" This is very pretty play on the part of a theological amateur. We can imagine the smile of satisfaction with which he contemplated this effort of creed-classification; but it is easy to classify creeds, or do anything else, when we have a proud confidence in our own opinion, and know so well how everything has happened. We have heard of a Professor of Church History who, when questioned as to the writ-

[1] St Paul and Protestantism, pp. 153-164.

ings of the apostolic fathers and apologists of the second century,—that *tempus ἀδηλον*, as Scaliger calls it,—replied that he knew nothing of these writings; but "what with the Bible on the one hand, and the human consciousness on the other," he knew very well what must have happened in that century! Mr Arnold, without appeal to these aids, can tell all about the three great Creeds of Christendom. Not only so, but he can explain with ease the misdirected criticism and futile metaphysics out of which "the whole of our so-called orthodox theology" has grown.

It is hardly necessary to make any reply to such light-headed confidence. Dogmatic Theology will survive Mr Arnold's witticisms, and even the touch of that "Ithuriel spear of the Zeit-Geist" which he evidently thinks he wields with no little effect. But apart from any higher considerations, we may surely urge again the absurdity of conceiving the development of religious thought, or any other mode of thought, after such a manner. In every age men have thought more or less deeply of religion. From the beginning of the Church, the wisest and most humble no less than the most daring and speculative minds, have been busy with its great facts and questions. If they lacked, as no doubt they did, the aids of modern criticism, they yet knew profoundly the necessities of our spiritual nature, and the realities of Revelation were living and present to them without the help of his criticism. The Creeds of Christendom have been the fruit of all this study and experience. The labours of dogmatic theologians have sought to organise the highest ideas of the Church from age to age. They have sometimes passed beyond the range

of true and permanent Christian thought, and corrections await the extravagances of theology as of other subjects. But the great articles of the Christian faith have sprung from the very depths of the Christian consciousness; they are its living utterance; and to this day they continue living in thousands of Christian hearts. Do they not still witness to a far grander spirit than this "Zeit-Geist," or modern spirit, of which we hear so much, but whose main ambition seems to be to insult or disparage all that has gone before it?

Can anything be more at variance with true culture or true science than such a spirit? It is the mode of the highest culture, as well as of the best science, to do respectful homage in the old temples of knowledge. No doubt our age, with its high canons of verification and its broader spirit of historical criticism, will bring treasures of its own of rare value to this temple. It may remove accumulated rubbish "of things that have been made." It is the destiny of all dead materials to be shaken and then taken away; but only "that those things which are not shaken may remain." Our fathers "have had understanding as well as we." Other ages besides ours have known something of the Bible; the doctors and theologians of the Church have not quite mistaken its meaning. Literary critics, with their "wide experience," and the "Zeit-Geist favouring," may haply add something to our knowledge. But it is neither modest nor consistent with the progress of truth that they should claim to do anything more.

NATURAL RELIGION—GOD

Natural Religion. By the Author of 'Ecce Homo.' Second Edition. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

NATURAL RELIGION—GOD.

THE author of 'Ecce Homo' has made once more a resolute attempt to change the basis of religion, or at least to show that a religion can be raised on the ground of Nature. He writes from a different point of view from Mr Matthew Arnold, and his treatment is broader and more systematic. Everybody must admire the spirit in which he writes. There is hardly a jarring note in his recent essay. The same earnestness and even solemnity of feeling, the same enthusiasm for moral ideals, the same glow and elevation of language which characterised the earlier volume, breathe in this essay, with a more mellowed, if less hopeful, insight into the problems of modern society. We wish to speak with all respect of a writer in so many ways deserving of respect. His words, we know, have touched earnest hearts.

There is not a little, however, we feel bound to add, of the same vagueness and misconception as in his earlier volume. Much, if not the whole, of his argument disappears when rigorously stripped of its confusions of meaning, its use of words in a double

sense. The essay might still stimulate by its noble sentiment, and even thrill responsive hearts by its inspiring strain of moral music; but it could hardly be supposed to suggest or forecast any solution of religious difficulties, or to open up any way of reconciliation between science and religion. The 'Natural Religion' of the author is simply "a religion of nature," which is certainly no novelty, and no possible answer to the cry of the religious heart.

It is not our intention to renew the discussion of the basis of religion, which has been already so amply dealt with in the course of these papers. But the present volume gives us an opportunity of following out more plainly our preceding line of argument as to the idea of God, what it really involves, and what alone the Name can legitimately stand for at our present stage of thought. The author has said repeatedly, in the course of his volume, that people, and especially theologians, are often nearer in thought than they suppose. But it must also be allowed that people are sometimes more opposed in thought than they imagine. And it is true beyond all question that we cannot unite thought by merely uniting or interchanging names,—that to call a man a theist who does not recognise any ideas above nature does not make him a theist; or to call the admiration of the unity of nature a worship or religion, is to "keep the promise to the ear and break it to the heart." Admiration enters into religion no doubt, but a religion which is a mere stimulant of emotion, a mere joy or sense in the presence of nature, without any moral intent or binding to righteousness, is not a religion in the ordinary sense, or even in Mr Arnold's sense.

The whole question of the volume is really one of definition. What is Nature? What is God? Let us understand respectively what we mean by these terms, and there need be no further argument in the matter. In each case the author understands by these terms ideas which, if not peculiar to himself, are entirely at variance with ordinary or Christian usage. It may be right for him to use them as he does. It is certainly right to rescue them, and especially the expression "God," from degraded usage. No doubt both expressions have been often lowered and turned to mean uses. Every enlightened theologian is familiar with this process of degradation. Not only so, but he ought to be the first to acknowledge the service which science has often done theology in rescuing it from base meanings, and lifting up the conception of the Divine. The service of science in this respect has been too little acknowledged. Hosts of unworthy superstitions, that once grew like parasites round the historical trunk of religion, threatening to choke all its vitality, have been cleared away more by the progress of general thought than by any advance within the theological mind itself. All this is true; but this process of purifying, clearance, and expansion in theological ideas is something quite different from the process to which the author of 'Natural Religion' has subjected the old ideas. In his pages they are not merely cleared up, but cleared away, and we are in front of a series of ideas with an entirely new face, which we no longer recognise with every wish we may have to advance to a higher elevation of religious thought.

The great object of the book is also Mr Arnold's great

object, as it is that of all the Experience School—to save religion when supernaturalism has disappeared. In parting with the old basis of religion, the writer is earnestly desirous that the thing itself be not parted with; and the following is the manner in which he vindicates for science not only a religion but a theology. So far, he goes beyond Mr Arnold, who is content to let alone theology if he can gain religion. But in the view of the present writer "there is no necessary connection between [even] theology and supernaturalism. It is quite possible to believe in a God, and even a *personal* God, of whom Nature is the complete and only manifestation."[1] The ordinary view of "personality" has been that it implied a will; in other words, that it was a moral quality, which can only be conceived as the attribute of a free moral agent. But Nature, it seems, or "the separate phenomena of the universe," may be conceived *personally*. In the early Greek mythology natural phenomena were so conceived. The generative idea of Deity then was not the cause of a thing, but the *unity* of it. "No one has ever supposed that the Greeks regarded Poseidon as the *cause* of the sea. Athena may have been suggested to them by the sky, but she is not the *cause* of the sky." These names of Deity represented certain unities of nature. And why may not "God" now be used to denote the unity of nature, rather than the supernatural *cause* of it. "If we will look at things and not merely at words, we shall soon see that the scientific man has a theology and a God,—a most impressive theology, and a most awful and glorious God. I say that man believes in a God who feels himself in

[1] Natural Religion, p. 41.

the presence of a Power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself,—a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness. And such, now, is Nature to the scientific man."

So little does our author recognise personality as a necessary attribute of Deity, that he expresses himself further as follows: "Personality, as we know it, involves mortality. Deities are usually supposed immortal. Personality involves a body. The highest theologians have declared God to be incorporeal." But such an argument is surely unworthy of our author. What has personality in its essential meaning to do with mortality? Is it not *ex hypothese* hyper-physical, and is not this the real root of objection to the idea on the part of the naturalistic school? Is it not this that makes it the butt of Mr Arnold's raillery? And in what respect does it involve a body? All its three constituents—consciousness, will, character,—are essentially spiritual. We may only know them in our experience as manifested in bodies; but that they may exist independently of a body, is just the very point in question. It will not do to settle the question by begging it, and making body a necessary associate of personality. "God is a Spirit." And did the author of this sublime saying feel God to be less a person because a Spirit? It was hardly possible for the writer to state a weaker note of argument than in these sentences.

He is hardly more successful in the unequal analogy which he draws between the human and Divine will. It is true that "the highest theologies assert that the Divine will is high above the heavens, that there is no

searching it; that as the heaven is high above the earth, so are His ways than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts." But surely the greatness of the Divine will cannot be held on any reasonable grounds to impair its reality? The transcendent character of an attribute only gives more and not less of it, and, least of all, can be held to do away with it altogether. Just because the Divine will is "higher than the heavens, and the Divine ways transcend our ways," there was more room for the Psalmist to trust in a will and character so far above his own—so much ampler in import.

But of what use, we may ask, is it thus to alter the Divine idea by carrying it backward rather than forward? To worship Nature—to feel ourselves in the presence of Nature before an awful Power—may or may not be religion. But it is a kind of religion which man has long outlived. It is a kind of religion which has never done man much good—which has often rather weakened than strengthened his moral sense. This is virtually confessed by the writer, when he says: "I can conceive no religion as satisfactory that falls short of Christianity; but, on the other hand, I cannot believe any religion to be healthy that does not start from Nature-worship." As the first part of this statement is highly significant, so the latter part may have a true and innocent meaning. Nature-worship, as the opposite of nature-contempt, must be an element in all healthy religion. But religion that has any value—any relation to righteousness—is but little concerned with Nature. It does not ignore it. It embraces nature, and the laws of nature are to it Divine laws; but its special note is an ideal tran-

scending Nature and man alike, and laying upon man a law of right which can never be got out of Nature. And so the note of the truly Divine—of God in any real sense, as the idea has risen to a luminous consistency in our rational intelligence—is not in the least Nature, or any unity of natural forces, but a spiritual unity of life, in whom all life, spiritual as well as natural, moral as well as material, lives and moves and has its being.

The essayist strangely asks: "Do the attributes of benevolence, personality, &c., exhaust the idea of God? Are they not merely the most important, the most consoling, of His attributes—but the only ones? By denying them, do we cease not merely to be orthodox Christians, but to be theists?" We answer that to be a theist is surely to be something intelligible, and the intelligibility which the word represents can only be determined by literary and theological usage. It has come to connote certain attributes and qualities in the Divine and not others; and it has come to do this not accidentally or by any arbitrary process, but by rational development—in other words, in the natural growth of thought. If "God" and "Nature" are not opposites—no rational theologian would say they were opposites—yet "Nature" and "God" are quite distinct—the one spiritual, the other material. The idea of God has long left behind a nature-basis; and what possible good can it be to lower the idea once more, and fix it down to a point from which it has long risen? Everybody knows that the Greek mythology, like every other ancient form of religion, rested so far on natural personification. The forces of nature, or varieties of these forces, were deified by the early

imagination of humanity groping after a divine meaning in the "separate phenomena of the universe." But surely also it was no mere accident that religious thought did not and could not remain at this stage—that Reason, seeking always for a higher unity of universal phenomena, could not rest in any Poseidon or Athena or Zeus, or even in the Jehovah of earlier Hebraism—but was driven onwards with the growth of spiritual reason to conceive of the Divine as moral and spiritual rather than natural,—as an eternal and spiritual Life underlying all other life. The "I AM that I AM" of Moses, the "High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy," of Isaiah, the "Father in Heaven" of Christ and the Christian Church,—these are surely not only higher but truer conceptions than any mere nature-conceptions of earlier religion. And the name of God having grown into this larger meaning—answering not merely to the natural fears, but to the moral aspirations of humanity—cannot be wilfully moved back to a lower stage of thought. For more than two thousand years "God" has meant to the higher intelligence of humanity everywhere a Moral Personality—a Divine Reason and Will distinct from, and independent of, the cosmos of natural forces—and it is surely playing with words to alter the meaning and yet retain the name. It may be true that the idea of God is easily degraded, and that many Christians have degraded it "by childish and little-minded teaching." To conceive of God as "the head of the Church interest, as a sort of clergyman," may not be very elevated or scientific; but there is all the difference in the world between any degradation of the Divine idea which springs out of

the necessary limitations of the common mind, and a philosophical attempt to take the idea down again from the moral height to which it has ascended. It is confessed by the author that "such a God" as Nature is far from satisfactory; then why reclaim the name for a stage of the idea which humanity has long outgrown? Why say that "the average scientific man worships just at present a more awful and, as it were, a greater Deity than the average Christian"? The average Christian, even if his comprehension be so feeble that he looks upon "God" as a sort of "superior clergyman," does not yet empty the Divine idea of all moral meaning. His God may be a very imperfect and poor image of the great Ideal, but it is, after all, more than an ideal of mere force. It is more than the mere infinity of astronomical or geological millenniums. It is not the "unspiritual God" of mere Nature or Circumstance. The God of the Christian is a God of the living and not of the dead. When our Lord defined God as "a Spirit," He gave a meaning to the name with which it can never part. He fixed the idea unchangeably in the human consciousness. Anything lower than this is not God, whatever it may be. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."[1] No unspiritual ideal can reasonably claim that name. "Religion" is not religion when what is so called does not rise into a spiritual sphere. Is there a spirit in man? Is there a spirit above man? Is there a sphere beyond Nature in the widest sense, "a universal self-consciousness, an absolute spiritual life," with whom our higher life is capable of converse, to

[1] St John iv. 24.

whom it is authoritatively subject, and by whom it is being constantly disciplined? Such questions as these surely mirror the only religious problem worth considering.

We do not speak of this or that form of Christian faith, or of any so-called orthodox conception of Christianity rooted in a supernaturalism[1] that clings to the letter of the Biblical narratives. There may certainly be a recognition of a living God, and there may be

[1] There is no phrase so familiar with the writer of 'Natural Religion' as Supernaturalism; and it can hardly be doubted that, whatever his own religious standpoint may be, it does not include what he means by Supernaturalism. But it is at the same time plain that he has not cleared to his mind the conception of the Supernatural. It appears to mean for him always, or almost always, the *supposed miraculous* in history—"what are called miracles." But the Supernatural and "miracle" are not to be identified. The *possibility* of miracle—of a break in the order of nature—cannot indeed be denied by any one who believes in a supernatural agent or person. If there is a God in the Christian sense, the idea of a Revelation substantiated by miracles cannot be repudiated. But the Supernatural, strictly so called, might exist, although miracles generally were discredited or disproved. The true Supernatural is Being beyond Nature, and essentially independent of it—noumenal or metaphysical Being—God, and the Soul. The Soul is indeed only known *to us within* nature—in a brain—but the special note of *Soul* is that it is capable of existing without brain, or after death. The Christian idea is that *Soul* is the Divine in us—the immaterial part which connects us with God and makes us specially His offspring. Supernaturalism is strictly, therefore, the recognition of a sphere of Being beyond nature, and existing independently of all natural changes. And this distinction is of great importance, not only in itself, but in its consequences. It is one thing to deny or discredit supposed miraculous occurrences, and quite another thing—a note of far more advanced unbelief—to deny the possibility of Supernatural Being or Agency—of a spiritual sphere transcending the material. Religion might survive the denial of the one species of Supernaturalism, but not of the other. Even Christianity might survive the disproof of many supposed Biblical miracles identified with it in popular acceptance, but not the disproof of God and the Soul, and of a Divine life manifested in Christ.

true religion, not confined within any such narrow bounds. But to speak of God and mean only Nature, even when Nature is made to include Humanity; to speak of "Religion" and mean only the admiration of beauty, or "the knowledge of the laws of the universe"—what are called "the Ideals of Art and Science"—this is to adopt a licence of language and thought which can only lead to irretrievable confusion. It is to carry back the hands of the clock, and yet to speak with a voice which we had never known unless the clock had long since advanced. It is to ignore the progress of reason and yet use up its results. It is simply impossible to go back from the moral life that Christianity has poured into human thought, to strip it bare of spiritual meaning as in the days of Paganism, and yet to use words that have mirrored for ages the higher association, and are unintelligible apart from it. "God" can never be aught but what Christianity has made the conception—the ideal implanted by Christian Thought in the human consciousness—even if Christianity itself be rejected. True religion can never be less than a disciplinary communion of the human with the Divine Spirit, however the love of beauty or of knowledge may purge and test it. If we are to have nothing but Nature—nothing but the science which unfolds its laws and the art that moulds its beauty into form—let us know what we are about. Let us not cheat ourselves with phantoms of God and religion, when we have emptied heaven of all reality and left nothing anywhere but the phantasmal reflection of earth. Why force upon science a meaning of Nature which it disclaims, especi-

ally when the meaning can be little else than an empty sound. Of what use to say to the scientific man, "Oh, you are mistaken. You really worship God, although you know it not. You recognise a Power outside of you—Nature, and this is 'a most awful and glorious God.'" Is he not entitled to say in reply, "It is you who are mistaken. Nature is something that I can see and touch; it is something which I willingly study and admire, an object 'always growing clearer, yet always presenting new mysteries —arresting, fascinating, absorbing attention,'—but it is not 'God,' and I never think of it as 'God.' For 'God is a Spirit,' and Science knows nothing of spirits. Worship is essentially spiritual, and my mood, however full of wonder, or even awe, is not in the least spiritual. 'God' is, therefore, not in all my thoughts; religion is to me not merely a region of mystery, but a region of *non-sense*—the very converse of that in which I habitually dwell—and theology is from beginning to end a mere play of words, because professing to treat as realities things which have no root or warrant in the world of sense."

This, if the less reverent, is the more clear-headed attitude on the part of those who stand on a materialistic basis and recognise no other—to whom the Supernatural is a mere unverifiable fiction. That this is the author's own basis we nowhere say. On the contrary, he has himself, according to words already quoted, pronounced Christianity to be the only satisfactory religion; and it is the whole object of his book, as it is of Mr Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma,' to commend religion to the modern reader. Both writers

expressly disclaim being assailants of Christianity—and we have no right to impute motives which are disclaimed. We deal with arguments, and not with motives or intentions. All we feel bound to urge is, that the argumentative basis in both cases seems, to our way of thinking, to leave no room for religion in any Christian sense of the word. We might still indeed have "religion" in the sense of our author, and many influences tending to elevate human life and human society. We might still strive after a higher life. We might resist *Conventionalism* or *Secularity*, which with our author are the only real enemies of religion. Earth itself might be "apparelled in celestial light;" and as we put away from us lower desires and base habits, it might be possible for us to say in a metaphor, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"[1] But *metaphor* in such a case would be the only expression of our spiritual life. Our spiritual being as a fact would be gone; soul would be no more. We might speak of it euphemistically, but what nobody believed to exist substantively would not long survive poetically. There would be no spiritual power to sustain us in our higher moments, or raise us in our lower moods. All ideal would have to be born within, of our emotional aspirations. Revelation would be a dream; redemption, an imagination. All the characteristic expressions of Christianity would lose their meaning.

When Heaven becomes a fiction, and the idea of a Supernatural sphere has entirely vanished, it may be

[1] P. 120.

right to seek for a higher ideal, and to follow such an ideal if we can find it. But we confess that it seems to us deluding, if not cruel, to use the old terms steeped in supernaturalism — all whose historical meaning is supernatural—to denote things which are quite different. To speak of Theism and Theology in connection with Nature, and what our author means by Natural Religion, involves in fact a gross philosophical as well as religious confusion. Theism has long denoted, in contradistinction to Pantheism on the one hand, and Naturalism on the other, the doctrine of a Divine Existence, distinct from and independent of Nature—not merely physical, but human nature. The Theist is definitively one who believes in a Personal Being above Nature, and by whom everything natural exists. The study of Nature may be "a part of the study of God," in the sense that Nature is a revelation or manifestation of Divine activity, but in no intelligible sense is it true "that he who believes only in Nature is a Theist, and has a theology." The very reverse is true. He who believes *only* in Nature is, according to all the fair meaning of language, a non-Theist, and can have no theology,—for the simple reason that he recognises by the very hypothesis no Divine reality apart from Nature. If there be no activity or Power behind all the play of natural forces, then there is no *Theos*, and how, then, can there be either *The*ism or *The*ology? Men may be often nearer each other in thought than they fancy,—and no doubt they readily "slide into the most contemptible logomachies." But nothing can promote logomachy more than a downright confusion of ideas; and no possible good can come from calling

ourselves "Theists," and claiming to have a "Theology," when we have discarded from all our thoughts the spiritual conceptions out of which the one and the other have sprung from the earliest ages.

It is, we confess, a surprise to us that a student, not of physical science but of human history,—of the moral forces which have guided the political, social, and religious advancement of mankind,—should wish us to alter the old ideals of Religion and God—ideals gained by man after many struggles, and which, more than any others, have inspired his higher life and consecrated every phase of his progressive civilisation. For are not these ideals better, after all, than any that Science or Art can give us? Are they not better just because they present no mere unity of natural force, however majestic, but a unity of spiritual beauty and power, transcending all natural life and glorifying it? Is not this their very triumph, that they bring down heaven to earth and touch the heart with celestial fire? Nothing can be less like the object of Faith than any mere artistic or intellectual ideal. An intense spirituality is the root of the one; the other has its home in the region of sense and of knowledge. You cannot measure the one by the other, or speak of the one in the terms of the other. It is a sad ending for Humanity if it has to turn back from the upper air of Faith and breathe only the life of Nature. If "soul" is to become a mere pseudonym for nervous force, and man is not "different generically from the brutes"—if we have to exchange ideas of Divine and human personality for ideas of the unity of Nature, or lessons in science—then human history seems some-

thing like a cheat. It has been playing with phantoms instead of working out spiritual ideals. It has been marching to the music of ghosts, and not to the voices of Prophets and Apostles. The march may not cease to be heroic, but the heroism is pitiful rather than tragic. It is without moral issue, and therefore without moral grandeur or interest.

PROFESSOR FERRIER AND THE HIGHER PHILOSOPHY

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1. Lectures on Greek Philosophy, and other Philosophical Remains of James Frederick Ferrier, B.A. Oxon., LL.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. Edited by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D., Director of Public Instruction in Bombay, and E. L. Lushington, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: 1866.

2. Institutes of Metaphysic: the Theory of Knowing and Being. By James F. Ferrier, B.A. Oxon. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: 1861.

PROFESSOR FERRIER AND THE HIGHER PHILOSOPHY.

PROFESSOR FERRIER of St Andrews is well worthy of being remembered both as a man and a teacher. The 'Institutes of Metaphysic,' published in his lifetime, had secured for him, if not a wide reputation, yet an undoubted recognition as a thinker from all sides of the philosophical world. The two volumes of 'Lectures and Philosophical Remains,' if they do not add anything to his philosophical doctrine, or excite among those who have been interested in it any higher opinion of his speculative ability, yet serve to enhance his general reputation, while they bring before us a mind singularly devoted to abstract studies, and singularly gifted with the power of illuminating them and rendering them attractive. They serve also to show clearly the relation which his speculations bore to the previous Scottish philosophy against which they were a reaction. Without entering into any detailed review of his metaphysical opinions, we shall endeavour in the following paper to

fix his position as a thinker and writer, and to offer a brief estimate of him in both capacities. The powers exhibited in these 'Remains,' and in the 'Institutes of Metaphysic,' demand a more general acknowledgment than they have yet received.

In the introductory notice prefixed to the volumes of 'Remains,' written by Professor Lushington with much taste and graceful feeling, we learn the few particulars of Professor Ferrier's life deserving to be recorded. He was born into an intellectual and literary circle. His grandfather was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott; his aunt was the well-known authoress of 'Marriage,' 'Destiny,' and 'The Inheritance.' Professor Wilson was his uncle, and was afterwards connected with him by still closer ties. He may be said to have come by birthright, therefore, into the possession of much that was characteristic and valuable in the old intellectual life of Edinburgh, and the influence of this inheritance is very obvious in some features of his own intellectual culture. He was born in 1808, and received his early education in the Manse of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire. Here, too, he was fortunate. Dr Duncan of Ruthwell was one of many Scottish clergymen who, while not learned in any special manner, are yet full of the mental vigour and vivacity which learning does not always give. He was the originator of Savings Banks in the south of Scotland. He was also a close observer of nature, and gave some of the fruits of his observations to the world in a series of interesting volumes on the 'Seasons.' In the family of this clergyman there was first awakened in Mr Ferrier's mind the lively interest and affection which he never lost for

Virgil, Ovid, and the Latin poets in general: he often spoke in later life of the new source of delight then opened to him in these authors. He afterwards attended the Edinburgh High School, and was for some time domiciled with Dr Burney at Greenwich. He then went to the Edinburgh University for two sessions, from 1825 to 1827, and finally to Oxford, which he entered as a fellow-commoner of Magdalen, and where he took the degree of B.A. in 1831.

Up to this period there is no evidence of his being specially interested in metaphysical studies. Edinburgh had lost Dr Thomas Brown in 1820, and had not yet gained Sir William Hamilton. Oxford had not begun to develop that philosophical earnestness which in recent years has marked its schools. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Oxford exercised any definite intellectual influence on Professor Ferrier. He had imbibed his love for the Latin poets before he went there, and his devotion to Greek Philosophy was an after-growth with which he never associated his Magdalen studies. To one who visited the college with him many years afterwards, and to whom he pointed out with admiration its noble walks and trees, his associations with the place seemed to be mainly those of amusement. There is a reason to think that few of those who knew him at Magdalen would have afterwards recognised him in the laborious student at St Andrews, who for weeks together scarcely crossed the threshold of his study; and yet, to all who knew him well, there was nevertheless a clear connection between the gay gownsman and the hard-working professor.

His love of metaphysical research seems to have

increased rapidly after his return to Edinburgh, and his settlement there as an advocate in 1832. Sir William Hamilton, although he had not yet attained his final position in the University as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, was now in the full spring of his philosophical activity. His famous review of Cousin's 'Cours de Philosophie' had appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1829, and his not less significant article on the "Philosophy of Perception" saw the light exactly a year later. It was soon after the publication of these articles that Ferrier made the acquaintance of their author, and very soon their intimacy "ripened into a warm friendship," which "continued thoroughly cordial and affectionate, both in agreement and in difference on philosophical questions." To this friendship appears to have been owing that interest in metaphysical studies which was destined to become such an absorbing passion with Professor Ferrier. It is true that he afterwards went to Heidelberg and studied there for some time; but whatever points of affinity may be discovered between his later speculations and German Thought, there is no evidence that at this period he was much affected by the course of this Thought. He himself says that his "Philosophy is Scottish to the very core," and "that it owed nothing to Germany." In the same essay[1] in which he says this, he speaks of Sir William Hamilton as the thinker to whom he was chiefly indebted; and in his early metaphysical articles there are many indications of the same fact, even while opposing himself most strongly to Sir William Hamil-

[1] Appendix to Institutes of Metaphysic, originally published under the title of Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New.

ton's views. "He has taught those who study him," he says "*to think*, and he must stand the consequences, whether they think in unison with himself or not. We conceive, however, that even those who differ from him most, would readily own, that to his instructive disquisitions they were indebted for at least one half of all that they know of philosophy."[1] The speculative activity thus awakened in Ferrier did not immediately bear fruit. The next five years were chiefly years of silent growth, during which he was laying the foundation of his later convictions. "Taught to think" by Sir William Hamilton, he no doubt gradually passed—although we have no indication of the manner in which he did so—from the attitude of a disciple to that of a critic, and finally of an opponent. It is one of the services of a great and energetic intellect that it not only makes disciples but excites independent thoughtfulness, and this without any of the alienation which, in the case of smaller minds, attends the severing of intellectual ties.

But the young Scotch advocate, during those years, was not only busy whetting his intellect against metaphysical problems; he was, moreover, enthusiastically cultivating the general fields of literature. Every one who has looked into his metaphysical writings is, perhaps first of all, struck with the finish of their literary form. Those who may attach to them no other value, at least acknowledge with what clear vigour and fine expressiveness they always convey his meaning. And the fact is, Professor Ferrier was always more than the metaphysician. To the last his interest in literature was almost equal

[1] Reid and the Philosophy of Common Sense, vol. ii. Remains.

to his interest in philosophy. He had a pure delight in it for its own sake, and especially in English, German, and Latin poetry. Of French literature he knew comparatively little, and even French metaphysics did not much interest him: its analytic, psychological character presented but few attractions in comparison with the higher flights of German Thought. But from the time of his residence in Heidelberg, in 1834, he studied German, and especially German poetry, with the greatest enthusiasm. Its marvellous freshness and exuberant power seized him with something of the wild delight which they have for the German student, and the poetic impulse he derived from it never died away. It was in this form rather than by its metaphysics that Germany first affected him. Among his first contributions to 'Blackwood's Magazine' were two translations from the German—a translation of Tieck's 'Pietro d'Abano' and of Deinhardstein's 'Picture of Danae,' of the latter of which a specimen is given at the end of the second of the volumes of 'Remains.' Other literary articles, and especially a review of 'Miss Barrett's Poems,' show how freshly he kept alive his poetic sympathies, and how vividly they responded to the "subtlest touch of all true poetry." It may also be mentioned that when Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (afterwards Lord Lytton) published his 'Translation of Schiller's Ballads,' he dedicated them to Professor Ferrier, with whom he had frequently corresponded regarding his task, and to whose "critical judgment and skill in detecting the finer shades of meaning in the original" he acknowledges his obligations.

His first public essay in philosophy appeared in a

series of papers in 'Blackwood's Magazine' during the years 1838 and 1839, under the title of "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness." This essay is republished in the 'Remains,' and marks the first definite stage in his philosophical development. Although bearing traces of juvenility, it is eminently worthy of study, while it gives the significant key to all his subsequent speculations. We shall examine it further on; in the meantime it will be well to run out the brief thread of his personal history, and so to keep together our remarks on his philosophical position and character.

In 1842, Professor Ferrier was appointed to the chair of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh. There is no special record of his work in this chair, which was looked upon at that time mainly as a stepping-stone to some more important professorship. In session 1844-45, during Sir William Hamilton's severe illness, Mr Ferrier acted as his substitute, and taught the class of Logic and Metaphysics for some time: his zeal and success in the discharge of this task are warmly acknowledged by Sir William in a testimonial given to Mr Ferrier when applying for a chair in another university. In 1845 he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy at St Andrews, and held that office till his death. He was twice a candidate for a philosophical chair in Edinburgh,—first, on the resignation of his uncle, Professor Wilson, in 1852, and again in 1856, on the death of Sir William Hamilton; but on both occasions, a combination of circumstances, irrespective of the merits of the candidates, determined the choice of the electors, and his name and his immediate influence as

a teacher are destined to be pre-eminently associated with St Andrews.

It was shortly after his settlement in St Andrews that the train of thought developed in the 'Institutes of Metaphysic' took full possession of his mind. At first his lectures had been in the usual manner, chiefly critical and expository of the various schemes of mental and moral philosophy; but for some years he devoted himself, in his chair as well as in his study, to the working out of the definite system of speculation contained in the 'Institutes.' He also frequently corresponded with his friends on the subject which entirely engrossed him; and one of his letters addressed to Mr De Quincey, who regarded him as "the metaphysician of highest promise among his contemporaries in England or Scotland," is an admirably clear, if somewhat hardly compacted, epitome of his system. The 'Institutes' reached a second edition in 1856; and in the same year he published the remarkable pamphlet, to which we have already alluded, entitled 'Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New.' This pamphlet was in reply to various criticisms which his work had provoked, and there is none of his writings marked by a more incisive and masterly vigour. Its publication immediately followed his rejection for the chair of logic and metaphysics in Edinburgh; and the smart of his failure, no less than the feeling that his views had been unfairly represented by some of his critics, contributed to give pungency to its pages. The editors of the 'Remains' have withdrawn certain parts of it on republication. He would probably have approved of such a course himself. For while he was an unsparing opponent where he thought he had been

unfairly treated, or that his philosophical honour was at stake, he yet readily forgot occasions of controversy when past, and the bitterness which too often springs from them.

From this period he had no thoughts of leaving St Andrews, to which he had become warmly attached. He found all his happiness in his work there and in the society with which he was surrounded. Professor Lushington has well described his work and mode of life at this time :—

"His labours as a professor," he says, "were prompted by unsparing energy; they were rewarded by one of the truest evidences of merit, the devoted sympathy and attachment of his pupils. To stimulate their minds to philosophic thought, to lead them to insight rather than tenacity of conviction, and empower them to think for themselves,—this, as the steady principle of his endeavours, is repeatedly set forth in his lectures, and undeviatingly ruled his practice. In all matters of college business his sound judgment and vigorous good sense were acknowledged and looked up to by his colleagues. His students felt sure that there was not one among their professors to whose generous consideration of their feelings they might more confidently trust, or whose resolute assertion of all that was due to his own office they must more implicitly respect. They revered him as a guide to truth and wisdom, they loved him as an elder friend and fellow-labourer.

"His devotion to contemplative study was so persistent and absorbing, that he was seldom induced to leave his home in St Andrews for excursions to any distant quarters. His friends both in Scotland and

England had often to regret the rareness of the visits which he paid them, not only on their own account, but, as they believed, for his sake also. For they could not repress within them the strong persuasion that the intensity of his solitary labours in search of truth was wearing him out; and that whenever he could be induced to intermit the restless mental exercise, usually carried on far into the morning hours, such relaxation must prove beneficial to his general health. But for him philosophy had deeper charms than for most even of laborious and meditative inquirers. The "difficult air" which surrounds the top of the mountain of speculation, exhausting to common travellers in that high region, was to him as the daily breath of life. Those among his acquaintance for whom such abstruser pursuits had no attraction, could not but feel and acknowledge the largeness of mind and heart which enlivened his social intercourse, which sought for no display, but manifested itself in the readiness with which he entered alike into the common business and recreation of everyday life, and into all general topics of rational interest. The most devoted of all students, he was the last man to whom any one who knew him, or even casually met him, could have thought of applying the description of "pedant." In mixed company, his graceful courtesy, his rich and genial humour, and the fine unstrained benignity which, being heart-deep, inspired his whole manner, secured general admiration and goodwill. There was hardly a social meeting at St Andrews at which his presence, expected or unexpected, would not have been welcomed with genuine gladness; nor could any subject be mooted on which his views, however unob-

trusively expressed, would not have been listened to with respectful attention."

Professor Ferrier seemed naturally of a healthy, if not strong, constitution. He was well knit in frame, and had a clear, vigorous, and even joyous expression of countenance, in which the lines of intellectual decision and severe thoughtfulness were always marked, but which bore no trace of wear or overwork until long after he had settled in St Andrews. From the time of his settlement there, however, he lived a far too studious and sedentary life. With unabated ardour he consumed the midnight oil through the long winter months; and even summer, save in some hours of unusual warmth and brightness, seldom drew him from the attractions of his study. His health began to suffer from this mode of life; and soon after 1856 his friends noticed with anxiety a difficulty he had in breathing after any unusual exercise, such as that of ascending a staircase. Still, saving a growing disinclination to physical exertion, he continued the even tenor of his life and studies to the beginning of winter in 1861, when he was suddenly seized by a violent attack of *angina pectoris*. From this attack he recovered, and continued, with but little interruption, his professional labours, and even the prosecution of his 'Lectures on Greek Philosophy,' which he had begun, a few years before, on a more systematic plan. "Those who conversed with him after this date on his favourite topics were aware that his subtlety and penetrating energy of thought were as vivid as ever." But his physical system had received a shock from which it never rallied, and, henceforward, he was more or less of an invalid. Gradually, his strength decayed,

and the symptoms of weakness, attending heart affection, assumed a threatening form. During these closing years he ceased in some degree to vex himself with those philosophical problems which had been such an absorbing interest to him; he lost something of his keen relish for abstract discussion; and his old love of literature came back upon him with new freshness. He reverted to the Latin poets, the friends of his youth, and once more read through Virgil.

"He spoke of death," says Professor Lushington, "with entire fearlessness, and though there was nothing new to those who knew him best, it impressed their minds at this time more vividly than ever. The less they dared to hope for his life being prolonged, the more their love and regard were deepened by his tender thoughtfulness for others, and the kindliness which annihilated all absorbing concern for himself. In many little characteristic touches of humour, frankness, beneficence, beautiful gratitude for any slight help or attention, his truest and best nature seemed to come out all the more freely; he grew, as it were, more and more entirely himself indeed. If ever a man was true to philosophy, or a man's philosophy true to him, it was so with Ferrier during all the time when he looked death in the face and possessed his soul in patience."

Another friend who saw much of him at this time, says: "The strength and patience of his character, and buoyant energy and varied activity of his mind, were never more conspicuous. We had many earnest conversations,—for it is needless to say that a reason so inquisitive and reflective as Professor Ferrier's had

pondered much on the subject of religion. He was unable to feel much interest in any of its popular forms, but he had a most intense interest in its great mysteries, and a thorough reverence for its truths, when these were not disfigured by superstition or formalism. His large thoughtfulness made him indifferent to minor matters, which to many minds represent so much of religion, and he had perhaps too vehement a dislike to certain aspects of pietistic activity. But he had true religious impulses; and Christian truth, expressed in a manly, straightforward, and unexaggerated manner, always impressed him. He was open to the light from whatever quarter it might come; but he also felt that there was much regarding which we must be content here to remain in darkness, and to await the solution of the future. . . . There was a singular depth and immovableness in his cheerful patience. I do not think I ever heard him complain, and I have seen him in great languor and pain. He might give utterance to a half-playful, half-grim expression regarding his sufferings, but he never seemed to think there was anything strange in them, anything that he should not bear calmly as a man and as a Christian. Neither did he say much of unfinished work which he might have done, although such work had been formerly much in his heart. He expressed few regrets, he spoke of no fears. He looked heroically yet humbly into the future, and did such work as he could with interest and diligence to the end. On the very day before his final seizure, I believe, he was in his library, as was his wont, busy among his books."

He died on the 11th of June 1864.

In briefly reviewing Professor Ferrier's position as a philosopher, we are led back to his early essay—an 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness.' This essay, as we have already said, gives the key to his general course of speculation, and begins his life-long opposition to the old Scottish philosophy. At first he attacked its method and general character; then he advanced to attack its special doctrine of perception, and to lay down the basis of what he supposed to be a higher doctrine. This more developed stage in his line of thought is marked by the 'Institutes of Metaphysic.' His final stage is marked by the 'Lectures on Greek Philosophy,' in which he applies his general principles to the exposition of the most interesting and significant phase of past speculation. His own ideas constantly reappear in this exposition; and he became a historical critic chiefly because he believed in the virtue of these ideas to illuminate and render intelligible the course of Greek philosophy. Throughout his successive writings there will be found to be a natural connection and organic growth of thought which we will endeavour to exhibit.

I. It was a favourite point in the old Scottish Philosophy, that it had applied the scientific or inductive method to the study of mind. Reid, Stewart, and Brown—differing as the latter does in so many respects from his predecessors—unite in the importance which they attach to this method, and the value of the results to which they suppose it to lead. According to Reid, the human mind is "a fabric, curious and wonderful," which we can only understand by a careful examination of its several parts. "All that

we know of the body is owing to anatomical dissection and observation, and it must be by an anatomy of the mind that we can discover its powers and principles."[1] Stewart is full of the same comparison between physical and mental science. As the former was rescued by Bacon from irrelevant inquiries regarding the "substance of matter," "the mode of its creation," and the "efficient causes of its changes," so he conceived that Dr Reid had done eminent service to the latter by fixing observation on the mere facts of mind, the character of its various faculties and their relations to one another, and turning attention away from all purely metaphysical questions. "Upon a slight attention to the operations of our own mind," he says, "they appear to be so complicated, and so infinitely diversified, that it seems to be impossible to reduce them to any general laws. In consequence, however, of a more accurate examination, the prospect clears up; and the phenomena, which appeared, at first, to be too various for our comprehension, are found to be the result of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded faculties; or of simple and uncompounded principles of action. These faculties and principles are the general laws of our constitution, and hold the same place in the philosophy of mind, that the general laws we investigate in physics hold in that branch of science."[2]

From Dr Brown, on this subject, it is almost needless to quote. He disregarded the more cautious language of his predecessors, and identified the study of mind and matter as both alike objects of purely

[1] Reid's Inquiry, p. 1.

[2] Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, pp. 9, 10

physical investigation. "That which perceives" (he says, in a passage quoted by Ferrier, as containing "the whole substance" and "scientific method" of his philosophy), "is a part of nature as truly as the objects of perception which act on it, and as a part of nature is itself an *object of investigation purely physical.* It is known to us only in the successive changes which constitute the variety of our feelings; but the regular sequence of these changes admits of being traced, like the regularity which we are capable of discovering in the successive organic changes of our *bodily* frame.[1]

Professor Ferrier had not only no sympathy with this sort of language and the vaunted method which it described, but he made both the subject of unsparing ridicule. All the first and best half of his early essay is a bold and sparkling polemic against any supposed analogy between Mental Philosophy and Physical Science. The Scotch Philosopher, he says, is like the "analytic poulterer," who slew the goose that laid the golden eggs. Leave mind to its natural workings, and how marvellous are they; but cut into it with the inductive knife, and its *essence* disappears in the process. Look at what are called the "mental faculties" on "the dissecting table of Dr Brown," and see how "shapeless and extinct" they have become. You can never find a true philosophy of man in this way. "Science may indeed play with words, and pass before us a plausible rotation of 'faculties.'" She may introduce the causal *nexus* into thought, and call the result "association." But the man himself is not to be found in this "calculating machine." For man is

[1] Physiology of the Mind, pp. 1, 2.

a "living soul," and not a mere dead mass of "faculties." He is not mere "mind" any more than matter. It is not any aspect or faculty of mind, but consciousness or personality, which constitutes his true being; and this element of consciousness is quite distinct from mere mind. Do you say that they are not distinct? that "I" and "mind" are identical, only that the knowing subject and the known object are here one and the same? Then Ferrier answers,—You have equally given up the assumed analogy upon which your whole philosophical method rests. For if mind be the "Ego," if it be self-conscious, then you have here something quite separating it from matter. Matter is nothing but a series of *changes;* mind is also a series of changes; but, moreover, it is *conscious* of its changes, and this is a fact entirely new and different from anything in matter. And so the professed analogy between matter and mind as objects of scientific investigation breaks down. But according to him, there is nothing in a mere "state of mind," any more than there is in "states of matter," to countenance the presumption that it should take cognisance of its own operations. "*A priori*, there is no more ground for supposing that 'reason,' 'feeling,' 'passion,' and 'states of mind' whatsoever, should be conscious of themselves, than that thunder and lightning, and all the changes of the atmosphere should. Mind, endow it with as much reason as you please, is still perfectly conceivable as existing in all its varying moods, without being, at the same time, at all conscious of them. Many creatures are rational without being conscious."[1]

[1] Remains, vol. ii. p. 28.

It may be rejoined that consciousness is nothing but an additional fact or quality of mind found in man—an element of experience, no less than other "states of mind." Ferrier's answer to this is a very good specimen of his ingenious subtlety. "Matter," he says, "is not 'I.' I know it only by its changes. It is an object to me, *Objicitur mihi.* This is intelligible enough, or is at least known from experience, and a science of it is perfectly practicable, because it is *really* an object to me. Suppose, then, that 'mind' also is not I, but that I have some mode of becoming acquainted with its phenomena or changes, just as I have of becoming acquainted with those of matter. This, too, is perfectly conceivable. Here, also, I have an object. *Aliquod objicitur mihi:* and of this I can frame a science upon intelligible grounds. But I can attribute no consciousness to this object. The consciousness is in myself. But suppose I vest myself in this object. I thus identify myself with mind, and realise consciousness as a fact of mind, but in the meantime what becomes of mind as an *object?* It has vanished in the process. An object can be conceived only as that which may possibly become an object *to* something else. Now what can mind become an object *to?* Not to me, for I am it, and not something else. Not to something else without being again denuded of consciousness; for this other being could only mark its changes as I did, and not endow it with consciousness without vesting in it its own personality, as I had done. Perhaps you imagine that the synthesis of 'I' and 'mind' may be resolved, and that thus the latter may again be made the *object* of your research. Do you maintain that the synthesis may be

resolved in the first place *really?* Then you adopt our first supposition when we supposed that 'mind' was not 'I.' In this case 'mind' is left with all its changing phenomena, its emotions, passions, &c., and the consciousness of these remains vested in that which is called 'I,' and thus 'mind' is divested of its most important fact. Or, in the second place, do you suppose the synthesis resolved *ideally?* But, in this case too, it will be found that the fact of consciousness clings on the one side of the inquiring subject ('I'), and cannot be conceived on the side of the object inquired into ('mind'), unless the synthesis of the subject and object which was ideally resolved be again ideally restored. The conclusion of this is, that if the synthesis of 'I' and 'mind' be resolved either really or ideally, consciousness vanishes from 'mind,' and if it be maintained entire, 'mind' becomes inconceivable as an *object* of research. Finally, are you driven to the admission that mind is an object, only in a fictitious sense; then here, indeed, you speak the truth. That which is called 'I' is a living reality; and though mind were annihilated, it would remain a repository of given facts. But that which is called mind is truly an object only in a fictitious sense, and being so, is, therefore, only a fictitious object, and consequently the science of it is also a fiction and an imposture."[1]

The conclusion, of course, to which he comes is that consciousness, and not mind, in its ordinary psychological sense, is the proper subject of philosophy. Man is marked off from all other creatures, not by the possession of a mind, but by the power which he alone

[1] Remains, vol. ii. pp. 29-31.

has of contemplating all his sensations, passions, emotions, and states of mind as *his own.* This is the root and essence of man's intelligent being, out of which grow "conscience, morality, responsibility, which may be shown to be based on consciousness and necessary sequents thereof." The animals are wholly destitute of it. "No notion of themselves accompanies their existence and its various changes, neither do they take any account to themselves of the reason which is operating within them: it is reserved for man to live this *double* life,—to exist, and to be *conscious* of existence; to be rational, and to *know* that he is so." [1]

Having found the primary, constitutive fact of human intelligence to be consciousness, he considers at length its genesis—when it arises, and how it arises. He is particularly earnest in showing that it does not arise in sequence from any *states* of mind or co-relative with them, but in opposition to all mere passive states and conditions. So far from being a mere educt of experience, as the psychologist says, the Ego emerges in direct assertion against all experience. It only *is,* in virtue of its denial of the law of causality which binds all nature. It only maintains itself in antagonism to "the flood of sensations, which, pouring in on all sides, are successively striving to overwhelm it." This element of negation is the essential and characteristic element of the perceptive consciousness. Take it away and the distinction of Ego and Non-Ego would disappear. "The *ego* and the *non-ego* only are by being discriminated, or by the one of them being denied (not in thought or word only, but in a primary and vital act) of the other. But consciousness also is

[1] Remains, vol. ii. p. 39.

the discrimination between the *ego* and the *non-ego;* or, in other words, consciousness resolves itself, in its clearest form, into an act of negation." He illustrates at length the inverse ratio between consciousness and mere "states of mind." Not only have the latter no tendency to generate the former, but they have a direct tendency to overpower and extinguish it even when it comes into operation. The maximum of feeling, passion, or any state of mind, is the minimum of consciousness, and *vice versa;* the one pole is depressed as the other rises. And if it be objected, that unless "states of mind" existed, consciousness could never come into being,—"In this objection," he argues, "the premises are perfectly true, but the inference is altogether false. It is true that man's consciousness would not develop itself unless certain varieties of sensation, reason, &c., became manifest within him; but it does not by any means follow from this that consciousness is the natural sequent or harmonious accompaniment of these. The fact is, that consciousness does not come into operation *in consequence* of these states, but *in spite* of them: it does not come into play to increase and foster these states, but only actively to suspend, control, or put a stop to them. . . . The fact that consciousness is in nothing *passive,* but is *ab origine* essentially active, places us upon the strongest position which, as philosophers fighting for human freedom, we can possibly occupy; and it is only by the maintenance of this position that man's liberty can ever be philosophically vindicated and made good." [1]

It is unnecessary to follow farther Professor Ferrier's argument in this essay. We have dwelt upon it thus

[1] Remains, vol. ii. pp. 79, 80.

far because, while showing here and there a certain crudity of thought—as of one only trying as yet the growing wings of speculation—it is at the same time one of the most interesting of all his writings. In turning to it from ordinary metaphysical writing, it is impossible not to be struck by its singular richness, life, and vigour, and a certain charm of enthusiasm which never allows the reader's interest to flag. It serves, moreover, to fix his starting-point in philosophy, both negatively and positively. From the first, it is obvious that he not only swerved aside from the path of the old Scottish philosophy, but ran right against it. Its pretensions were never venerable in his eyes, and there is even a *brusquerie* in his attack which might have been spared, but which was very characteristic of him. Students of the Scottish philosophy still living must remember the effusive admiration with which the inductive or "Baconian" method used to be spoken of as applied to mental science. It seemed as if the plan had at length been found of unravelling all the mysteries of mind. It required, therefore, not only courage, but a certain buoyant confidence in Ferrier to raise his voice as he did against it. This confidence was a marked feature of his mind. In speculation he knew no fear, and gave no favour.

But it is also obvious that it was no love of mere destruction which animated him. He attacked the favourite ideas of the Scottish school only because they seemed to him to have consistently run to something like materialism in the hands of Dr Brown. Unlike Sir William Hamilton, he saw in Brown's philosophy the appropriate development, rather than the debase-

ment, of the doctrines of Reid and Stewart; and instead, therefore, of turning back, like his master, to re-examine and purify the sources, he turned against the whole system as false in method and in principle. He started on a different road in search of the philosophic truth which they seemed to him to have missed. And although he afterwards advanced much farther, he never abandoned the line of thought on which he first entered. The "self" or "me" in which he finds the fundamental element of human intelligence, he continued to apply to the solution of the hardest problems in Metaphysic. There are even already, in this essay, glimpses of "the primary law or condition of all knowledge" which he afterwards developed in the 'Institutes.' He continued to work, in short, on the spiritual and metaphysical basis which he here lays down in contrast to all psychological or inductive data. He was never less, but always more spiritual in his thinking than any of the thinkers of the older Scottish philosophy.

II. In examining the origin of consciousness, Ferrier had already come across the problem of Perception. He had pointed to an indissoluble unity of subject and object in every element of cognition, and even indicated what he thought the special flaw in the Scottish doctrine, which had been so widely accepted as a triumphant vindication of our natural beliefs against the inroads both of Idealism and Scepticism.[1] It was not till some years afterwards, however, that he fully worked out his views on this subject. The essays on Berkeley and on Reid, in the second volume

[1] Remains, vol. ii. pp. 10, 11.

of the 'Remains,' enable us clearly to trace the working of his mind upon it, and, in this respect, are extremely interesting. They form the natural links of connection between the 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness' and 'The Institutes of Metaphysic.' In themselves, moreover, these essays are admirable specimens of metaphysical discussion, full of the vigorous sap of the earlier essay, with more keenness, consistency, and hardness of fibre in the thought.

The philosophy of Reid sprang out of the question of Perception, as indeed all philosophy, more or less, does. How does man become cognisant of the external world? The prevalent opinion, to which, in the estimation of Reid, at least, Locke was no exception, assumed that external objects pass into cognition by means of certain transferred images, representations, or "ideas" of them communicating with the mind. These ideas or representations were the immediate or proximate objects of the mind in perception, and there were thus three factors or elements concurring in cognition—*first*, matter, or the external object; *second*, the idea, or proximate object; *third*, mind. But Berkeley, taking up this view, successfully showed that there was no verifying connection between the external object and its supposed idea. If the mind only knew the idea, and if the idea was separate from the thing, or from matter, which it was according to the hypothesis, matter would disappear. Never coming into perception or consciousness at all, the mind could never lay hold of it. It never passed into knowledge; and a system of pure idealism was the necessary consequence: there was no escape from this conclusion.

Unable to controvert the reasoning of Berkeley, Reid had quietly resigned himself to Idealism;[1] but he was startled from his idealistic content by a summons to surrender, not only matter, but also mind, as a condition of the prevalent hypothesis. Hume, whose great mission it was to probe the thought of his time all round, argued with irresistible force;—If you begin with the idea, you have no more right to infer mind than you have to infer matter as a distinct substance. Both are alike supposititious and unguaranteed. The only real element of knowledge is the idea, or "perception," as he called it; and there is no ground to conclude a substance from a perception; the two are entirely different. Both matter and mind were thus argued out of all knowledge; there remained only a succession of ideas yielding nothing but themselves.

Reid sought to meet this scepticism by discarding "ideas" as entities altogether. We do not apprehend, he said, the eternal world through ideas; we take direct cognisance of it. "Philosophers sometimes say that we perceive ideas; sometimes that we are conscious of them. I can have no doubt of the existence of anything which I either perceive, or of which I am conscious; but I cannot find that I either perceive Ideas, or am conscious of them."[2] These are his own words. Ideas disappeared altogether when he more carefully pondered them: they became mere fictions of the schools. The only realities are matter and mind, which stand face to face in perception. Reid is by no means consistent in his language; all the

[1] Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics, vol. i. p. 395.
[2] Essays on the Intellectual Powers, iv. c. 2.

laborious exposition[1] of Hamilton scarcely serves to give unity to his doctrine; but he certainly aimed at this conclusion. He believed that he had vindicated the "vulgar" opinion, as he called it, against the refinements of philosophers; and reclaimed within the domain of human knowledge the worlds of matter and of mind. The obvious characteristic of his doctrine is the assertion of a dualistic basis in the fact of perception; matter and mind; object and subject; in contradistinction to the triple basis of the old system of ideas, or the unitarian basis of Hume's system of mere "perceptions."

Ferrier felt himself drawn by various ties into opposition to this doctrine. The distinction, and even priority, which it assigned to matter, was repulsive to his whole mode of thought; and the dualism on which it rested seemed to him necessarily to fall back into the old dilemma of representationism. Analyse perception at all, and, according to him, this is the necessary consequence. "Matter and mind," he said to the Scotch philosopher, "are your essential elements of cognition. But what do you mean by 'matter,'—matter *per se*, or matter *cum perceptione?* The only matter that will serve your purpose is, of course, the former. But matter *per se* is inconceivable; you cannot think it if you will: all your thought, even if you let it 'chase to the heavens,'[2] cannot reach to matter *per se*, or, in other words, transcend matter *cum perceptione*. And do you fall back upon the latter? then you have immediately the old dilemma reproduced — namely,

[1] Discussions, pp. 38-97. Lectures on Metaphysics, pp. 18-63.

[2] The language of Hume, in a remarkable passage in his early 'Essay of the Understanding,' part ii. § 6, which seems very much an anticipation of Ferrier's system.

'matter,' 'matter perceived' (perception), and 'mind.' The only difference is that you have got rid of the scholastic crudity of 'ideas,' as certain transcripts or mental images thrown off from outward objects. These are banished to the limbo of pedantry from which they came,—no one, indeed, ever seriously believed in them;[1] but instead you have got the mind's *own perception* as its immediate or proximate object in perception, and *matter per se* as the remote or indirect object. When a philosopher divides, or imagines that he divides, perception into two things, perception *and* matter—holding the former to be a state of his own mind, and the latter to be no such state—he does, in that analysis, and without saying one other word, avow himself to be a thorough-going representationist. For his analysis declares that, in perception, the mind has an immediate or proximate, and a mediate or remote object. Its perception of matter is the proximate object, the object of its consciousness: matter itself, the material existence, is the remote object. But such a doctrine is representationism, in the strictest sense of the word."[2]

He states his argument still more fully and clearly in reference to a passage which he quotes from Stewart, in exposition of Reid's doctrine. "The mind is so formed that certain impressions produced on our organs of sense, by external objects, are *followed* by corresponding sensations, and that these sensations (which have no more resemblance to the qualities of

[1] Here Brown and Ferrier are united in holding that Reid made too much of the opinions of previous philosophers on this subject,—and that they could never have meant anything more by their talk about "ideas," "representations," "phantasms," and "species," than that "the mind is immediately cognisant, not of real objects themselves, but *only of its own perceptions of real objects.*"—Remains, vol. ii. p. 414.

[2] Remains, p. 415.

matter than the words of a language have to the things they denote) are *followed* by a perception of the existence and qualities of the bodies by which the impressions are made."[1] There is here a clear assertion of matter, or external objects *per se*, being the cause, first of sensation, then of perception. Passing over the intermediate steps, the substantial meaning of the assertion is, that "real objects precede perceptions; that perceptions follow when real objects are present." "Now," he proceeds with his argument, "when a man proclaims as fact such a sequence as this, what must he, first of all, have done? He must have observed the antecedent *before* it was followed by the consequent; he must have observed the cause out of combination with effect; otherwise his statement is a pure hypothesis or fiction. . . . Now, did Reid, or did any man, ever observe matter anterior to his perception of it? Had Reid a faculty which enabled him to catch matter before it had passed into perception? Did he ever observe it, as Hudibras says, 'undressed'? Mr Stewart implies that he had such a faculty. But the notion is preposterous. No man can observe matter prior to his perception of it; for his observation of it presupposes his perception of it. Our observation of matter *begins* absolutely with the perception of it. Observation always gives the perception of matter as the *first* term in the series, and not matter itself."

Ferrier's conclusion is, that the analysis of the perception of matter must be given up. The moment we begin to analyse it, we find ourselves separating matter from mind; but matter cannot be *conceivably* separated from mind. The mental or perceptive element recurs,

[1] Elements of Philosophy, part i. c. i.

do what we will; we cannot think it away; it returns upon us in the very thought of not thinking it. Perception, therefore, is to be accepted as an indissoluble unity, incapable of division or analysis. "The perception of matter is the absolutely elementary in cognition, the *ne plus ultra* of thought. Reason cannot get beyond or behind it. It has no pedigree. It admits of no analysis. It is not a relation constituted by the coalescence of an objective and a subjective element. It is not a state or modification of the human mind. It is not an effect which can be distinguished from its cause. It is not brought about by the presence of antecedent realities. It is positively the FIRST, with no forerunner. The perception-of-matter is one mental word, of which the verbal words are mere syllables."[1]

The recognition of this doctrine, in Ferrier's estimation, is the foundation of all Metaphysic.

Nor is this to tumble once more into a mere system of Idealism, and to deny the existence of an external world. No one denies the existence of an external world; no philosopher, in his senses, disputes the reality of matter. Berkeley was certainly far from doing this. The only question in dispute is, as to the kind of matter or external world. It is a mere begging of the question to say that the verdict of the natural consciousness is in favour of matter *per se*, or a world divorced from mind.

"When a man consults his own nature in an impartial spirit, he inevitably finds that his genuine belief in the existence of matter is not a belief in the independent existence of matter *per se*, but it is

[1] Remains, vol. ii. p. 411.

a belief in the independent existence of the perception of matter which he is for the time participating in. The very last thing which he naturally believes in is, that the perception is a state of his own mind, and that the matter is something different from it, and exists apart *in naturâ rerum*. He may *say* that he believes this, but he never does really believe it. At any rate he believes, in the *first* place, that they exist *together*, wherever they exist. The perception which a man has of a sheet of paper does not come before him as something distinct from the sheet of paper itself. The two are identical, they are indivisible; they are not two, but one. The only question then is, whether the perception of a sheet of paper (taken as it must be in its indissoluble totality) is a state of the man's own mind, or is no such state. And, in settlement of this question, there cannot be a doubt that he believes, in the *second* place, that the perception of a sheet of paper is not a modification of his own mind, but is an objective thing which exists altogether independent of him, and one which would still exist, although he and all other created beings were annihilated. All that he believes to be his (or subjective) is *his participation in* the perception of this object. In a word, it is the perception of matter, and not matter *per se*, which is the *kind* of matter in the independent and permanent existence of which man rests and reposes his belief. There is no truth or satisfaction to be found in any other doctrine.

"This metaphysical theory of perception is a doctrine of pure intuitionism; it steers clear of all the perplexities of representationism, for it gives us in perception only one—that is, only a proximate object;

this object is the perception of matter, and this is one indivisible object. It is not, and cannot be, split into a proximate and a remote object. The doctrine, therefore, is proof against all the cavils of scepticism. We may add, that the entire objectivity of this *datum* (which the metaphysical doctrine proclaims) makes it proof against the imputation of idealism—at least, of every species of absurd or objectionable idealism."[1]

This doctrine of perception is the great solvent which Ferrier uses through the whole range of Metaphysics. It became, after long pondering, a sort of metaphysical charm in his hand, at the touch of which the hardest problems of "Knowing" and "Being" seemed to him to resolve and settle into new shape and order. The 'Institutes of Metaphysic' are nothing more than an elaborate application of the doctrine under the successive forms of a theory of Knowing or Epistemology, a theory of Ignorance or Agnoiology, and a theory of Being or Ontology. The knowable—the *only possible knowable*—is not "matter," nor yet "mind," but "matter plus mind;" "thing-mecum;" "object plus subject." "Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognisance of

[1] Elements of Philosophy, pp. 445, 446. Hume is at one with Ferrier in his assertion that the real world of vulgar belief is not matter *per se*, but matter-as-perceived. "All the unthinking and unphilosophical part of mankind," he says, "suppose their perceptions to be their only objects. It is only philosophers that speak of 'existence' as 'double,' as 'internal and external, representing and represented.'"—Of the Understanding, part iv. § 2. Hume was content to signalise the contradiction between the popular and philosophical belief. Berkeley, and Ferrier after him, maintained that in this case the popular is the true and only philosophical belief,—in other words, that the only external world is the world-as-perceived; that the perception of matter, and not matter *per se*, is the only kind of matter of which we know or can know anything.

itself." In other and explanatory language, "'Self' or the 'me' is the common centre, the continually known rallying-point in which all our cognitions meet and agree. It is the *ens unum, et semper cognitum, in omnibus notitiis.* Its apprehension is essential to the existence of our, and of all, knowledge." This is the primary law or condition of all knowledge set forth at length under successive propositions and counter-propositions in the first and largest section of the 'Institutes of Metaphysic.' The law of ignorance is not, as might be supposed, the reverse of this—namely, the want of knowledge of *things in themselves,* or of *objects per se.* No; we can only be ignorant of that which we can possibly know. But we cannot possibly know things in themselves. "To know things *per se* or *sine me,* is as impossible and contradictory as it is to know two straight lines enclosing a space; because my mind by its very law and nature must know the thing *cum alio—i.e.,* along with *itself* knowing it." "The difference between this and every other system is, that while every other system refers our nescience of matter *per se* to a defect or limitation in our cognitive faculties, and thus represents us as ignorant of matter *per se* in the proper sense of the word *ignorant,* this system refers our nescience of matter *per se* to the very nature of constitution of *all* reason,—refers it to a necessary law which is the very perfection and essence of *all* intelligence."

Nothing can be more unlike the modern theory of the "Unknowable" than Ferrier's doctrine of ignorance. This theory, of which so much has been made in recent times, was sufficiently familiar in the expositions of Sir William Hamilton and of Dean Mansel. Ferrier had

not only no sympathy with it, but all his characteristic intellectual instincts rose against it; and in his usual clever and audacious manner, he may be said to turn the very canon of the theory—the basis on which it is deemed impregnable—against the theory itself. There can be no knowledge, he says, *sine me*—no more than there can be a knowledge of contradictories. The relativity of knowledge, therefore—or the inalienable relation of knowledge to the thinking subject—so far from implying an unknowable sphere outside this subject, proves that there is no such sphere. For the unknowable can only be that which *can* be known (however great our actual ignorance), not that which cannot be known. It can only, in other words, be *thing mecum*, or object *plus* subject, or force *in* intelligence—the very thing which, according to the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, it is presumed not to be. The theory of the unknowable, therefore, vanishes. Anything out of relation to intelligence is not the unknowable but the impossible, the contradictory, absolute nonsense.

The true theory of "Being" springs directly out of the junction of these two theories of Knowing and of Ignorance. "Once exclude matter *per se* from the pale *both* of our knowledge *and* of our ignorance, and an ontology becomes, *for the first time*, possible. Because in answer to the question, What is real and absolute Being? we must either reply, It is that which we know, in which case it will be *object plus subject*, because this is the only Knowable; or we must reply, It is that which we are ignorant of, in which case, also, it will be *object plus subject*. This, then, is the ὄντως ὄν. 'Absolute Existence is the synthesis of the subject

and object—the union of the universal and the particular—the concretion of the ego and non-ego; in other words, the only true, and real, and independent Existences are minds—together—with—that—which —they—apprehend.'"

We feel that it is scarcely fair thus to try to set forth, in a sentence or two, the elaborate thinking of the 'Institutes of Metaphysic.' But we have been mainly indebted to Ferrier's own summary of his reasoning in his letter to De Quincey, to which we formerly alluded; and his system suffers less from this sort of compression than many others. As he himself said of it, it is "like a telescope which shuts up as short and pulls out as long as one pleases." Plainly, it is nothing else than an extended application of his fundamental doctrine of perception. He turns this doctrine, like a revolving light, upon all the successive aspects of the metaphysical world, and they seem to him to grow luminous and intelligible under its rays.

Our purpose throughout has been to expound, not to discuss or criticise. We have seen the growth of his system in its polemical relations to the old Scottish school of Philosophy. In what degree his polemic is sound and likely to maintain itself, and in what degree it is weak and full of assumption, is another matter which we do not profess to examine and try to settle. We must be content with remarking that the antagonism between the "Old" and the "New Scottish Philosophy" is an antagonism of vital assumption on both sides, against which argument seems powerless. Do we apprehend matter in itself? Are we face to face with a real world, independent of mind? Or does

the *me*, or mental factor, cleave inseparably to every object of knowledge as its illuminating condition—the "light of all our seeing"? The alternative is not so much one of argument as of fundamental hypothesis,—a point on which to stand that we may argue at all. As in the case of all first principles, we are found carrying one or other alternative with us from the beginning; and when we have run out the lines of our reasoning, we are simply where we were when we started. We have been arguing throughout on a dualistic or a unitarian hypothesis,—on a basis, as Sir William Hamilton said, of natural realism or speculative idealism. Philosophers seem born Realists or Idealists, Aristotelians or Platonists, and what argument can subvert a primary tendency of intellect?

It is remarkable how the unitarian-subjective tendency in philosophy is once more everywhere in the ascendant. Ferrier's lofty spiritual idealism is merely one phase of the tendency in our time. Modern Hegelianism is another. The prevalent Sensational Philosophy, in its developed character the most opposite to both, is yet at its root also monistic and subjective. It starts from an antithesis in unity of the nature of *subject-object;* but while with Ferrier, and no less with the Hegelians, the subjective or unifying element is mind in its full stature, or consciousness (apart from consciousness, or the fully developed contrast of subject and object, there is no beginning of knowledge), with the Sensational Philosophy the subjective is merely a primitive sentiency or germ of mental susceptibility. The systems run alike to a subjective root; only, in the one case, the subject is the fully developed ego; in the

other, it is a mere rudimentary sensation manifesting itself in the twofold antithetic form of continued *actual* sensations, or sensations proper, and continued possibilities of sensation converted by the natural laws of expectation and association into permanency and objectivity. The systems are identical in the assertion of a single or unitarian root of knowledge—and further, in the assertion that this root is subjective or idealistic; but they are essentially opposed in so far as, in the one case, the single factor out of which all knowledge springs is *spiritual*—the apprehensive ego: according to the Sensationalists, it seems to be nothing more than a modification of matter, different, it may be, from all lower modifications, but not *substantially* different or distinct.[1]

III. The final stage of Professor Ferrier's philosophical development is exhibited in the 'Lectures on Greek Philosophy.' These lectures do not add anything, or at least add very little, to the distinctive results of his system of thought. They are valuable as models of lucid exposition, of calm, vigorous, persistent thinking, tracking a few ideas with an undeviating interest and freshness, and a reiterated force and clearness of meaning, which at times almost startles by its brilliancy, yet they labour under special disadvantages. With the exception of the earlier ones, they are scarcely in a state in which he himself would have published them. They suffer, moreover, from intrinsic defects, arising partly from his subject, and partly from his mode of treating it.

[1] Bain On the Emotions and Will, pp. 641-646; Mill's Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy, c. xi.

The earlier or pre-Socratic phases of Greek philosophy are only known to us from fragmentary writings, in some places impenetrably obscure, and offering a field for plausible conjecture rather than for clear and satisfactory explanation. This was a tempting field for Professor Ferrier. Possessed of not a few of the qualities of a historian of Philosophy,—a rare insight into the heart of systems, and the vitally organising skill which can reproduce their process of connection and growth, and trace their most hidden relations,—he was yet so intent upon his own views as to see other systems mainly in their light. His faculty of interpretation, while keen and largely appreciative, was also arbitrary and over confident. Where he did not find meanings he did not hesitate to substitute them —to eke out the meagre and halting sense from his own fertile and eager thoughtfulness. Above all things, he professed the necessity of rendering past doctrines intelligible — of "reanimating them from within while engaged in receiving and deciphering them from without."[1] But it is evident how nearly interpretation may in such a case verge upon dogmatism, and the function of the historical critic be lost in the zeal of the metaphysician. The 'Lectures on Greek Philosophy' bear a good many traces of this dogmatism —of the process of first putting in a meaning and then drawing it out again. The process is pleasant, and a vivid light is shed over the page, but it is a light to which the materials before him sometimes very slightly contribute.

After the publication of the 'Institutes of Metaphysic,' or at least of the pamphlet in their defence, Fer-

[1] Remains, vol. i. p. 3.

rier's interest in the polemical side of his philosophy, which had hitherto been so strong, seemed to languish. He dwelt mainly on certain positive aspects of philosophical belief, and especially upon the great idea that philosophical Truth must, by its character, be universal—in other words, a Truth for *all* intelligence, and not merely for *some* intelligence; and further, that philosophy in its successive developments is to be regarded, and can only be understood, as a search after this Universal or Absolute. This is the twofold idea which inspires his lectures. It constantly reappears, and the various systems which come under review are made tributary to its illustration. It is remarkable to what extent it sheds a real illumination upon the course of Greek speculation.

In conclusion, we feel warranted in saying of Professor Ferrier—whatever estimate may be formed of his philosophical system—that he is one of those thinkers who are likely to leave their mark upon the course of metaphysical opinion. There is life in all that came from his pen,—the life which springs out of intense conviction and of a rare, brilliant, and penetrating faculty of thought. He was possessed of a lofty faith in the divine dignity of human reason and the reality of a Truth transcending that of the senses. As far removed as any man could be from superstition, he yet held, with an unhesitating decision, that man cannot live by bread alone; and in a time when the vague compromises of the old Scottish school seem no longer able to resist the advancing tide of Sensationalism, he will be remembered as having vindicated a spiritual principle in man on grounds of the highest and most confident argument.

BACK TO KANT; OR, IMMANUEL KANT AND THE KANTIAN REVIVAL

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BACK TO KANT; OR, IMMANUEL KANT AND THE KANTIAN REVIVAL.

IT is now more than a hundred years since 'The Kritik of Pure Reason' appeared at the Easter Fair of Leipzig. The centenary of the publication was attended and followed by various indications of a revived interest in the Critical Philosophy. This interest, indeed, had been awakened some years before, as shown by the dates of some of the works at the head of our paper, not to speak of Professor Mahaffy's translations and commentary at a still earlier date. A philosophical reaction in favour of Kant had set in still earlier in Germany, against the pressure of the materialistic and pessimistic schools.[1] It was felt there, as it has since been felt with ourselves, that the Critical Philosophy held the key of the position in the great conflict which is being

[1] See the authorities quoted by Dr Max Müller in his preface, pp. xv, xliii, and by Mr Courtney, p. 135; especially Otto Liebmann, 'Kant und die Epigonen,' 1865, who is the original of the phrase emphasised by both those writers, "Back to Kant" ("es muss auf Kant zurückgegangen werden").

again waged between Metaphysics and Empiricism. We follow, as usual, Germany in the speculative race, and catch up the echoes of the battle wellnigh fought out elsewhere. The strife of tongues in the fields both of philosophy and theology is renewed on English and Scottish soil, sometimes with little originality, but sometimes also with a notable clearance of the grounds of controversy, and a more sifting, firm, and intelligible hold of the vantage-points on either side.

It is the unhappy fate of the German intellect to fight its philosophical and theological battles in the leading-strings of a terminology or "word-stuff," as Schopenhauer says, repulsive to the common-sense of every other educated people, and which often helps to embroil and confuse rather than to elucidate and settle the fray. We have our own defects, but, at any rate, we are free from the barbarisms of language which more or less cling to all learning in Germany. Problems, therefore, which to many readers seem hopeless in the metaphysical jargon of the Fatherland, assume a comprehensible shape in the language of French and English thinkers, and the issues become distinct, if still necessarily difficult. There is some danger that the Kantian revival may prove at the same time a revival of the technical terminology which has so long disfigured philosophy. Kant was himself a chief sinner in this respect, and there was the less excuse for him that he knew, when he took pains, how to express himself with nervous simplicity and clearness. He was alive to the charm of a graceful and even popular style of exposition, and professes to have deliberately laid it aside in the pre-

paration of the 'Kritik,' content, he says,[1] "to postpone the sweets of an immediate success to the prospect of a slower but more lasting reputation." It is easy to find excuses for an obscure style, and stupid admirers will be sure to find them for philosophers or poets who may not have put them forward for themselves. But the real explanation in Kant's case, as in almost all such cases, was haste of composition,[2] accompanied by an extreme dislike, more or less common to all minds more reflective than artistic, to recast what has once been written. Obscurity of style has often been said to spring only from obscurity of thought. This is a superficial judgment: the example of many great thinkers, from Kant and Butler to Spencer or Browning, may be held to disprove it. The main cause is undoubtedly haste, and indisposition to kindle anew the fires of thought which have once exhausted themselves in rapid, however confused, products. It is withal a great and sometimes intolerable evil. It aggravates every difficulty of the subject, and, as shown in such conspicuous examples as Hume and Ferrier, to mention no other names, is by no means a necessary accompaniment of the deepest thinking. Kant himself tells us[3] how much he admired the grace as well as the subtlety of Hume's expositions. We must take great thinkers as we have them—Kant with others; but he and his successors in Germany are not the more but the less great, that they have frequently left their ideas in

[1] Introduction to 'Prolegomena.'

[2] The 'Kritik,' as is well known, while the fruit of at least twelve years' meditation, was really written in less than five months. This was Kant's own statement to Moses Mendelssohn.

[3] Introduction to 'Prolegomena.'

chaotic dust-heaps of terminology, which are far more difficult to master than any real thought which they embody.

We can honestly say for the works before us that they are, upon the whole, free from barbarisms of style. In so far as they translate or even paraphrase Kant, of course they repeat his nomenclature.[1] But the authors write clearly themselves, and any English reader who will give himself the trouble may understand from them, not only the main principles of the Critical Philosophy, but also, which is all-important at the present time, the manner in which these principles are discriminated from the empirical philosophy which has had its day of triumph once more. Two of the volumes are, to a large extent, biographical, and contain all the information that is known, or can now be known, of

[1] There cannot perhaps be a better illustration for ordinary readers of the quite unnecessary barbarism of Kant's terminology, than the manner in which he puts the leading question of his whole philosophy, and Professor Caird's brief statement of its meaning (p. 7). The question which Kant presents to us at the beginning of the 'Critique of Pure Reason' is the following: "How are synthetic judgments *à priori* possible?" The meaning of the question, says Professor Caird, is simply this—"How can the individual mind get beyond itself? How can we *know?*" If this be the meaning, as no doubt it is, every sensible reader is prompted to ask, Then why should not the philosopher have said so in simple and intelligible language? Kant's whole philosophical apparatus of "Æsthetic," "Categories," "Schematism," with his endless subdivisions, is trying in the last degree—the question throughout being nothing but the question underlying all philosophy, and which Hume had made clear as day in language for ever intelligible to any educated mind—the question, namely, whether we can really know things or only thoughts—whether our knowledge is objective or merely subjective. As Dr Wallace, who writes very frankly on this subject, says—"Distinction after distinction is made and invested with a name," and with "a great parade of logical subdivision" there is "great abruptness." Any one who wishes to see in detail the endless verbalism of the Critical Philosophy should look into Mellin's marvellous 'Encyclopädisches Wörterbuch der Kritischen Philosophie' (six large volumes, Leipzig, 1797), in which the student will find much assistance, and may learn the whole Kantian system, and other systems as well.

Kant's character and habits, and the quiet routine of his long professorial career at Königsberg. Dr Hutchison Stirling has also added to his volume a characteristic "biographical sketch." The result is, that we have Kant as man and professor, as well as philosopher and writer, before us, depicted with more fulness and detail than ever before. Not only the Critical Philosophy, but its great expositor, are made as visible to the common eye as they are ever likely to be.

We propose to avail ourselves of these recent labours and researches, and to present our readers with a sketch both of the great teacher and of his system of thought, or at least of its ground-principle—for we shall hardly attempt more. It is not our purpose to enter into any controversial disquisition, or to add to the mass of commentary which has already accumulated round the subject, but simply to draw, in such plain language as we can command, an outline of the sage of Königsberg and of the distinctive basis of his philosophy, which we fully recognise with his special admirers to be epochal in its significance. It cuts up by the roots for ever, when understood, the empirical pretensions which have again imposed upon so many in our time. We are not concerned, and the world is not concerned, with the polemical details which every speculative system raises, or the endless disputations which, in a greater or less degree, encircle every philosophical name. We leave aside such details, therefore, and any discussion of the special contents of the 'Kritik,' and confine ourselves to what is after all the vital essence of its argument—the relation which thought bears to things in the problem of knowledge—the question of mind in connection with matter. Kant himself is a great figure: he left

a great impress upon the history of human thought, which has been powerfully affected by his teaching. It will be our aim to show our readers what the man was and what he taught, without plunging into arid difficulties which, after all, do not touch the main drift of his philosophy.

Immanuel Kant was born at Königsberg, with which his name remains identified, on April 22, 1724. His parents were poor and pious tradespeople. His father was born a Prussian, near Memel, but he was the son of Scottish parents who had emigrated "for some reason or other," as he himself says, with many others, at the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Probably the ecclesiastical troubles in Scotland had to do with this emigration, not only to Germany, but to Sweden, at that time. Many Scottish names, such as Douglas, Simpson, Hamilton, still survived, to Kant's knowledge, "particularly about Memel and Tilsit;" and his own name, which he, like his father, originally spelled Cant, contains a direct suggestion both of his Scottish descent and of the probable origin of the emigration which landed his father in Germany. The name of Cant is prominently associated with the religious movements in Scotland in the seventeenth century. An Andrew Cant is notorious as a Covenanting opponent of the "Aberdeen Doctors," who represented Episcopacy with so much distinction in Aberdeen in the middle of that century. No one has attempted to trace any family connection between the zealous Covenanting preacher and the Königsberg philosopher, but nothing is more likely than that, with the return of the prelatic persecution which followed the Restoration in Scotland,

many Covenanting families, and Cant's among them, should have forsaken a country where they could no longer remain unmolested, for one so much associated in their minds with the triumphs of the Reformed religion.

All that we know of Kant's parents bears out such a supposition. They were not only religious, but they were enthusiastic members of the Pietist party which, originating with Spener in the latter half of the seventeenth century, overspread Germany, and gave for a time a new life to German Protestantism. Kant himself, alienated as all his mature sympathies were from Pietism, has given a touching picture of the unaffected piety and goodness of his parents. They were but poor people, his father being a working saddler; but they remained to him abiding examples of all parental virtue: "Never, not even once," in his knowledge, did his "parents say an unbecoming word or do an unworthy act." Reflecting on his experience as a tutor, and what he had seen in other families, "he often thought with deep emotion of the incomparably more excellent training which he had received at home." "Let men say what they will of Pietism," he adds; "those who sincerely adopted it were honourably distinguished. They had the highest which a man can possess—that rest, that cheerfulness, that inner peace which no passion could disturb. No need and no persecution disheartened them; no contention could excite them to anger and enmity. I still remember how a quarrel about their rights broke out between the guilds of the harness-makers and of the saddlers, from which my father suffered considerably; but in spite of this, even in the conversation of the family,

this quarrel was mentioned with such forbearance and love towards the opponents, and with such firm confidence in Providence, that the thought of it, though I was only a boy then, will never leave me."

Kant, therefore, may be said to have owed much in character to his parents, and especially to his mother, of whom he never fails to speak with the warmest feelings. "My mother," he says, "was a lovely, affectionate, pious, and upright woman, and a tender mother, who led her children to the fear of God by means of pious instruction and a virtuous example." She took the boy often outside the city, and spoke to him with pious rapture of the Divine works and the wisdom and goodness they displayed. He never could forget her, nor how she opened his mind to the impressions of nature, and awakened and enlarged his thoughts. Few philosophers have spoken of their parents with more enthusiasm; and when it is remembered that they had eleven children in all, and that their life seems to have been a continued struggle with poverty, it will be admitted that they must have possessed rare qualities. Unhappily, they both died while the future philosopher was yet young—his mother in the end of 1737, a victim to her courageous affection for a friend suffering from disease; and his father in 1746, just when he had completed his university career as a student. This was not only a definite loss to him, but seems to have broken up the family, between the members of whom there apparently did not subsist the same helpful affection as had so prominently characterised their parents.[1]

[1] Kant's sisters were of course necessarily left in a very inferior position to himself; but it is strange that he should have neglected them so

The religious character of Kant's parents brought him under the notice of their pastor, Dr Schultz, who early noticed the boy's abilities, and was the means, more than any other, of securing for him an adequate education. Whatever may have been the defects of the gymnasial training at this time in Germany—for the age of educational reform, even for Germany, had not set yet in, and no one has said harder things of the old training than Kant himself—yet it was the only avenue of intellectual promotion; and save for the Pietistic pastor of Königsberg, who was also happily at the head of the local gymnasium, known as the "Collegium Fridericianum," the 'Critical Philosophy' might have remained unborn. Dr Schultz took the boy by the hand, and had him placed at this school when eight years old. The hope of his parents, no doubt, as of the good rector, was that the promising youth should study theology and enter the Church. He did study theology, as we shall see, and never lost a profound interest in its problems; yet, along with some other brilliant young men destined for the Church at this time, he never entered it. A new spirit, unfavourable to the cause of religion and Christian science, had sprung up in the universities, and largely superseded Pietism, some while before the completion of Kant's academic studies. The first Frederick, with his dull piety and orthodox intolerance, died in the spring of 1740, and Frederick "the

entirely as he did. He seems to have had little or no intercourse with them, till one of them in his old age was brought from the workhouse to take care of him. There was but little sympathy also between him and his only brother, who attained to some social position as a clergyman; although it is mentioned that Kant, after his brother's death, was very kind and helpful to his family.

Great," the friend of Voltaire and of Illuminism throughout the world, reigned in his stead. Kant so far shared in the new influences while never losing a true sense of religion, nor forgetting his obligations to the pious enthusiasm of Dr Schultz and his parents. One of his last regrets, in the intervals of the weakness of old age, was that he had not raised some memorial to show his gratitude to the man who did so much for him in youth, and whose varied powers as preacher, educationist, and even as philosopher, he continued to admire. Schultz's activities, in more than six distinct offices, were indeed enormous; and to his external work he added a lively interest in Philosophy. He had been a favourite pupil of Christian Wolff at Halle, and imbibed his principles so thoroughly that the latter is reported to have said of him, in words the ring of which is rather suspiciously current in the philosophical anecdotage of Germany, "If any one has understood me, it is Schultz in Königsberg."

Kant's abilities at the gymnasium did not excite any particular notice. The course of instruction embraced Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, History, Logic, Mathematics, and Geography. The German language itself seems to have been comparatively neglected, and there was no instruction in Natural History or Physics, towards both of which his early predilections were greatly turned. He did not retain any high opinion of the education which he received. The lessons both in logic and mathematics seem to have been superficial (indeed, how could they be otherwise, considering the age of the pupils?), and he was wont to laugh at the thought of them. But at least he

had the advantage of one distinguished teacher in the person of Heydenreich, who taught the first Latin class, and to whose "elegant Latin scholarship," as Kant often afterwards said, he was indebted for the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to the Latin classics, and for his proficiency in that language. Latin was his favourite study at the gymnasium. He, Ruhnken, and Cunde, who were fellow-pupils with him, used to meet to read Latin authors, not in the course of study; and he remembered in after-years his happy association with both these scholars. Cunde died young, without realising the fame his remarkable learning seemed destined to acquire; but Ruhnken's name remains associated with the University of Leyden as one of its greatest teachers, and one of the best scholars of the last century. Strangely, philosophy seemed to be *his* bent rather than philology at the gymnasium, while the opposite was the case with Kant. The Leyden professor is said to have regretted that Kant ever left the fair field of the Humanities to wander on the barren steppes of Metaphysics.

After eight years at the gymnasium, Kant left it for the university. Hitherto the University of Königsberg had not been famous. It had been founded as early as the Reformation, in 1544, and a son-in-law of Melanchthon had been sent to give it *éclat* as rector; but for two centuries it had languished in comparative obscurity, being chiefly known as a nursery for theological students of the north-eastern provinces of Germany, including what was then known as Russia. It was far from Leipzig, the centre of the German book trade, and all literary or speculative novelties came

to it late. In 1729 Professor Bock wrote of it: "The university is in a miserable condition; philosophy is afflicted with a hectic fever, and the other sciences are also badly cultivated." Even theology must have been in a bad way, one man Langhausen being professor extraordinary of Theology and professor in ordinary of Mathematics. In the same manner speculative philosophy and poetry were combined. There were none of the professors, if we except Schultz himself, who lectured on Dogmatics, and a young professor "Extraordinary" of the name of Knutzen, whom Kant greatly affected, had any considerable reputation.

"Knutzen, like Schultz, was a follower of Wolff and of Spener; but, unlike Schultz, he was a man chiefly of the study and the lecture-room. His main interest lay in philosophy; and his chief literary work, the 'Systema Causarum,' published in 1735, treated of a question then much in dispute between the older school of philosophers, who continued the dogmas of the schoolmen, and the younger school, who derived their ideas from Descartes and Leibnitz. What philosophical ideas Knutzen communicated to Kant we cannot tell; but in general they were the current, somewhat mixed and moderate, theories which prevailed throughout Germany. But we do know a service which he rendered that was of more influence in opening or forming Kant's mind than any formal instruction on abstract philosophy. He lent to the young student the works of Newton, and, when he saw they were appreciated, allowed him to have the run of his extensive library." [1]

[1] Wallace's Kant, p. 17.

Kant remained for six years a student at the University of Königsberg. It is not easy to say how he supported himself during that time, but he evidently suffered considerable privation, and had in the main to depend upon himself. A brother of his mother, "a well-to-do shoemaker" of the name of Richter, is supposed to have given him casual assistance; but economy and industry were, as throughout life, his great resources. He and two young friends, Lithuanians, Wlömer and Heilsberg, who afterwards rose to consideration in the political world, were intimately associated in the narrowness of their circumstances, and in a common ambition to distinguish themselves. Wlömer for some time shared his room with Kant, giving the latter free lodging in return for tuition. He had other pupils, who helped him as they could. One, it is said, "would pay for the coffee and white bread" (evidently a luxury) which made their refreshment at the hour of lesson; and when an old garment needed repair, one of his student friends would remain at home while Kant sallied forth in his borrowed coat. "His only recreation," says Heilsberg in reminiscences of his old age, which probably, however, should be accepted with some caution, "consisted in playing billiards,—a game in which Wlömer and I were his constant companions. We had developed our skill almost to the utmost, and rarely returned home without some gain."[1]

After the completion of his university career, at the age of twenty-two (1746), Kant's prospects were far from encouraging. He was still too young to attempt the work of a professor, although this was

[1] Stuckenberg's Life, pp. 51, 52; also Wallace, pp. 18, 19.

no doubt the ambition of his life from this time forward. With a view to this work, he produced in the usual manner a mathematical dissertation entitled 'Gedanken von der wahren Schätzung der lebendigen Kräfte,' &c. (Thoughts of the True Estimate of Living Forces, &c.), in which he treated of a question as to motion between Leibnitz and the mechanical theorists who followed Descartes. This production, however, did not see the light till three years after he had left the university. In the meantime, and for a considerable period, he employed himself as a tutor in various families. The interval between his student and his professorial career lasted nine years, during which we know little of his intellectual growth, although evidently the period was one of great advance. Especially it seems to have been fruitful in the cultivation of his tastes and manners, and a certain delicacy of personal deportment and address, which continued to characterise him amid all the plainness of his final domesticities. During this time also he contracted those higher social relations which lifted him above the old family sphere, and any companionship of his sisters particularly. After all, he is said never to have been above sixty miles away from Königsberg all his life—a strange fact, when taken in connection with his fondness for geographical studies. The family to whom Kant owed most at this time was that of Count Kayserling. He was a man of many accomplishments of head and heart, of diplomatic experience and knowledge of the world. The Countess, however, is especially mentioned by Kant as an "ornament of her sex," of rare and charming talents and manners. She had translated a com-

pendium of philosophy into French, while her attainments as an artist had procured her the distinction of being elected an honorary member of the Berlin Academy of Arts and Sciences. Within the bosom of this family, by whom his remarkable powers were appreciated, Kant developed not only a certain refinement of personal manner, but a love of politics, which continued to mark him through life. He became, in short, something of a man of the world, and rose above the mere bookworm stage in which German professors are apt to spend their existence. Amid all his isolation and abstraction he was always a keen politician, and when his thinking was done, loved to expatiate with his friends on the news of the day and the affairs of the world.

In 1755 Kant returned to the university as a lecturer or *privat-docent*. He was still, however, far removed from a professorship; and it is remarkable how long he had to wait and how often he was disappointed before he reached his true position. He hoped, in 1756, to obtain the "extraordinary" professorship of philosophy, which had been left vacant by his friend and teacher Knutzen, but economical considerations made the Berlin Government resolve not to fill it up. Then, in 1758, the ordinary professorship of logic and metaphysics was given to another *privat-docent*, of older standing. Not till 1766, when he was forty-two years of age, did he receive any salaried office, and then one little congenial to him—the sub-librarianship in the Schloss Library, "with a yearly stipend of sixty-two thalers" (about £10). Only in 1770, when the spring of life was quite past, did he reach the goal of his ambition,

and attain the professorship of logic and metaphysics, for which twelve years before he had been a candidate —so slow was Königsberg in recognising the merits of her great son, and not till other universities, both Erlangen and Jena, had begun to inquire after him, and invite him to honour and emolument. The philosopher, no less than the prophet, has often but little honour in his own country.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the fifteen years (1755-1770) during which Kant waited for the post on which he has conferred such a world-wide celebrity, were years of unrequited labour. They brought him fame in the world of philosophy and letters, if not advancement at home. Immediately before entering on his career as a *privat-docent*, he had prepared the most important of all his earlier works—'A General Natural History and Theory of the Heavens; or an essay on the constitution and mechanical origin of the whole universe, discussed according to Newtonian principles.' This publication appeared in 1755, contemporaneously with the commencement of his academic course. It was, however, unfortunate in the accidents of its birth. The publisher failed, and copies of the book never reached the Leipzig fair. It was dedicated to Frederick the Great, but never came under his eyes. Withal it was no doubt known in Königsberg and to his academic friends, and must have contributed greatly to his success and repute as a university teacher. It possesses no ordinary interest even now, especially as having anticipated the series of cosmological speculations with which our time has become familiar.

This power of prevision in science, no less than in

metaphysics, is one of the strongest testimonies to Kant's genius. He anticipated Laplace in his nebular hypothesis; he anticipated Comte in his sociological laws. To this day the mechanical theory of the origin of the universe, with which we are specially accustomed to associate the name of Laplace, as if he had invented it, is known in Germany as the Kant-Laplace theory.[1] It is possible that Laplace never heard of Kant's book—the fame of it was in some degree stifled, as we have seen, at its birth; while the 'Cosmological Letters' of Lambert, which started the same theory, attracted much attention. But this does not diminish Kant's merit. It is even probable that the fame of his book was more extended than his biographers are disposed to allow. It is written with enthusiasm and liveliness of style, and was calculated to make an impression, not only by the novelty of its speculations, but by its fresh and interesting mode of treatment. The Kant of the 'Kritik' is hardly to be realised in this earlier work, which, no less than his lectures as a *privat-docent*, brought him, above all, the reputation of an interesting expositor, with great power of concrete and varied illustration. His 'Natural History and Theory of the Heavens' shows in the most favourable light not only his scientific knowledge, but his literary powers, and is warm with a glow of religious

[1] Not only this general theory, but many of the special cosmical ideas supposed to have originated in our age, were before Kant's mind. As Mr Adamson says, p. 15, "The views as to the antiquity of the human race, our knowledge of the slow progress by which the general human consciousness has advanced from its primitive stages, the theoretical proof of the origin and probable extinction of this physical system, the hypothesis of the evolution of man from lower organic types, and of all organisms from inorganic substance—these ideas were all, in one form or another, present to Kant."

thoughtfulness which a great subject seldom failed to kindle in him. He sees behind all the mechanism of natural forces, to which he ascribes the origin of the universe, the presence of divine power. The mere fact of cosmical Order involves a pervading Intelligence. *There is a God*, because "even in chaos nature could not proceed otherwise than with regularity and order. All the properties of matter have their vocation from the eternal idea of the divine mind." With a scientific discernment not inferior to that of Laplace, he has a wider and nobler spirit, and rises to a strain of moral enthusiasm to which the "brilliant Frenchman" is a stranger. He even gives way to his imagination, and contemplates the immortal spirit of man holding in some higher orb than ours a more complete union with the Supreme Being. "When the heart is filled with thoughts like these," he adds, in a passage full of touching beauty, which recalls a still finer and better known passage from the 'Kritik of the Practical Reason,' "the sight of a starry sky in a clear night gives a pleasure only felt by noble souls. Amid the unusual silence of nature and the repose of the senses, the hidden faculty of the immortal spirit speaks a language which has no name, and throws out vague ideas which may be felt rather than described."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the smaller Latin essays which marked his advent as a university lecturer, or opened up the toilsome way of his ascent to a professorship. None of these possess any general interest. Evidently, however, his powers had become known, and the commencement of his lectures was looked forward to with more than usual

expectation. For we are told by Borowski[1] that the hall in which he began his lectures in the autumn of 1755 was not only crowded, but also the vestibule and steps to it. Borowski himself was present, and recounts, along with this fact, the modest embarrassment of the lecturer. He "spoke less audibly than usual, and frequently repeated himself. But," he adds, "this only served to increase our admiration for the man who, in our opinion, had the most extensive knowledge, and who impressed us as not fearful, but only modest. In the next hour everything was different. Then and afterwards his lectures were not only thorough, but also easy and agreeable." The same writer tells that the general opinion of his ability was such, that he was supposed capable of teaching any branch within the range of the philosophical Faculty. He still continued, however, during nearly the whole of his pre-professorial career, to treat scientific rather than purely philosophical subjects. He lectured on Mathematics and Physics, Physical Geography, and even Pyrotechnics. He is said to have been particularly successful as a lecturer on Physical Geography. The subject carried him beyond himself and the circle of his own thought, which in later years hemmed in his mental activity, while it gave scope to his accumulated stores of information. Not only students, but "officers, professional men, and merchants," flocked to hear him. He continued these lectures every summer for thirty years, and at length published them, after he ceased to lecture, in 1802. Full of many facts and generalisations, vividly descriptive and anecdotic, with a vein of humour and

[1] Stuckenberg's Life, p. 68.

imagination, they are still interesting; but have now, as may be supposed, but little scientific value.

It is to this earlier period of his great popularity as a lecturer that the description of Herder, often quoted, applies. Herder cared little for his Metaphysics,—they rather repelled him; but thirty years after leaving Königsberg he wrote: "I had the good fortune to know a philosopher who was my teacher. He was in his best years, and possessed the cheerful vivacity of youth, which I believe he preserves even in his old age. His open brow, formed for thought, was the seat of undisturbed serenity and joy; language freighted with thought flowed from his lips; wit and humour were at his command; and his instructive lecture was like an entertaining conversation. In the same spirit as he investigated Leibnitz, Wolff, Baumgarten, Crusius, Hume, and traced the laws of Newton, Kepler, and the physicists, he criticised the books then appearing—the 'Emile' and the 'Héloïse'—as well as every new discovery in physics which came under his notice, and always returned from other studies to the impartial study of nature and the moral dignity of man. The history of man and of nations, as well as natural science, mathematics, and experience, gave life and interest to his lectures and conversation. No knowledge was indifferent to him; no cabal, no sect, no advantage or ambition, had any attractions for him, compared with the pursuit of truth. He encouraged and obliged his hearers to think for themselves."[1]

This bright and varied portion of Kant's academic career, before the concentration of his mind upon

[1] Quoted by Stuckenberg, pp. 78, 79.

metaphysical questions, is perhaps best represented by his 'Observations on the Beautiful and Sublime,' which he published in 1764. Other works, some of them of a distinctly metaphysical character, such as his 'Only possible Argument for demonstrating God's Existence' and his 'Inquiry into the Evidence of the Principles of Natural Theology and Morals,' belong to the same period; but these and other tractates are swallowed up in his larger metaphysical writings of a later period. All the while, no doubt, his mind was working slowly forward towards the new Philosophy which was destined to give his name such celebrity. The philosophical dogmatism of his youth was losing its hold, as his penetrating genius went deeper into the problems of knowledge: but he was content to play with lighter speculations for a long time, and to expatiate in wide and various fields; and his treatise on the 'Beautiful and Sublime,' with the cosmological work already noticed, which preceded his advent as a university teacher, is the highest expression of his mind in the pre-critical stage. It is, like all his earlier works, descriptive rather than speculative and argumentative, and dallies with the subject in many sallies of illustrative effect and anecdotic interest, rather than attempts any profound or subtle analysis. Many of its terse and telling sayings appear now faded commonplaces in the light of the higher æsthetic criticism which was even then beginning in Germany, in the works of Winckelmann. Kant had many great qualities, and a genuine, though limited, love of Nature. His treatise on the 'Beautiful and Sublime' was chiefly composed in the woodland solitudes in which he delighted, about eight miles from Königsberg.

But he had no definite knowledge of Art, and his poetic tastes ranged within a very narrow and defective circle.

When Kant at length became professor of Logic and Metaphysics, he continued for some time to lecture very much as he had done. He gave one hour daily either to Logic or Metaphysics; the others to some branch of applied Philosophy, or such a subject as Physical Geography or Anthropology. He was especially famous for his regularity in his work, as in all things. One hearer testifies to the fact that for nine years in succession, during which he attended his classes, his teacher never missed an hour. Of his mode of lecturing several accounts exist, some more favourable and enthusiastic, and others more critical. All concur in testifying to his rare power of fixing attention, and imparting his ideas, even when dealing with the most abstruse matters. An attentive listener not merely received knowledge, but "a lesson in methodical thinking." He was certainly the ideal of a great teacher more familiar to the lecture-rooms of the German and Scottish than to those of the English universities. He did not aim to teach his own system exclusively or mainly, even after he had carefully elaborated it, and still less did he aim to impress his own personality upon his hearers. His primary and chief aim was to make them think. He would often say, "You will not learn philosophy from me, but to philosophise — not merely thoughts for repetition, but to think." In his logic he gave three important rules: "First, to think yourself; second, to put yourself in the place of others; third, always to think consistently. The first is the enlightened, the

second is the enlarged, the third is the consequent method of thinking." The following picture of the philosopher in his lecture-room represents him in his later years (1795), when the long burden of thought had worn out the fire of his earlier enthusiasm. In order to realise him in his prime, we must imagine, if not a much stronger figure, for he was always lean and little, yet a more living and moving force of intellect. The picture, however, possesses interest not only in itself, but as the sketch of a young nobleman, the Graf von Purgstall, who in his twenty-second year made a pilgrimage to Königsberg to see the "Patriarch" of the Critical Philosophy, the enthusiasm of which he had caught under Rheinhold, one of Kant's disciples, at Jena. In the following manner he describes his impressions to a student friend: "Imagine to yourself a little old man, bent forward as he sits, in a brown coat with yellow buttons, with wig and hair-bag to boot; imagine further that this little man sometimes takes his hands out from the close-buttoned coat where they lie crossed, and makes a slight movement before his face, as a man does when wishing some one else quite to understand him. Draw this picture to yourself, and you see him to a hair. Though all this can scarcely be termed elegant, though his words do not ring clear, still everything which his delivery, if I may say so, lacks in form, is richly compensated by the excellence of the matter. . . . Kant lectures on an old Logic by Meier, if I mistake not. He always brings the book with him into lecture. It looks so old and stained, he must, I think, have brought it to the class for forty years. On every page he has notes written in minute characters. Many of

the printed pages are pasted over with paper, and many leaves struck out; so that, as you can see, almost nothing of Meier's Logic remains. Not one of his hearers brings the book to lecture: they merely write to his dictation. He does not, however, appear to notice this, and follows his author with much fidelity from chapter to chapter, and then corrects him, or rather says quite the reverse—but all in the greatest simplicity, and without the least appearance of conceit over his discoveries."[1]

The uniformity of Kant's life as a professor leaves little to be said. It was marked by no events except the publication of his several works, and so his biographers tell stories how the philosopher spent his day, each day being exactly like another, and what his sayings were about society and women, and even chess. His servant Lampe—a characteristic figure—and several of his friends are worked into the tissue of the biography, which is little of a story after all. He never married, although he is understood to have had one or two love-passages, and to have been more than once on the point of asking now a "gentle and attractive widow" and now "a pretty Westphalian maiden" to share his lot. He was always too late, however, in making up his mind, and in the meantime the object of his affection was snatched from him by some more eager suitor. According to his reported conversations, he had no exalted ideal either of womanhood or marriage. Especially, he had no love for blue-stockings, and is even alleged to have given utterance to a saying which must lower him immeasurably in the estimation of the sex which in our day has shown both such en-

[1] Wallace, p. 38.

thusiasm and such capacity for learning—"A woman who has her head full of Greek may as well have a beard to the bargain." A woman above all, he thought, must be a good cook, and he did not hesitate to maintain in argument that this was one of the most honourable functions to which any lady could devote herself. All the same, he seems to have been a favourite with bright and intelligent women, and the Countess Kayserling has left on record the inspiration and charm which she derived from his enlivening conversation, seasoned with the light salt of satire, and conveyed in the driest tone.

Lampe, we have said, is a chief figure in the biographic story. He began the day with rousing his master exactly at five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, with the invariable call, "Herr Professor, die Zeit ist angekommen." The call was never neglected; and the Professor was seated within a short time at his study table with a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco before him. He professed to take only a single cup, but sometimes, as he filled up his cup before he had finished, it became two. He busied himself in preparation for his lectures till seven o'clock, when, in frequent darkness and wintry cold, he descended to the lecture-room, where he was engaged for two hours. On his return at nine o'clock he still worked at his desk till a quarter before one, when, at the summons of his housekeeper, he sprang up with alacrity and prepared for dinner. He never dined alone after he set up an establishment of his own. Two guests at least, always, never more than five, shared his only substantial repast for the day. The guests were invited each morning, and were expected

to observe his own punctuality. As soon as they arrived, Lampe announced that dinner was ready, and all took their seats, cheerfully conversing about the weather or any other casual topic. Philosophy was tabooed. The time was one of relaxation, and, as Kant himself took his napkin, exclaiming, "Nun, meine Herren," he expected his guests not only to share his meal, but to assist in the flow of general and varied talk which was his delight on such occasions. Politics was a frequent subject, and nothing warmed and interested him more than to learn what was going on in the world—any new geographical discoveries, or any nonsense about Swedenborg and his dreams. He sat for two, three, and sometimes, it is even said, five hours at table, while the conversation passed its accustomed round from information to discussion and jest. Then he went out for his constitutional walk, in which he practised various peculiarities, such as keeping his mouth closed, and breathing only through the nose, which he also attempted during sleep. His regularity was a byword. His neighbours knew exactly the hour from seeing the philosopher pass to and from his house. Not even, as Heine says, was the cathedral clock more punctual in its time. His daily walk was the Linden Avenue, which is still called after him "the philosopher's walk." In his earlier years he often had companions, but latterly he walked alone. Heine adds, drawing no doubt somewhat on his imagination, that he walked eight times in all seasons up and down the avenue, his old servant Lampe in uncertain weather "wandering anxiously behind him, with a long umbrella under his arm, like a picture of Providence." On his return home he

resumed work, after glancing at the newspaper, "for which his appetite was always keen;" and as the darkness began to fall he would fix his gaze on the tower of the church opposite his window. This tower, strangely, so entered into his thoughts, and seemed to himself so to help them, that, when the view became obscured by the growth of his neighbour's poplars, he found himself suddenly arrested in his speculations. The course of his thought only flowed freely again when the poplars were cut at the top, so as to bring the familiar object once more within his view. He left off working a little before ten o'clock, and by this hour was tucked by Lampe again safely in his eider-down.

There might be a good deal to say of Kant's guests at dinner, who were also, in the main, the friends associated with his life of whom all his biographers have spoken at large; but we can only mention those of them more closely identified with his work. Scottish by descent, he cultivated not only British literature, particularly delighting in the works of Swift and Fielding, but he found perhaps his chief friend in a British merchant of the name of Green. Curious stories are told of the manner in which they made acquaintance, and also of the funny results which came of their respective devotion to punctuality; but we must pass them over. Green was evidently not only a great friend of Kant, but a valuable adviser in his affairs, and even a sound guide and critic as to many of his speculations. His devotion to literature and Kant seems to have led him to abandon his business and give himself to thoughtful leisure. He and the philosopher were for years

daily companions, and every Saturday evening they spent together at Green's house. Green's death, in 1787, greatly affected his friend, and after this he seldom went into company in the evening. John George Hamann, the well-known religious philosopher, styled the "Magus of the North," was also for a time closely connected with Kant, although their philosophic and religious tendencies were very diverse. He and Herder, who, with all his admiration of Kant as a lecturer, had no sympathy with his Philosophy, were wont to exchange confidences severely critical of the great teacher's doctrines, while sharing a common enthusiasm for his powers. Evidently, Kant was very kind to Hamann, whose erratic character and mystical opinions could have had little attraction for him, and whom it was by no means easy to assist. Dr Wallace, in his monograph, has suggested a comparison between the relations of Kant and Hamann and those between Hume and Rousseau: "the same benevolent tranquillity on one side, the same passionate intensity on the other." But Hamann, with all his faults, was not a sinner like Rousseau; and there was a solidity in Kant's moral intentions which outweighs the easy-going kindness of Hume.

The later friends of Kant, Borowski, Jachmann, and Wasianski, are chiefly remembered in connection with memoirs of his life. Borowski and Wasianski were both clergymen, the former having risen to the singular and exceptional position of archbishop of the Evangelical Church in Prussia. The latter was the close friend and "care-taker" of the philosopher's closing years, when his growing feebleness rendered it necessary for some one to manage his affairs. They

had both been his students, and in their love and devotion to the old man only expressed the warm feelings which all his students cherished towards him. Other friends who can hardly be passed over were Lambert, of whose "cosmological letters" we have already spoken, and Kraus, Erhard, Rheinhold, and Kiesewetter. Lambert was only four years younger than Kant, and had struck out some of the same ideas. There was a strange affinity, not only in their cosmological speculations, but in their general studies and attainments, mathematical as well as metaphysical. They never met; but Kant cherished a cordial admiration for the younger thinker, and recognised in him a fellow-worker. They had entered into a sort of mental partnership for the furtherance of common ideas, when all was frustrated by Lambert's early death. Kraus was one of the most interesting of Kant's disciples. Entering the university at the height of the great teacher's fame, he became his enthusiastic admirer. Afterwards, when he became professor of mathematics at Königsberg, he was for a time one of the most constant guests at Kant's table, and always deeply attached to him. He never sank, however, into indiscriminate eulogy of the 'Critical Philosophy,' and ventured to criticise both it and its eulogists. This, or something else, led him to absent himself from the philosopher's hospitality after a time. Kant deeply felt this, but the estrangement went no further. He continued to speak with enthusiasm of Kraus, in whom there seems to have been a beautiful blending of profound thought and scholarship with a truly religious spirit; while Kraus, on his part, spoke of the old philosopher as his "father," to wait on

whom he was content to abandon his holiday. He dined with him on his last birthday, when his feebleness had become painfully apparent, and he wept with his sister at his grave. Erhard, Rheinhold, and Kiesewetter were all enthusiastic Kantists, whose language of eulogy runs into the nonsensical exaggeration not uncommon with German enthusiasm. "All the joy of my life fades into nothing," says Erhard, "when compared with the quivering emotion I felt as I read Kant's 'Kritik of the Practical Reason.' Tears of highest delight burst forth again and again on that book." "It answers," said Kiesewetter, "to the moral ideal of Christianity; and if Christ could have heard it, He would have pronounced it to mean exactly what He meant when He said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul.'" "In a hundred years," said Rheinhold, more audaciously if possible, "Kant will have the reputation of Jesus Christ." One shrinks from transcribing such absurdities, and doubtless it was language of this kind which came justly under the smart of Kraus's satire.

Kant's great work was written by the beginning of 1781. All his deeper meditations, from the time that he became professor of Logic and Metaphysics, led up to it. In silence continued for many years he was gradually more and more concentrating his attention on the question, "Is there a science of metaphysics possible?" He had said long before, in his earliest work, 'The Estimate of Living Forces,' "Our metaphysics is really like many other sciences—only on the threshold of genuine knowledge. God knows if it will ever get further." Thus early he seems to have felt that the real business of thought is to settle what

can be known, not to build extensive but uncertain systems. He set himself, therefore, to ponder the foundations of science. To the great problem of the method and the evidence of knowledge his mind returned again and again amidst all his other and more popular labours. He fixed his inner eye on the boundaries of reason. All his efforts culminated, he said in a letter to Lambert as early as 1765, "in a search for the proper method of metaphysics." And at length, years before the appearance of the 'Kritik,' he considered himself in possession of the true secret. A work which he published about Swedenborg, in 1766, 'The Dreams of a Visionary explained by Dreams of Metaphysics,' shows how his mind was working. The book is entirely negative: it indicates no process of metaphysical construction; but it already enables us to understand how deeply laid in his mind were those lines of experience from which he started, and how determinate were the limits which reason, by its very nature, imposes upon itself. We see clearly in this treatise all the negative side of his thought. Again, five years later (1770), we have, in his inaugural dissertation after his appointment as professor, a full statement of the doctrine as to Space and Time afterwards elaborated in the first part of the 'Kritik'—the "Æsthetic." His mind, therefore, was gradually grasping the whole subject of the problem of knowledge. He kept asking himself, How do we know at all? and How far do we know?

Still he worked slowly, and not till after eleven years' further meditation did his great work see the light. It came rapidly forth from the furnace of his thought, when once fully conceived—far too rapidly,

as we have already seen. The offspring of long gestation and yet rapid production, it is at once powerful and deformed, great in conception, deficient in form. It was never delivered as lectures, like most of his other works, and this also may have contributed to its obscurity. It lacked the advantage of leisurely revision, either by the pen or by oral repetition. At first it attracted little attention. The first review of it did not appear till half a year after its publication; and for some time afterwards, reviewers failed to appreciate its great significance. It was remarked as merely a revival of the old idealism—a repetition of metaphysical ideas which had already played their part. This was annoying to the great thinker, who had wrought out his system with such patience and forethought. There survive in his hand many sketches and notes directed against idealism, which were afterwards wrought up into the chapter "The Refutation of Idealism" in the second edition, which appeared in 1787. Onwards from this date the Critical Philosophy attained a rapidly growing popularity in Germany.[1]

Schopenhauer, it is well known, has specially attacked the changes made by Kant in the second edition of his great work. He has ascribed those changes to the author's weakness and timidity. But there is no real ground of justification for these charges. Kant had hitherto been entirely free from

[1] It was not till some time afterwards that it attracted serious attention in France and England. Efforts previously had been made to excite an interest in it in London; but it was only the publication of Villers's 'Philosophie de Kant' at Metz in 1801 which awakened public attention, and called forth any important criticism of the system. An elaborate examination of Villers's volume opens the second number of the 'Edinburgh Review' in January 1803,—an article which still deserves perusal.

molestation in his speculations; and it was very unlike his manliness to yield to imaginary fears. He has, moreover, himself expressly said that nothing is changed except the representation of the system. The principles of the second edition are, in all essentials, the same as those in the first, only presented in what appeared to the author a more clear and discriminating form.

In the meantime (in 1783) the 'Prolegomena to every future Metaphysical System' appeared. This comparatively simple work is really of the nature of an introduction to the 'Kritik,' posterior as it is in publication. It deals with the same problem of the conditions of knowledge. It asks, as the larger work does, "Is such a thing as metaphysic possible?" and tries to give the answer in a more popular and intelligible shape. Occupying the same standpoint towards idealism as the second edition of the 'Kritik,' it is of itself evidence that the changes in Kant's mind were natural changes, arising out of the course of his own thought, and the criticism to which his work had been subjected. The Introduction to the 'Prolegomena' betrays a consciousness of the neglect with which his speculations had as yet been received. They have been "misjudged," he says, "because misunderstood"—and "misunderstood because men chose to skim through the book, and not think through it." He admits that it is "dry and obscure," although he is astonished at such a charge "coming from philosophers," and cannot refrain from a sneer that "every one is not bound to study Metaphysics." He designs the 'Prolegomena' to remove all obscurity, and at the same time to show that the substance of the

'Kritik' is "a perfectly new science" with exceptional claims upon the world's attention. He was laying meanwhile the foundation of his ethical system, which from the beginning proved more attractive to many minds, and drew more powerfully and warmly disciples around him. In 1785 appeared his 'Foundation of the Metaphysic of Ethics;' in 1788, immediately following the second edition of the 'Kritik of Pure Reason,' his 'Kritik of the Practical Reason;' and in 1790 the 'Kritik of the Judgment Power' ('Kritik der Urtheilskraft'), elaborating his views of a criticism of taste. This completed the trilogy of Critical Philosophy, and the great labour of his thought and life.

Some time after 1790, when he had reached his sixty-sixth year, he continued still vigorous as a writer. It was after this date that his well-known 'Religion within the Limits of Mere Reason' brought him into conflict with the Prussian Government, then under a new and less tolerant reign (Frederick William II.). But his great philosophic work was really done from this time, and his health, as he himself mentions, in a letter to Rheinhold in the year 1791, began to give way. His "capacity for brain-work" was no longer the same.

We cannot follow Kant's biographers in drawing any picture of his declining years, nor do we think it right to do so. It is a somewhat painful picture, which had better have been kept in shadow. But Kant's circumstances left his closing years without the veil which becomingly falls over the feebleness of age in the home of natural affection; and so his growing weariness with life—his fretfulness and weakness, the misbehaviour and dismissal of his old servant; the

introduction of the sister, whom he had long neglected, to nurse him (whom, it is said, he did not know when brought into his presence); the necessity of making notes for him of the dishes at table; his barber's name; and even his little jokes for after-dinner use, which he could no more remember,—all these melancholy incidents of the close of his great career have been faithfully chronicled. They had better have been forgotten. The philosopher lived almost to finish his eightieth year. Till about the end, it is said that his eye retained its glad fire of living blue which used to lighten upon the students in the happier moments of his expositions. His cheeks also remained fresh and ruddy, but his body was greatly attenuated. He was thought-worn and withered to a shadow. At length, on February 12, 1804, he passed away quietly, his last words being, as he declined some refreshment, "Es ist gut."

What, then, was the special work of Kant, and what its value? Especially, what is its meaning once more for our generation? Did he really open a new pathway to knowledge? Did he show the possibility of metaphysics in his own words, or in other words, verify by his criticism the higher conditions of all science? These are the perennial questions that surround his name, in comparison with which all others are of no moment. It is only because his mode of thought—rather than his system—is supposed to have some living message for us in these respects, that the world of speculation is once more turning back to him, and finding a renewed interest in the Königsberg sage and his philosophy. These questions require

careful pondering. Let us look at them fairly, and with such clearness as we can.

Our task, it will be observed, is a very distinct one —quite distinct from that which many of Kant's critics and expositors have undertaken. We are not concerned, or at least we do not mean to concern ourselves at present, with any mere exposition of the Critical Philosophy. We do not intend to examine, as Professor Caird and others have so well done, the growth of this philosophy in Kant's mind, the mixture of Wolffian elements in the earlier expression of Kant's thought, and the manner in which he shook himself at length clear of the philosophical traditionalism of his time; nor shall we enter at length into his relation to Locke or Berkeley, or even Hume, or attempt any estimate of the mingled traces of dogmatism, scepticism; or idealism which survive in the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason.' This would be to travel over ground which has been trodden till it is bare, and as to which our readers will find ample help for discussion in the volumes before us. Our special task is a simpler, and yet perhaps a more difficult one. Taking Kant at his best, and crediting him with the full fruit of his philosophic efforts, we are to ask what is the value of those efforts in a spiritual or metaphysical direction? What are the principles on which he vindicated, or sought to vindicate, metaphysic as a true region of knowledge and of ideal aspiration, and how far are these principles good and valid—whether he himself has always held them consistently, or worked them into a harmonious system? The question is not the exact historical position of Kant, although it will be found impossible to understand him apart from some con-

sideration of this position, and the manner in which both Wolff and Hume brought as it were the vital problems of philosophy to his door; nor is it in any degree an account of the contents of the Critical Philosophy. We are to touch on no question of Kantian polemics, but to try to feel the heart of the Kantian thought; for nothing repays intellectual trouble less than the customary polemics which surround all philosophic names—polemics often proceeding on assumptions which the philosophers themselves would never have made. If it were only admitted all round that philosophers, the greatest among them, often nod no less than poets, and that the business of the world is to drop what is weak, or poor, or inconsequent, in the broad lines of great thinkers, and take them in the spirit, aim, and sum of their accomplished work, Philosophy would prove a more inspiriting study than it often is, and the fruits of a true wisdom would be more frequently gathered from it. What really concerns us now in relation to the Kantian revival, which has come as a welcome relief to the dreary monotony and sterile arrogance of materialistic speculation which has oppressed our generation so long, is the value of the revival, and how far it furnishes us with principles which have significance and validity for all time, temporarily obscured as they have been.

There is much, we are free to confess, in the details of the Kantian philosophy which is neither true nor well expressed. We are not merely repelled by the endless logomachy that characterises it, the arid and tormenting terminological divisions bristling everywhere: the author's involutions of style, and the dead

weight of philosophical jargon, partly inherited and partly of his own creation, which he carries along with him in his expositions; but some of his expositions themselves, instead of illuminating the course of thought, form a series of side-puzzles. They confuse rather than enlighten the reader. With all his freedom from prejudice, Kant is strongly wedded to certain presuppositions.[1] The strong reaction of his mind against the assumptions of the Leibnitz-Wolffian system leads him into an equally unwarrantable dogmatism of his own. This is especially shown in his dealing with the problems of theology, and the persistent determination with which he tries to isolate the sphere of the speculative from the practical reason, as well as from the divine and transcendent sphere, which really inspires both, and makes them intelligible. His whole distinction of transcendental and transcendent,[2] which is vital in all his mode of thought, is based on vitiating negations which will not hold good—at least, not to the extent which he supposes. His separation of the sphere of the sensibility, the understanding, and the reason, with the conditions or categories which he applies to the operations of the understanding, is a tangled mass of confusion, the divisions of which, by

[1] We are glad that Mr Courtney has had the courage to write frankly of the Kantian divisions and terminology. Speaking of "points in the 'Kritik of Pure Reason' which hardly any one is interested in maintaining," he says: "Such are the Categories with their derivation from the dry bones of formal logic, the absurd 'Schematism' with the strange *rôle* which the imagination plays, and nearly all the curious technicalities of expression."—P. 163.

[2] Transcendental is with Kant the *à priori* sphere or function of the speculative reason, as given or verified in experience, yet having validity beyond it. Transcendent is the sphere above and beyond experience, —that is, sense-experience altogether.

his own admission, overlap and are involved in one another. No attempt is made to clear them up, or fix their boundaries, for, indeed, no such boundaries exist. His most applausive expositors can do no more here than ask readers to remember that, while the author is saying one thing, he is really also presupposing another thing, and that what he says in the "Æsthetic" is only true under the modifications set forth in the Logic. The truth is that, with all his originality, Kant never disengaged himself from much of the traditional nonsense of philosophy. He is always working his own fresh thoughts into the old logical moulds, which had become a part of his thinking being, and from which he could not free himself. Much of the difficulty and confusion of all his writing arise out of this habit of trailing behind him the *débris* of systems which he had rejected, but the influence of which he could not cast aside. It is said in a passage which we have already quoted, that he carried to the last to his class-room the old Logic of Meier, and professed to comment upon it, although in his exposition nothing of Meier remained. The story illustrates his whole mode of exposition. The old stratum of logical and pseudo-logical definition is constantly cropping up through the fresh soil of thought. This more than anything gives its peculiar hardness and perplexity to Kant's style. His true and higher thought is never or seldom difficult. It lays less stress upon the intellect than the thought of some other writers, and no thinker can write more clearly and pregnantly than Kant when he likes, as in his preface to the two editions of the 'Kritik,' or when he breaks through the hyperlogical cerements that held his mind in bondage.

While we leave aside any discussion of the historical development of the Kantian philosophy, it is yet impossible to understand Kant without reference to the philosophy of Wolff on the one hand, and of Hume on the other. Beyond these two poles of thought his own had hardly travelled. He was no student of philosophy in the larger historical sense. He shows nowhere any special insight into Greek or medieval thought. He had difficulty in appreciating any system opposed to his own. He had even a certain contempt for the narrative treatment of philosophy, for those who pottered over systems in general, and thought they were teaching philosophy by explaining the opinions of others. His mind was intensely original. By his own inquisitive and meditative genius he excogitated the great principles which appeared to him to furnish the key to all metaphysical questions. With all his modesty, he has never any doubts of his own great achievement. He was the apostle of the "Pure Reason," and before him no one had interpreted its true meaning, and no one after him could read in it a higher meaning. "Extravagant and self-glorious," as he himself felt, and, in his preface[1] to the first edition of the 'Kritik,' allows, as such pretensions may seem, they are better founded than most boasts of the kind. No man ever grasped with a keener or firmer touch the vital realities

[1] In the sentences immediately before, he says: "In this work I have chiefly aimed at completeness, and I venture to maintain that there ought not to be one single metaphysical problem that has not been solved here, or to the solution of which the key has not at least been supplied. In fact, Pure Reason is so perfect a unity, that if its principle should prove insufficient to answer any one of the many questions started by its very nature, one might throw it away altogether, as insufficient to answer the other questions with perfect certainty."—Müller's 'Kant,' pp. xxiii, xxiv.

of all thought, or drew from a more inexhaustible fountain of rational wealth in his own brain. How far he succeeded is another question, but no one ever saw to the heart of the problem of knowledge with a steadier eye than Kant, or has done more to set it in a clear light by the strength of his own right reason.

Thus original and independent in the conception and elaboration of his system, he yet starts, like every other thinker, from the level of his time. He was of mature age, before his own thought took wings to itself, and although evidently dissatisfied with the philosophical dogmatism of his youth, for a time he dwelt in it with such content as he could. The Wolffian dogmatism was rampant at every German university seat in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was a natural development from Cartesianism, elaborated by Leibnitz, and still further formulated and stretched into a vast system of logical postulates by Christian Wolff. Starting from the Cartesian dogma that our inner conception was the measure of reality, it sought, like the old scholastic theology, to raise a complete structure of truth on the basis of abstract reasoning. Never doubting of its foundation, it piled logical proposition upon logical proposition, by the help of the old principle of identity and contradiction, and a new principle of its own, the sufficient reason. By these two keys it tried to unlock all the mysteries of the universe. The principle of identity and contradiction governs the consecutive trains of all necessary truth—as, for example, the truths of geometry, to which Wolff closely allied the truths of philosophy and theology. The principle of sufficient reason, again, of which

Leibnitz's formula—that this is the best of all possible worlds—is a familiar illustration, explains the order of contingent events;—they all converge towards a divine plan, and accord with the counsels of absolute wisdom. There never was a bolder system of rationalism. The formal conceptions of the human understanding were made the measure of truth in all directions. The mere power of deductive reasoning was considered capable of solving any problem.

Kant soon realised how hollow and unstable was such a system of thought. Its fundamental principle was never satisfactory to him, and is exposed over and over again in his writings; and, starting as it did from a wrong basis, the philosophical structure which a succession of teachers had reared thereon was a mere mass of assumption. The metaphysics of his time, according to a sentence already quoted from him, was, like many other sciences, merely on the threshold of knowledge. "Its great aim is to extend human knowledge," to build a tower of science. But the real question, he says, is not one of extension but basis. It is needless trying to raise a tower till we see whether its foundations are good. Not a grand philosophy but "a sound one" is the desideratum. This is one of the earliest of Kant's thoughts, and also the latest. There was no principle more present to his mind throughout than the necessary limitations of the human understanding, little as some may think so who read him carelessly. And although the enforcement of this principle is not the most vital part of his philosophy, or the greatest service he has rendered to thought, it is yet a potent and beneficent principle in his hands. He works it in two ways equally signifi-

cant and fruitful, by both of which he strikes at the pretensions of the philosophy which preceded him in Germany, and has laid down canons of rational knowledge which can never be reversed.

Against all the Cartesian school he maintains that the beginnings of knowledge can be no mere ideal forms in our mind—but experience. Knowledge cannot start save from a basis of experience. He is never tired of reiterating this cardinal truth. Apostle of the Pure Reason and special vindicator of the *à priori* element, without which knowledge cannot exist, he is yet never done with maintaining the necessity of experience as an essential co-factor in all knowledge. Apart from something given to the human mind, perception is impossible. "Conceptions without sensations," in his own language, "are empty." Without content there can be no intuition, and the forms of the understanding would be mere blank machinery—wheels revolving with nothing to grind. The experience of Kant is not, indeed, the experience of the sensational schools. It is something more from the first than a "manifold of sense." The world of sense is as clearly acknowledged by him as by the common understanding—but never by itself as a factor of knowledge. There is in truth no "world" of sense, merely-in-sense—only a confused and vanishing mass of particulars. Sense is not experience, but only the raw material, so to speak, out of which experience is wrought. Intuition is rational from the first; and light is not kindled—knowledge is not constituted—save by the presence of the inner as well as the outer factor. They are neither in themselves anything—the inner any more than the outer. "The essential fact in all cognition is synthesis."

The inner must combine with the outer. But the inner cannot create the outer—it must receive it; and it is with this necessity of an outer factor of knowledge we are at present concerned. The mill must grind and form the grist, but it cannot grind without the grist. All knowledge begins in the concrete, or must take up, as in mathematics, the concrete, and be verified by it. The object must be given in intuition before the mind can work at all. It cannot work by mere self-evolution. It cannot spin the web of knowledge from its own bosom by its own sheer activity. Material must be furnished to it. The material is unformed. It is mere blind impulse or sensation—a mere collection of "stimuli in themselves incognisable," but it must be there before the mind can move and knowledge begin. "Sensations are the data, and the indispensable data." "Without such a starting-point there can be, at least for human beings, no such product as knowledge." We are so constituted—to adopt an illustration of Dr Wallace—that certain waves, as it were, pass over the surface of our mind; and those wave-impressions are the primary embryonic conditions of all knowledge. They do not constitute experience, for experience is the material wrought up. Experience only lies in intuition;[1] and the inner as well as the outer is already present in intuition. But without the sense-data experience is impossible.

Kant, therefore, in opposition to the whole school of Cartesian idealists, here touches firm ground. He everywhere accepts the vulgar view of facts or things

[1] "Experience consists of intuitions which pertain to the sensibility, and of judgments which are entirely a work of the understanding."—Prolegomena, Part II., Mahaffy, p. 78.

external to us, although he by no means tries, like the Scottish school, to build a philosophy upon vulgar or popular opinion—in other words, upon common sense. He is very derisive, in fact, over the failure of "Reid, Oswald Beattie, and even Priestley," who, according to him, "entirely missed the point of the problem." "It is, indeed," he says, "a great gift of God to possess right, or (as they now call it) plain common sense. But this common sense must be shown practically by well-considered and reasonable thoughts and words, not by appealing to it as an oracle, when you can advance nothing rational; . . . for what is this but an appeal to the multitude, of whose applause the philosopher is ashamed?" It is the business of philosophy not merely to plant the foot on common sense, and say here is an end of it—everybody thinks so and so; but to justify by a criticism of reason the work of reason. And this is what he believed himself to have accomplished. He started from objectivity, as mankind usually do, but he supposed that he had explained how knowledge is constituted in the union of subject and object. Intuition implies an object, but no less a subject; but how vitally and multiformly subject acts in sense and understanding, so as to constitute the world of knowledge, it is the aim of the 'Kritik' to show. But essential and constitutive as is the intellectual factor—working transcendentally on all the material supplied to it, and transforming the crude unformed data of sense into intelligence—he never parts with the necessity of data. There is always in the fabric of knowledge more than the mere turning of the wheels of the intellect—more than a thinking subject. And ideal-

ism with him is the assertion "that there are none but thinking beings; all other things being nothing but representations in the thinking beings to which no object external to them really corresponds. Whereas I say that things, as objects of our senses existing outside of us, are given; but we know nothing of what they may be in themselves, knowing only their phenomena, that is, the representations which they cause in us by affecting our senses." [1] That is to say, the secret causes that affect our senses are unknown to us —we have no means of apprehending them. They are all known in relation to our intelligence; but in this relation they are real. They are verities given to us, and not fictions created by us; and the product of the external and internal of the sense-data and intelligence is what Kant everywhere—or at least whenever he is carefully defining his own critical stand-point—means by experience. "Can this be termed idealism?" he asks. "It is the very contrary." Here, as everywhere, we avoid polemic, and do not enter into question whether Kant's transcendentalism does not involve idealism after all. We are content to state his own stand-point.

Experience is therefore everywhere the basis of the Kantian system. Nothing is more untrue than the common view which, as Professor Watson says, regards Kant "as a benighted *à priori* philosopher of the dogmatic type." He was totally opposed to dogmatism here as everywhere. Knowledge cannot come merely from the outside, but it cannot be without an outside. Nature and mind are not separable realities. The one cannot be conceived as derived from the

[1] Prolegomena; Part I., Mahaffy, p. 54.

other, whether by a process of cogitation or by a process of materialistic idealism (both of which are dogmatisms); they are inseparable in knowledge — the matter and thought—the content and the form.

But Kant not only appeals to experience as a basis; he makes it the limit as well as the starting-point of all knowledge. He is opposed not only to the dogmatism which separates mind and nature, sense-data and intelligence, but no less to the dogmatism which would transcend experience. He directs his criticism over and over again against all attempts to find knowledge beyond the sphere of speculative reality. He does not deny that there is such a sphere; nay, he strongly implies the affirmative, both in the third part of the 'Kritik' and in all his ethical writings. But he wholly denies that we can know anything of it. He was so far, therefore, an agnostic before the birth of Agnosticism; yet he was as much opposed to dogmatic agnosticism as to any other form of dogmatism. This was, in our view, the weak and inconsequent side of his philosophy, yet it brought out a truth much needed in his day, as at all times. Men are always too prone to pass beyond the bounds of the knowable, and to substitute their own fancies and conjectures and reasonings in place of reality. The dogmatist has nowhere such a favourite field as the spiritual or theological, where he may convert his own imaginations into objective verities, and draw endless conclusions without fear of contradiction. Here he does not strike his head at once against the well-known safeguards of knowledge, because his head is in the clouds. By hypothesis he has transcended all the canons of reason. This pretence of spiritual

or theological knowledge was specially obnoxious to Kant, as many portions of his writings show. He turned away from it as superstition and fanaticism; and his dislike of it made him draw the limits of the knowable with a very strict hand. There are good grounds for excepting to the rigorous manner in which he drew these limits, and especially to his interpretation of experience as always resting on sense. But there is a significant caution in his anti-dogmatism here as throughout. There is a true meaning in his constant assertion that the knowable, the intellectually cognisable, cannot pass beyond the bounds of experience, or, at least, that whatever is known to us beyond these bounds can never be known as objects of sense-experience are known.

These features of the Kantian system point the relation in which Kant stood to the philosophical schools of his day in Germany. They were in the nature of reaction to the Wolffian dogmatism, which prevailed both in philosophy and theology, and which sought to solve all the mysteries of the universe by sheer force of deductive reasoning. Against these schools Kant is the apostle of experience. He brings down philosophy, if not from heaven to earth, from empty processes of abstract ratiocination to the solid footing of reality. *A priori* concepts without intuition, he said repeatedly, are blind and empty. They have no content. Intuition is the door of the intellect, and intuition takes place through sense. He may limit his base of fact too narrowly, but he is right in never parting with such a base. He was truly, therefore, a positive philosopher before Positivism, as he was an agnostic before Agnosticism. But his positivism as

well as his agnosticism was quite different from the modern type. It was not exclusive. It made no dogmatic pretensions. It did not set up for a philosophy by itself. Nothing could appear to him more insane than such an attempt. The vindicator of experience, he was specially the apostle of the pure reason, of the *à priori* side of human knowledge. But on this very account it is the more necessary to bear in mind how firmly he planted his foot on fact, and did justice to science in all its relations. Of all men he is the last who can be accused of reasoning in the air. He starts everywhere from a scientific ground, and constantly appeals to mathematics and the physical sciences in illustration of his principles. He is at home in all scientific truths and discoveries—thoroughly master of the wide field of geometric and physical induction, in which his great intellect tried its first strength.

But if Kant is thus truly positive in the ground of his speculations, his great glory is that he has shown for ever that no positive, material data alone can ever constitute knowledge. This he has done with such clear insight and solidity of reasoning, that it seems astonishing that mere positive speculation should ever have been able to raise its head again. That it has done so, and once more established so wide an influence in our time, only proves that the course of human thought is under influences which often reflect rather the unsteady gyration of passing sentiment than the onward flow of deep and settled thought. Especially every new generation of scientific advance seems to carry with it a rise of materialistic speculation, submerging for a time the old landmarks, and leaving

their position doubtful. The deepest and best thinkers are made to stand aside, or are for a time forgotten, while the new wave of fashionable Democritism seems to carry everything before it. Such a wave has been passing once more over us, and the old errors, exploded a hundred times, seemed for a while to have fairly covered spiritual philosophy out of sight. There are various signs, however, that this wave has spent itself. It may well do so, for if it never spread over a wider surface, it has never carried more rubbish in its sweep. It was never more superficial and more arrogant, and future generations will be astonished at the influence which resuscitated sophisms, which were pierced by an intellect like Kant's more than a hundred years ago, have exercised in our time. This is the special significance of the revival of the Kantian philosophy: it marks a turning-point once more in human thought.

As Leibnitz and Wolff represented the dogmatism against which Kant recoiled, so Hume signalises the scepticism which called forth the higher and more fruitful elements of his thought. Hume remains the highest expression of scepticism. The wave of doubt has never risen higher. It may be safely said that every weapon with which the materialistic host in our time has fought its battles is drawn from his armoury. The problems with which he set Kant's mind working are exactly the problems once more before us; and if the philosophy of Spencer, and the science of Huxley, and the psycho-physiology of Bain have given, so to speak, a wider horizon to the sceptical point of view, and enlarged the possibilities of materialism, they have not yet altered in the slightest degree the essential

conditions of the main problem, which was before the mind of Kant with as full an appreciation of its difficulties as it can ever be before any human mind. His admiration of Hume as the great teacher of sensationalism is honest and hearty. He was fascinated by the subtlety and grace of his intellect, the keenness of his philosophical penetration, and the exactitude with which he laid bare the real point at issue.

Kant himself saw this point far more clearly than he can be said to have formally expressed it. He saw that the whole question of metaphysic was involved in it, and he has put this plainly more than once. Nowhere has he stated it more clearly than in the Introduction to the 'Prolegomena.' "Hume," he says, "started chiefly from a single but important concept, that of cause and effect, including the deduced notions of action and power. He called on Reason, which pretends to have generated this notion from itself, to answer him with what right it thinks everything to be so constituted that, if granted, something else must necessarily be granted thereby—for this is the meaning of the concept of cause. He demonstrated irresistibly that it was perfectly impossible for reason to think such a combination by means of concepts, and *à priori*—a combination that contains necessity. (No purely analytic judgment or analysis of our mere subjective ideas can yield a necessary truth.) We cannot at all see why, in consequence of the existence of one thing, another must necessarily exist (no amount of observation of mere external changes can give us the idea of cause), or how the concept of such a combination can arise *à priori*. Hence he (Hume) inferred that reason was altogether deluded by this

concept, which it considered erroneously one of its children, whereas in reality the concept was nothing but the bastard offspring of the imagination, impregnated by experience, and so bringing certain representations under the law of association. The subjective necessity—that is, the custom which so arises—is then substituted for an objective necessity from real knowledge (intuition). Hence he inferred that the reason had no power to think such combinations even generally, because its concepts would then be mere inventions, and all its pretended *à priori* cognitions nothing but common experiences marked with a false stamp. In plain language, there is not, and cannot be, any such thing as metaphysic at all."[1]

As Hume was unable on any sensational basis of knowledge (and he recognised no other) to account for the idea of cause, so he consistently threw out the idea altogether. It was to him a mere invention generated by custom—a bastard of the imagination, and not a child of reason. And on a mere basis of sensation Kant held this conclusion to be irresistible. But if Hume had enlarged his view, so Kant argues, he would probably have discovered his mistake. He would have seen that on the same basis there was no room for mathematics, or a science of nature, any more than for metaphysic; and the good company into which metaphysic would then have been brought, would have saved it from the danger of a contemptuous ill-treatment, for the thrust intended for it must have reached mathematics; and this was not, and could not be, Hume's intention. In point of fact, Hume did not shrink from the attempt to base "the axioms of mathemat-

[1] Mahaffy on Kant, p. 4.

ics" upon experience. He had the courage of his opinions here, and would not have been easily so moved from his line of thought, as Kant supposes. But this does not alter the question at issue. Hume did not, and could not deny, any more than Kant, that these axioms, with such ideas as causality and substance, are held to be universal and necessary judgments. As such they may be delusions or imaginative inventions, but there is no doubt of their character. In Kant's view, as in the ordinary view, they are true elements of knowledge. Knowledge cannot be constituted apart from them, and all knowledge implies them. How, then, do they arise? Or, to put the question more broadly, how is knowledge possible? There is no doubt that mathematics is a true science, and that there is a true science of nature resting on principles which neither come to us from nature nor from a mere analysis of our mental conceptions. How do we get them? It was sufficiently obvious that nature, or the mere series of our sense-impressions, could not yield any necessary truth. This was the very conviction that had led Hume to impugn the idea of such truths altogether: a mere sensation, the impression of a bright colour or a sweet taste, or, in Kantian language, a mere "unrelated feeling," a particular which can yield nothing beyond itself,—no mass of such particulars can ever generate the coherency and universality that all science implies. They can never rise into a unity or synthesis. They can have no objective validity, no validity beyond their own subjective and fleeting existence. "The most that we can philosophically base upon a series of ideas is a knowledge of particular objects, particular

series of events, and particular co-existences." This is what Hume pointed out in the case of the sequence of events.

"I observe flame to be attended by the feeling of heat, and finding this particular sequence repeated frequently in my consciousness, I infer that flame is actually connected with heat, and that the one cannot exist without the other. The inference, however, is unwarranted. All that I can legitimately say is, that, in my past experience as remembered, and in this particular experience I am now having, flame and heat occur successively. Individual perceptions of such sequence I have; but the inference based upon them, that these could not be otherwise, arises merely from the nature of my imagination, which illegitimately leaps beyond the immediate principle and converts it into a universal rule."[1]

Perception, in short, or, strictly speaking, sensation, is good for itself. It is a guarantee of the particular feeling or impression. But it cannot transcend itself, and guarantee anything beyond. It cannot vouch the reality of its object (a mere "unrelated feeling" cannot be properly indeed called an object), or the validity of its relations to other objects. Through the sense merely we cannot therefore come at knowledge, rightly so called, at all—at either objective or necessary truth.

But can we come at knowledge any more successfully through our mere mental ideas? If not through sense, cannot we reach our goal through thought? But thought without sense, we have seen, is impossible. It is a mere blank without content—a name

[1] Watson, Kant and his Critics, p. 18.

without even potentiality. The attempt of the pre-Kantian or purely Rationalist theory to base a knowledge of facts on supposed theoretic deductions of the intellect was a hopeless failure. For it separated entirely between nature and mind—things and thought. It provided no process for gripping them in cognition. Ideas (if the expression has any meaning on the supposition) remain ideas, and can never be translated into fact. "We cannot show them to have any application to real objects or events. Thus, having the conception of substance, we may throw it into the form of the judgment, 'Substance is that which is permanent.' Such a judgment is, no doubt, correct so far as our conception is concerned, and is even necessarily true in the sense that it is free from self-contradiction, or conforms to the logical principle of identity; but it has no demonstrable relation to the real substance we suppose to exist without consciousness. All that we have done is to draw out or state explicitly what was contained in the conception with which we started; and however necessary and valuable this process may be in making our conception clear, it is valueless as a means of proving the reality of an object supposed to correspond to it. The mere analysis of the conception of substance no more shows that there are real substances *in rerum natura*, than the analysis of the conception of a hundred dollars entitles me to say that I have a hundred dollars in my pocket."[1]

Dogmatism, whether of the ideal or sensational kind, cannot get beyond these two alternatives, separating, as the former does, between thought and things,

[1] Watson, p. 19.

and striving, as the latter does, to derive thought from things. By no rational process can things pass into thought, a conclusion virtually admitted by all fair and consistent materialists. No body of necessary truth, either mathematical or physical, and of course no metaphysic whatever, can be raised on a basis of mere sense-experience in the ordinary meaning of the words. Observation of the particular can never rise into the universal, can never yield the elements of pure cognition. Again, no thought by itself merely, no ideal dogmatism of Descartes or Leibnitz or Wolff, can give any knowledge of fact or reality. It can never get beyond analytical or tautological judgments. The intellectual mill may go round and round, but no corn is produced. No content can be got out of any amount of mere thinking, however clear. In other and Kantian words: No particular can rise into a universal—no mere sense-impression can of itself rise into a complete object; while, on the other hand, conception can tell us nothing at all about objects, because hypothetically the object is outside of the subject altogether. The idea of the dollar and the dollar itself are quite different things.

How does Kant escape from the dilemma? In his own words, "How are synthetic judgments *à priori* possible?" This is the special Kantian form of the problem of knowledge. He puts it in many ways. How is science possible? How are judgments of experience possible?—a "judgment of experience," in contrast to what he calls a "judgment of perception," being a cognition of the universal in nature, in contrast to mere observation of the particular. It may be even put, How are objects possible? For an "ob-

ject". already something beyond mere sensation. How do we acquire cognisance not merely of our own ideas, but of reality, and satisfy ourselves that our knowledge "is not a mere combination of coherent fictions, but a knowledge of actual existences"?

The only way in which this can be done is to recognise from the first that thought and things are not diverse or dualistic. The one does not exist apart from the other. Objects are not passively apprehended by the mind as something distinct from it, but are actively constructed by it. Intelligence is present from the first in their creation. Apart from intelligence they are nothing, or at least nothing to us, or at the best mere formless material supplied to the senses. It is the intelligence alone that gives form and objective reality to the impressions of sense. Knowledge is only possible as arising out of the interaction of mind and matter—as an organisation of mind working on the raw material before the senses. The universal and necessary element in all science—the very "object" itself (for mere sense-impression does not rise into the completeness of an "object"), springs from the organising unity of "what is itself *à priori* and complete—the mind."

This is the solution of the problem of knowledge, according to Kant. How far it is absolutely original may very well be doubted, for after all it is only a new application of the principle, as old at least as Anaxagoras, that the mind is the creative element in knowledge, or again of the well-known Platonic doctrine which has reappeared in all metaphysic, that mind is the *prius* in cognition, imposing its own laws upon nature, and alone reading a rational meaning in

it everywhere.[1] Is it even more than a new rendering of the famous saying of Leibnitz, who, when pressed by the sensational *brocard* of the day, "Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu," replied, "Nisi intellectus ipse"? From the first, intelligence itself is concerned in the operation of the senses, and without it nothing is known that is known. It is not to be supposed that it remained to Kant to formulate the theory of mind as before matter, and as the creative activity in any body of true knowledge. The originality of Kant consists, not in the general principle which lies at the foundation of all metaphysic, and without which science could not truly exist, but in the penetrating and comprehensive criticism in the light of which he has set the principle. Not only had no one before so completely exposed the futility of the opposite sensational principle, but no one had set forth, as he has done, the conditions of the true theory. No one had shown, as he has done, how the potentialities of intelligence underlie all the modes of knowledge, and alone explain the fundamental postulates on which they rest; while no one certainly had ever made clear in the same degree how impotent the intellect is shut up within itself, or trying to evolve any science out of its own form or power of thinking apart from the material germ in intuition. It is, as we have already said, among the chief glories of Kant that, so conspicuously on the side of intelligence, he is no less on the side of *sense;* that, speculative in the highest degree, he is no less positive; and recognises with such clear force

[1] Kant has said boldly, but no less boldly than truly: "Extravagant and absurd as it may seem to say that the understanding is the source of the *laws* of nature, such an assertion is as correct as it is conformable to its object, namely experience."—Müller's Kritik, p. 112.

that as no step can be taken in knowledge without the activity of the constitutive intellect, so equally there is no step that does not start from the basis of experience, and draw into the folds of the intellect the contents of intuition. The apostle of the *à priori*, he is no less the servant of the *à posteriori*. Experience, in a true sense, is not only the starting-point but the limits of the speculative reason. No man was ever less of a dreamer than Kant. He planted the first movements of thought on solid ground, and everywhere he brought back its highest flights to the test of reality, and sought in the concrete, verification of every intellectual form.

How he did all this, and searched all round the potentialities of intelligence, and brought to light the *à priori* energies of perception and thought, is written at large in the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason,' and more popularly explained in the 'Prolegomena to any future Metaphysic.' Nothing can be more luminous than parts—the opening division of the 'Kritik,' for example, or "Transcendental Æsthetic." The second great part, or "Transcendental Logic," in its two divisions of "Analytic" and "Dialectic," presents difficulties, and even hopeless obscurities and contradictions. This is largely the result, as we have already said, of the author's attempt to use the old logical language to describe processes of thought which are not logical or purely conceptual. The clear lines of his rational thinking are buried beneath masses of formal nomenclature that weary the most patient student. But we gladly refer our readers for help and enlightenment as to all the details and connections of the system to the volumes at the head of

our paper. The clear and admirable translation of the 'Kritik' by so distinguished a scholar as Dr Max Müller is a boon to all students of Kant, although it cannot be said to have been urgently required after Professor Meiklejohn's excellent translation which appeared in Bohn's Philosophical Library. But so skilful a scholar as Dr Müller, both in German and English, has thrown light on many passages, and especially brought out shades of meaning in Kant's connecting sentences and numerous exceptional clauses, which help the reader through the natural difficulties of the book. Kant's "adverbs and particles," upon which "the articulation of his thoughts so much depends," are more nicely rendered than ever before, and, where the mere difficulty of style is often so great, this is a valuable service. The extent of this difficulty may be judged from Dr Müller's statement, that there are sentences in the 'Kritik' which even he "cannot construe," and where none of the friends whom he has consulted have been able to help him. This is a licence of obscurity beyond what can be fairly allowed even to a philosopher, who himself elaborately superintended a second edition of his work. Dr Müller apologises, perhaps at greater length than is necessary, for his occupying his time with a translation of the 'Kritik.' Considering his estimate of the importance of the Kantian system, he could hardly have been better employed.

The study of Kant appears to this distinguished Oxford *savant* "the best hope of a philosophical rejuvenescence" for England and America, even more than Germany. We cordially unite with him in this view, although we are inclined to think he under-

estimates the prevailing ignorance of Kant till within the last few years. It is not so much ignorance of Kant as general influences springing out of the progress of material civilisation, and the strange oscillations of human thought in the face of such influences, which have once more depressed philosophical thinking, and kept it during the last quarter of a century at such a low level in England as well as elsewhere. Materialism, in one form or another, is the likely philosophy of a period of rapid advance both in science and society; and however deplorable have been some of the aspects of recent speculation, there was nothing really strange in this, any more than there was anything substantively original in the movement itself, to the student of philosophy. Through materialistic Darwinism and empirical physiology and sociology, there simply moves the old "Atomic" spirit which dogs the steps of higher thought everywhere, and not unfrequently runs it down. It was no marvel that the Epicurean type of thinking should spread with the Epicureanism of modern society, and be taken up as a gospel both by fashionable dilettanti and the many earnest and powerful but ignorant minds to whom the results of industrial progress have given leisure for meditation without knowledge. Stripped of the old traditions of religion—in many cases profoundly ignorant of Christianity and its course of development, in all cases ignorant of the history of philosophy—it was only natural that such minds should take up with the pretentious organisation of the new modes of materialism, and find in them a species of Revelation. It is far more wonderful, as it is more discreditable, that

the English universities—or at least one of them—should for so many years have been a nursery of materialistic speculation, and, by special encouragement of its text-books, should have given a sort of premium to this line of thinking.

But the reaction has at length happily come from these universities, as well as from Scotland, where spiritual philosophy has never lost its ascendancy. The country of Hume is proud of him, as it has good reason to be. He is really the intellectual progenitor of all that is strong in materialism. To him both the Mills, father and son, and Dr Bain, and Professors Huxley and Tyndall, and even Mr Herbert Spencer—whose great range of knowledge and organising genius yet give him a philosophical position quite by himself—owe the essential breath of their thought. Great, however, as is the admiration for Hume's genius in his native country, he never carried before him the drift of speculation there as in England. His limits have been understood in Scotland as in Germany; and, acknowledged to be impregnably strong on his own ground, the measure of this ground has yet been noted and pointed out. We make no pretensions, on the part of the Scottish school of philosophy, of having given an effective rational reply to Hume—pretensions which Kant, no less than many English philosophers, somewhat contemptuously denies them. Such a question is beyond our present purpose, and is not meant to be raised here. But, at any rate, they stood in the breach, and the Scottish universities have never been swept by the wave of materialism which overspread Oxford twenty-five years ago, and still surges in so many of the ablest minds then and since trained

within its walls. Thanks, however, to a new group of thinkers—of which the late Professor Green, whose premature death the philosophical world has had recent occasion to deplore, and Professor Edward Caird, now of Glasgow University, along with Dr Wallace and Mr Courtney of New College, are the best types—the reaction in favour of rational thought has again set in. There might be much to say of the defects as well as the excellences of the type of thought, especially initiated and supported by Professors Green and Caird. Meantime, we merely point to it, and to Professor Caird's truly enlightened and well-written treatise on 'The Philosophy of Kant,' as marking the rise of the higher wave of speculation once more in Britain, which Dr Müller desires to carry forward by his new translation. He does full justice to Professor Caird's work, as well as to Professor Watson's, whose critical analysis of the bearings of the Kantian system on all the points of the modern materialism, as represented by Lewes and Spencer, is beyond praise. We have seldom seen a more admirable mastery of principles both on one side and the other,—both those of the master and of the critics who have assailed him. And Professor Watson, like Professor Caird, writes always, not only with high intelligence, but with a clear, rapid, and incisive force that communicates pleasure as well as illumines thought.

Professor Adamson's volume preceded Professor Watson's in publication, but it has not been easy to keep up with the copious flow of Kantian literature during the last six years. This has been our loss; as, in a rapid perusal, we have not seen anywhere a clearer or more masterly grasp of Kantian prin-

ciples than in Professor Adamson's Shaw Lectures, within such limits as those to which four lectures necessarily confined him. Many of his special criticisms are very effective, and point with light recesses of the Kantian thought.

Dr Hutchison Stirling's 'Text-Book of Kant' stands by itself, and, like all Dr Stirling's philosophical writings, deserves careful perusal. To those who know these writings, it is needless to speak of the profound and yet often delicate grasp of thought which distinguishes them. No one in our day has done so much to interpret German philosophy, as no one has shown a firmer and deeper apprehension of the essential problem of thought. He has smitten the sophisms of scientific materialism with a crushing force. The scientific investigator may have ridden off lightly after the encounter; but no one who witnessed it, and could understand the weight of the blows given, could doubt on which side lay the victory.[1] The 'Text-Book of Kant' shows all the well-known qualities of Dr Stirling as a philosophical expositor. It is independent, powerful, and luminous throughout, with a light that shines from beneath rather than over the surface. It requires study, as the 'Kritik' itself does, and warns off the careless or amateur reader. There is, as in the 'Secret of Hegel' and Dr Stirling's other writings, an occasional uncouthness of style—a harsh rugged grip which only yields to a correspondent grip. It would have been better otherwise. We are not to allow, in Dr Stirling's case any more than in his master's, that there is any real excuse for this ugly

[1] See Dr H. Stirling's two *brochures*, "As regards Protoplasm" and "Address on Materialism."

hardness of speech of which we have already said so much. But the translator and commentator, no less than the original, must be taken as we have them, and we need say no more on the subject. Both Dr Stirling's elaborate volume and Dr Wallace's smaller one, in the excellent series of "Philosophical Classics" issued by Messrs Blackwood, will do much to aid in the revival of Kantian thought, and of that deeper and truer philosophy of which Kant is the great type and teacher. Dr Wallace and Dr Stuckenberg have told us all, and perhaps more than all (the latter especially), that is of any interest in the philosopher's life. He had really little variety of life apart from his work. He was a thinker and nothing else, and it is not of so much importance as these writers seem to think as to what the views of such a solitary thinker were of women, and many other matters of which a philosopher is probably no better, if not a worse, judge than men of the world. It is a poor compliment to really great men to drag to the light all the foolish as well as wise things they have said. No greatness in any department of work makes a man really wise in lines of observation or reflection away from his experience.

Mr Courtney's interesting volume, 'Studies in Philosophy,' especially his concluding essay on "A Philosophy of Religion," are eminently worthy of the author of the very clever volume on 'The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill.' There is no philosophical writer of our day more acute in the exposure of a logical or metaphysical fallacy than Mr Courtney, and he had ample scope in dealing with Mr Mill's 'Logic,' which, with all its range of intellectual organisation, is yet,

where it touches real problems of thought, one of the most sophistical books of our time. He is equally at home in tracing the main lines and dilemmas of the Kantian philosophy, especially in its ethical development; and there is everywhere throughout his present as in his former volume a healthy breeze of good sense and well-balanced religious feeling, no less than of sound philosophical thinking. We heartily welcome him as a valuable accession to the band of Oxford thinkers who have thoroughly emancipated themselves from the slough of materialistic psychology and ethics.

Dr Wallace's volume, it deserves to be added, has the special merit of treating, within reasonable compass and in a style upon the whole attractive and expressive, the full system of Kant as exhibited in his trilogy of Criticisms, and especially of giving a brief but intelligible *résumé* of his moral system. In order to have done full justice even to the limited point of view to which we have confined ourselves, it would have been well if we could have embraced some discussion of the 'Kritik of the Practical Reason,' and the relation of its principles to those of the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason.' It would have been particularly interesting to point out the difference of Kant's attitude to the great realities of the moral and spiritual life — God, Freedom, and Immortality — from the modern agnostic attitude, similar as in some respects it is. The spiritual or transcendent (as distinct from the transcendental) region was no doubt unknowable to Kant, no less than to Spencer and all our scientific Agnostics. He was at one with them in denying that we can ever have any science of the Divine in

the sense in which we have a science of phenomena. The phenomenal is the only true region of science, because it is the only true region of speculative cognition. All the play of scientific knowledge is between sense on the one hand, and the constructive reason which builds the temple of knowledge out of the "manifold of sense." But this is merely to say, in other words, that the natural world belongs to science, and beyond this world it cannot travel. Through science we can never get at either morality or religion, however much help it may give us in interpreting the canons of both. The moral sphere rests not on the phenomenal but the noumenal, and religion draws its truths from the same hidden source of inspiration. But Kant, while he set those realities outside the sphere of cognition in the scientific sense, did not, with our modern Agnostics, relegate them to the mere domain of imaginative fiction. They were not to him phantasms destined to disappear as science extended its horizon. Still less could he ever have supposed it possible, with some ingenious but deluded thinkers in our day, to forge an effective religion out of nature and art—to weave the control of human life out of the web of natural desire, even in its most beautiful and delicate manipulations. His deep moral enthusiasm, his insight into the evil element in human nature, and the impossibilities of a moral culture, resting on no Divine reality, below the stream of time, saved him from delusions of this kind. He held fast, therefore, however inconsequently, to the great facts of God, and moral freedom, and immortality. He failed to work out any satisfactory relation between his speculative and moral system; he only developed,

in a very imperfect and somewhat helpless manner, his moral doctrines and their connections with one another. But he held, notwithstanding, a clear and firm grasp of higher truth, as springing out of no fantastic dream, but out of true and deep and eternal fountains of inspiration in the human reason and conscience. Much as he hated superstition, and shrank from all licence of spiritual and theological affirmation, he maintained that the *principia* of the spiritual life are deep-laid realities beyond the challenge of the critical intellect. If we cannot reduce these Divine realities to science, they are yet *there*—the true offspring of reason, although reason cannot construct them as it does "the manifold of sense"—the true life of thousands—while in their nature transcending the full compass of human cognition.

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